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By Secretary of Labor
JAMES P. MITCHELL

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THE BOY WHO LIVES IN A PALACE

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Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

M-G-M's "Bad Day at Black Rock" is a red-letter day in suspense, a great day for Color and CinemaScope and an acting field day for a brilliant cast headed by Spencer Tracy.

A streamliner screeches to an unscheduled stop in the small desert town of Black Rock. This is its first stop in four years and the entire population of 37 souls freezes in mid-motion, like hunted men at a sudden knock on the door.

A stranger steps off the train. A fog of fear—so thick you can taste it—quivers across the brooding row of hushed houses. Somewhere a woman clutches her throat in foreboding. In the ominous quiet the suspense is something to experience.

Thus begins a spine-tingler to hold its own with any we've known—filmed at fever-pitch with the exactitude and importance we expect in a personal Dore Schary production.

Why has the interloper, the man Macreedy, come? Why does he carry one hand always hidden in his pocket? Here is one of the great roles, greatly played by Tracy. *Macreedy is tempered steel, flecked with* gentle humor; a proud man with the look of eagles. Never has an outsider's mettle been so fiercely tested! (He's goaded into two fights that will shiver in your memory.)

Robert Ryan turns in a towering performance as the bully who bestrides Black Rock—a suave leer of a man with a special reason for keeping the town's grim secret from Macreedy at all costs. The human tension mounts murderously to a flaming climax.

Walter Brennan, that player of many arts, is a superb town wit. Caught in the middle of the chilling riddle, Anne Francis is a white-hot jet in blue-jeans. John Ericson's frightened youth, Dean Jagger's drunken sheriff, Ernest Borgnine's and Lee Marvin's stinging brute-studies are etched in excitement.

John Sturges' sensitive direction blends scenes of CinemaScope beauty with moments of penetrating insight. "Bad Day at Black Rock" is a great day at the movies!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR SPECTER TRACY, ROBERT RYAN, in "BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK", co-starring ANNE FRANCIS, DEAN JAGGER, WALTER BRENNAN, JOHN ERICSON, ERNEST BORGNINE, LEE MARVIN, RUSSELL COLLINS. Screen play by Millard Kaufman. Adaptation by Don McGuire, based on a story by Howard Breslin. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by John Sturges. Produced by Dore Schary. An M-G-M Picture.

P.S. 1955 will be the year of "The Prodigal"!

Collier's

JANUARY 7, 1955

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THE COVER . . Lisa

The next British monarch is shown on the cover in a typical pose. Tree climbing is a normal pursuit for a little boy—and Prince Charles is all boy, as you will see when you read Helen Worden Erskine's story, starting on page 15. The cover picture was taken in the gardens of the royal lodge, Windsor

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 135, No. 1.

PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Board; Paul C. Smith, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

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TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, also Canada, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds.

ADDRESS all subscriptions and correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, *Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.*

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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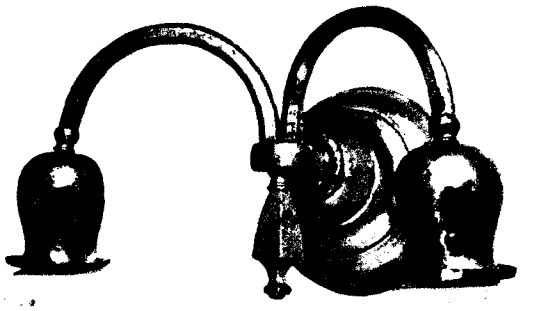

WHEN David's dad was David's age, his family used electricity mostly for lighting, in fixtures like this...

Today David's family uses electricity mostly for appliances—52 of them—and enjoys far more and better lighting. Today they use seven times as much electricity. But they pay just a little more than twice as much for it.

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✈ *Suppose you collected all your appliances for a photograph like this one. How would they compare with this Sellersville, Pa., family's? Here are the Hoageys of 340 Church St.—son David and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd A. Hoagey. (A daughter, 18, is attending Pennsylvania State University.) Check your time and work saving appliances with the number the Hoageys have.*

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LETTERS

The First "R"

EDITOR: There's more common sense in Howard Whitman's article on reading, "Why Don't They Teach My Child to Read?" (Nov. 26th), than I've seen in many a day. Thanks to him for having written it and to you for having published it.

MOST REV. LEO A. PURSLEY,
Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop of
Fort Wayne, Ind.

. . . Howard Whitman's article ought to be made available to every American truly concerned about our educational processes. Let us have a little more of the progress which dares to ask for the old paths, even if it leaves a few Ph.D. hunters frustrated. Our children at least will be spared the humiliation of thinking they have learned to read when they haven't . . .

NORMAN A. MADSON, Dean, Bethany
Lutheran Theological Seminary,
Mankato, Minn.

. . . Blame the teacher! Yet, a closer look at the nonreader or poor reader reveals a child who has bigger problems than that of reading. Send a happy, secure child to school, and the teacher will send you home a child who can read.

MRS. SHELDON CHERNEY,
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . If Mr. Whitman will only resimplify society, eliminate all students above the number who were in schools during the "good old days," reduce the demands made upon schools by parents, employers, social living and science, then we will gladly go back to the Blueback speller, McGuffey's Readers and Cheever's methods.

G. L. COUSSAN, Principal,
St. Francisville High School,
St. Francisville, La.

. . . Why don't they teach my child to read? Because they do not teach him to spell . . .

D. L. WESTON, Green Lane, Pa.

. . . The annual sale of children's books has increased 100 per cent in the last six years. During this time, school population has increased only 8 per cent. One children's book club reports a membership in excess of 525,000. A newcomer distributes 60,000 copies a month.

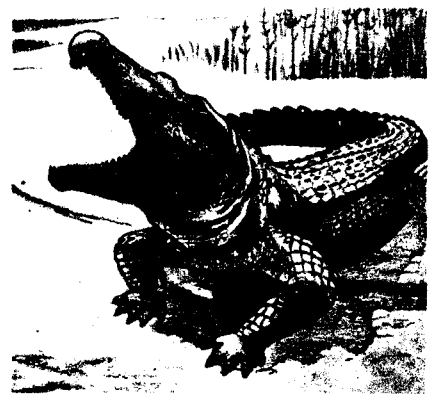
Many publishers find that their children's-books sales are greater in gross volume than their adult books. How so many million children's books manage to be sold if youngsters have not learned to read is beyond me. . . .

RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY,
Los Gatos, Cal.

Museum Marvels

EDITOR: In the Marvels in Our Museums (Nov. 12th) you said that the phytosaurs were crocodile ancestors. This is not true. The crocodile and the phytosaur belong to two different groups of reptiles.

LORENZO E. WALTON,
Colón, Republic of Panama



Above, the ancient phytosaur—which, as Mr. Walton correctly notes, is not the crocodile ancestor, although the resemblance is marked.

Missing Sardines

EDITOR: The Case of the Missing Sardines, by Robert de Roos (Oct. 15th), indicated that due to the disappearance of the California pilchards, the sardine industry in this country was now virtually extinct. Maine's $25,000,000 industry has produced an average of 2,800,000 cases of sardines a year for the last 10 years, and can produce all the sardines the American public will consume.

As fellow men in the sardine business we deeply sympathize with the plight of the West Coast crowd, but respectfully request that you correct the impressions given by Mr. de Roos. . . .

RICHARD E. REED, Executive Secretary,
Maine Sardine Industry, Augusta, Me.

Mr. de Roos specifically noted that the shortage was a West Coast problem only. However, California sardine men may no longer rate the sympathy of their fellow fishermen from down East (see below).

. . . It can be safely said that the fish have returned. Up to early November the catch off southern California's coast reached almost 30,000 tons, as compared to 1,556 tons landed at this time last year.

ROBERT A. DIEDRICH,
Los Angeles, Cal.

TV Ratings

EDITOR: While we appreciate the comments in your article TV Ratings: Who *Knows* Who's on Top? (Oct. 29th) regarding the superiority of Nielsen techniques, may we clarify a few points?

1. A clear distinction between *local* and *network* audience research is important. Serious criticisms can properly be leveled at *local* and certain outmoded *network* methods; but the Nielsen automatic electronic techniques for network measurements are widely recognized as accurate, dependable and useful. We have expended some $12,000,000 to solve the very problems cited in your article.

2. Our staff of 2,000 full-time employees includes more "mathematicians and statistical scientists" than you'd care to count—or pay for!

3. Automatic electronic meters, inspectors, decoders and computers make it virtually impossible for errors to get into a Nielsen report. While instruments do fail occasionally, every defective record is detected automatically and rejected.

4. Jimmy Durante, a good friend of mine, is a great artist—but not an authority on statistics! Small samples can produce high accuracy if *scientifically selected.*

5. "Ratings" comprise only a small part of our total task. Our Audimeters produce over 20 types of information needed by agencies, advertisers and broadcasters.

6. New Nielsen meters ("Recordimeters") give *local* broadcasting the benefit of the high standards of accuracy and usefulness which our techniques have brought to the *network* field.

ARTHUR C. NIELSEN, President,
A. C. Nielsen Company, Chicago, Ill.

Obviously the scientific, electronic techniques developed by Nielsen for network measurements should be distinguished clearly from the less accurate methods generally employed for local ratings.

A Gander at Geese

EDITOR: The very interesting and accurate article by James Aswell on geese as weeders (Farmers Find a New Use for a Goose, Nov. 26th) may have given the impression that their use is confined to the South or the Southwest. Here in Pennsylvania, we have the largest breeding flock of gray African geese in the country. One Eastern nurseryman plans to use 50,000 next year.

HERBERT P. KESSEL, Douglassville, Pa.

. . . Here is our cute Southern beauty, cousin Claudia Williams, shown in a more flattering picture than that which appeared in your delightful article.

ANN WILLIAMS, Natchitoches, La.

Claudia—without geese

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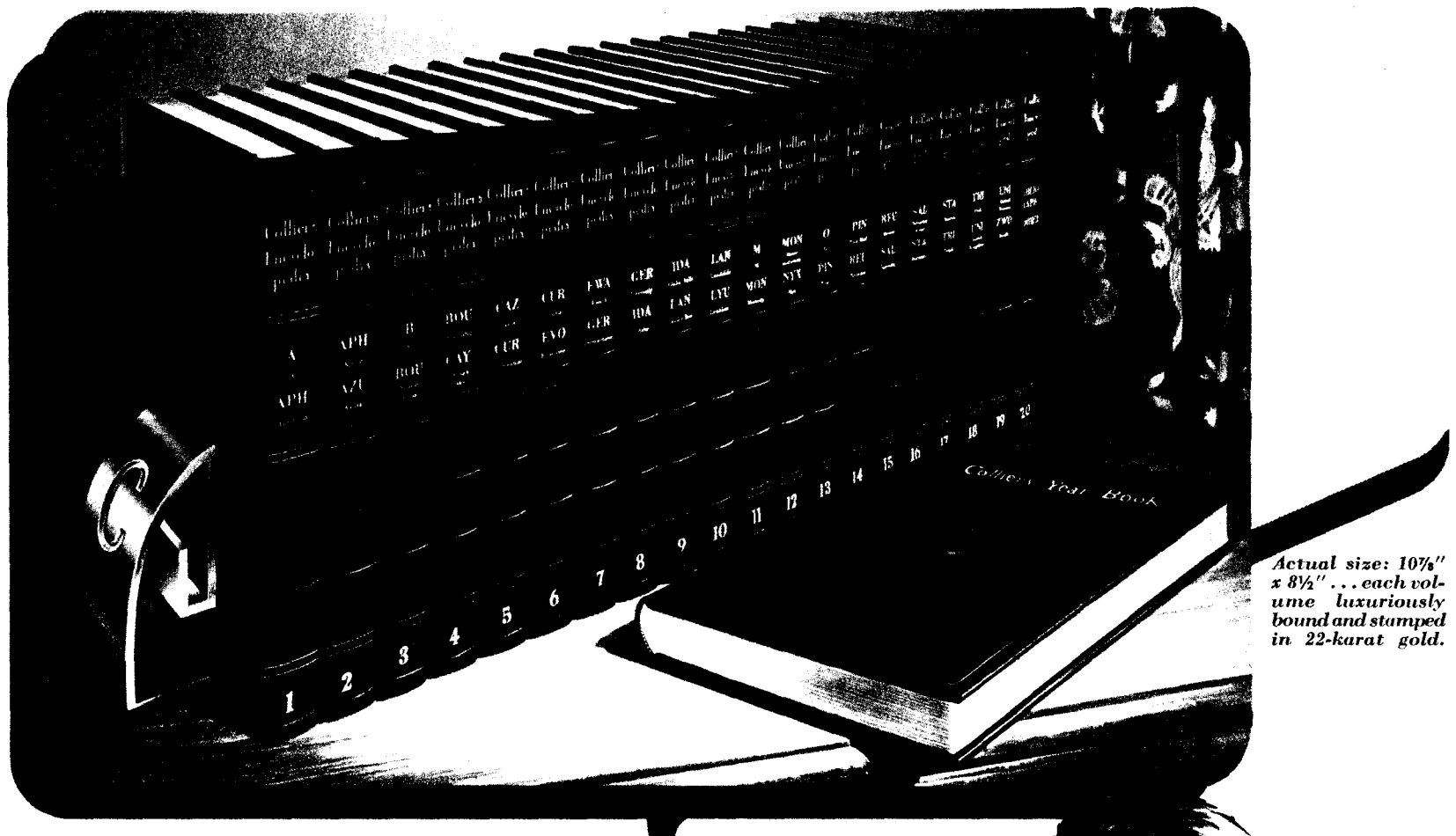

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EARL CORDREY

Maria knew a way to win Ernesto. And then Manuel rode into town, and her plans changed

RECIPE FOR *Romance*

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By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

EVERYONE in Costanza knew that Maria Sanchez made the best *arroz con pollo* in the world. They knew that the secret of the dish had been whispered into Maria's ear by her mother and into her mother's ear by her grandmother and would be whispered again only when Maria had a daughter of her own. But Maria Sanchez was unmarried. She had an almost infinite number of suitors—if anything in Costanza might be termed infinite—but Maria took no more notice of them than a flower takes of a bee. She had another plan.

Her plan concerned Ernesto Guardia. Ernesto was tall and slender and his rich, strong laugh sent a pleasant tingling sensation down her spine. He could sing beautifully in an emotional baritone voice, accompanying himself with much skill on the guitar. There were, perhaps, cleverer men in the world, but Maria didn't care; in any case, there were no others Maria wanted. Maria's plan had only one hitch in it. And the hitch was Ernesto himself.

Ernesto was not just an accidental bachelor. He was a militant, indefatigable bachelor, but Maria was undismayed. Two and even three times a week she plied Ernesto with her *arroz con pollo*. And of late Maria believed she had detected the first fleeting signs of a weakened will: a softened glance, a small sigh of contentment. But with the sudden arrival in Costanza of the stranger, Manuel Acosta, Maria's plan toppled and crashed, and her *arroz con pollo* was of no more use to her than so much stale bread. Or so, at first, it seemed.

Manuel Acosta rode into town one afternoon on his milk-white burro, with his fawn-colored sombrero at a debonair angle. That afternoon in Mr. Palo's wineshop was uncommonly festive but, more important, it brought together for the first time Manuel and Ernesto. To Ernesto, Manuel was exactly what a successful bachelor should be: carefree, worldly-wise, dashing in appearance, his life a series of foot-loose adventures.

The two bachelors spent many happy hours in the wineshop; later as they left, Manuel said, "We must celebrate our good fortune—to be young and healthy and completely unhampered—by dining at your city's finest cantina."

Ernesto looked helplessly from one end of Costanza's only street to the other. "But there *are* no cantinas." He racked his brains furiously for a solution, and presently he thought of Maria Sanchez. Surely she would make this remarkable stranger welcome in her house.

Maria opened her door and, smiling charmingly, invited them in. An hour later Manuel tasted the *arroz con pollo* for the first time. After his first bite it was as though he couldn't believe his palate, and took another. Then he got up slowly. "Señorita Sanchez," he said and his voice was not steady, "I have not always been a good man, but today I have been present at a miracle. Clearly, an angel has wept on my plate."

When the two friends reached Ernesto's house that night Manuel studied the little building pensively. "Ernesto, my friend," he said gravely, "it is our civic duty to transform your little house here into a cantina."

"A cantina?"

Manuel nodded. "You yourself have pointed out the deplorable lack of public eating places in Costanza," he said. Manuel outlined his plan. He was prepared to serve the enterprise as cook while Ernesto would be required to do nothing more taxing than to entertain their guests with his singing. Ernesto, who sang every day anyhow, found the plan deeply appealing.

The two shook hands, smiling. "It is arranged," said Manuel. After a while he spoke again. "There is a tiny detail, Ernesto, my partner," he said, "which must be attended to for the complete success of our cantina. You must secure for us the recipe for the *arroz con pollo* of Señorita Sanchez."

Ernesto jumped as though he had been stabbed. "*Madre de Dios!*" he cried. And he explained about the secret of the *arroz con pollo*.

But Manuel would not be budged, and three hours later Ernesto, more asleep than awake, agreed to try his best.

Seated in Maria's kitchen the next morning, Ernesto began casually, "My friend Manuel," he said, "has been made a slave to your *arroz con pollo*, Maria." He looked at the ceiling for some time. "It is very complicated to prepare, I suppose."

"It is nothing," Maria said happily.

"Ah, this is easy enough for you to say, Maria."

"Well, there is, of course, the particular spice," Maria said, "a certain herb. I grow it especially in my garden."

Ernesto stared convulsively. "This particular spice," he said carefully, "this herb—it alone is so remarkable then?"

"As my grandmother said to my mother and as my mother said to me: It will make a difference."

Ernesto trembled. His proximity to the secret of three generations was a heady sensation.

"I will give you some, Ernesto," Maria said. "You may sometime wish to amuse yourself with cooking the *arroz con pollo*."

As Maria went out to the garden, Ernesto pondered deeply on his powers of persuasion. Presently she returned with a jug filled with chopped greens. "You must use the spice freely," she said, "two cups to the quart of *arroz con pollo*." Then she added shyly, "And, Ernesto, you must promise that you will not tell any of the women of Costanza about this. They would think—they might think that you and I—"

"Though they would take my life, Maria," said Ernesto fervently, "I would defend this jug against the scheming women of Costanza."

DURING the next week the transformation of Ernesto's house into a cantina was accomplished with much labor, and Manuel reported at the week's end that he had received cash payment for ten dinner reservations, representing a complete sellout for the cantina's gala opening the next night. The partners placed the money in a soup can on the highest kitchen shelf and placed on top of the can a delicately set rat trap.

The following morning Manuel began to make his first pot of *arroz con pollo*. As Ernesto went about his work in the dining room he thought uneasily about Maria. True, he hadn't said that he would *not* serve the *arroz con pollo* in a cantina. Still, it was equally true that he had not said he *would*. Ernesto sighed heavily. It was too late to turn back.

That evening the first to arrive were Police Officer and Señora Robles, and with them as their guest was Maria. She smiled at Ernesto tenderly as she wished the partners success, and this only depressed Ernesto further.

The moment came to serve the *arroz con pollo*. Ernesto set the plates before the guests, trying not to meet Maria's eye. They began to eat.

The first response to the new cantina's cuisine came from Señora Robles. She had taken two bites from her plate when she set down her fork and stared straight in front of her with a curiously glass expression. Her husband studied her for a moment in some alarm, then leaped suddenly from his chair in one violent spring and looked about wildly. There had already appeared similar symptoms in Señor and Señora Antuna from the coffee store.

Officer Robles stabbed a finger at Ernesto. "Assassin!" he roared. "Poisoner of women!"

Señora Robles had picked up Ernesto's guitar, and now she brandished it unsteadily over her head. "I am dying!" she stated flatly, and advanced.

Ernesto, now thoroughly alarmed, retreated before Señora Robles. "Manuel!" he shouted desperately. "Manuel! Save me!"

But from the kitchen there came no reply—only a metallic click, like the sound of a rat trap being sprung. Then the guitar descended.

Ernesto heard a great discordant crash, and then for a few seconds he knew only darkness. But, through the haze in his mind, there persisted the memory of the sharp clicking sound he had heard a moment before, and he tottered past Señora Robles into the kitchen. Through a tangle of broken guitar strings he saw that the soup can that had contained the pesos lay empty on the floor. The sight revived Ernesto somewhat. Painfully he pulled the splintered guitar off his head and ran out into the night.

Ernesto was in time to see a dim figure leap astride Manuel's milk-white burro and set off down the road at a great speed. Ernesto started to run.

MUCH later, slowly and miserably, his aching head jarred with every step, Ernesto returned to the cantina. Peering cautiously into the kitchen he saw Maria alone and went in. She smiled at him sympathetically. "That Manuel, he has ruined me!" Ernesto said bitterly. "He has poisoned our friends with his barbarous cooking."

Maria spoke gently. "Look into the other room, Ernesto."

Ernesto did so, and his eyes bulged at what he saw. His guests of the evening were eating with unmistakable pleasure from full plates.

"While you were running up the road just now," Maria explained, "I hurried home where, by the merest chance, I happened to have a pot of *arroz con pollo* on the stove. I have told them all how this treacherous Manuel has robbed you. They have forgiven you and are waiting for you to sing."

Ernesto's eyes were glistening now and he blinked twice so that he might see Maria's face clearly. Finally he said, "I have been thinking for some time, Maria, how it is not right for an unshielded girl like yourself to live entirely alone, defenseless against any sort of scoundrel. In this cantina together, with the *arroz con pollo* which you alone in all the world can make . . . that is to say, Maria . . ."

Maria averted her eyes, and her cheeks grew pink and lovely. "You may wish to speak of this again tomorrow, but now you must sing."

Left alone, Maria did something curious: she carried the jug she had given to Ernesto—now only half full of the chopped greens—out into the yard and looked tenderly up at the stars.

"Sainted Mother and Grandmother," she whispered into the night, "I had to save my Ernesto from this monster of a bachelor, Manuel. I have allowed my friends to eat this vile loco-weed in the name of your *arroz con pollo*. But don't fear that I will ever tell the real secret of our dish. No, not even to my own dear Ernesto, but someday, not far off perhaps, there will be a small ear into which I will whisper our secret. Good night, sainted Mothers, and forgive me my wickedness."

Maria then emptied the jug onto the ground and went back into the house. She smiled to herself as she began her work, for Ernesto had just started to sing another song, a love song, the kind Maria liked best.

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

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CURTiSS

ACTIVITY CALENDAR

for Happy Times Throughout the Year

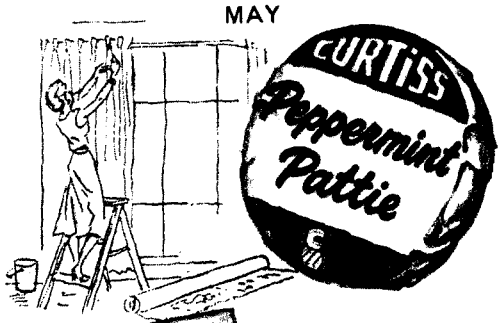
JANUARY

FEBRUARY

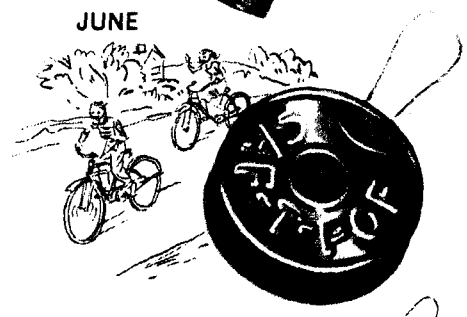
MARCH

APRIL

MAY



JUNE

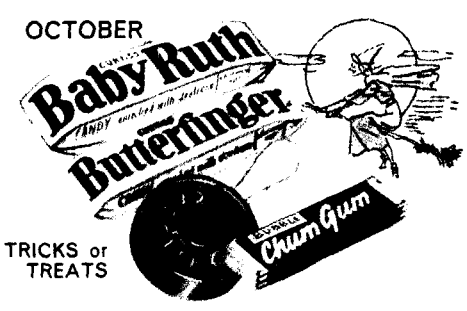


JULY

AUGUST

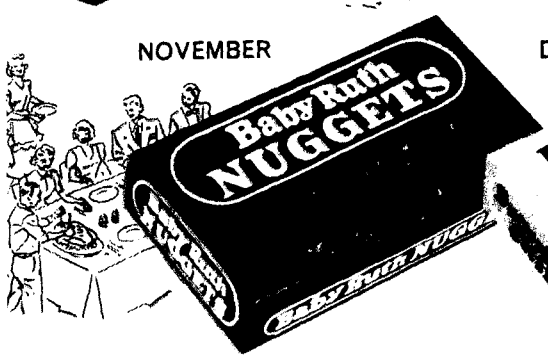
SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER



TRICKS or TREATS

NOVEMBER



DECEMBER

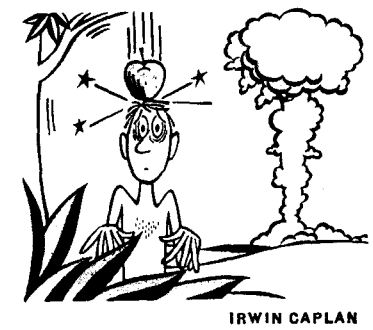
CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Baby Ruth. Butterfinger. Coconut Grove. Caramel Nougat. Dip *candy bars.* Saf-T-Pops. Fruit Drops *and* Mints

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

There's a bright young fellow in Minneapolis, Minnesota, who says that if he gets a portable typewriter for Christmas he intends at once to write



IRWIN CAPLAN

a short history of the world "if all goes well." Says he's going to call it From Adam to Atom. Swell start.

★ ★ ★

If Mr. Dick Plowman has his way (and there are a few unpleasant persons who hope he won't) there will be a rodeo of 1954's lesser-known Queens and Misses in Los Angeles come February. For a slight admission fee we shall then be able to see in one Bower of Beauty such tranquillity busters as Miss Continuous Towel, Miss Sweet Pickle, Miss Air Force Recruitment Detachment 512, Miss Kentucky Electric Co-op, Miss Tennessee River Catfish, Miss Mosquito Control, the Automatic Hot Water Queen, the Gum Spirits of Turpentine Queen and we don't know who all, including Miss Bone Meal. Thus we have something to look forward to in 1955.

★ ★ ★

Personally we have never given a thought to a muskrat's age. Always considered it none of our business. But with Mr. Frederick Dean, of Middlebury, Vermont, it's different. Last we heard of Mr. Dean he was off to Alaska to seek a more accurate way to fix upon the age of the creatures. A safer one too, we'd say. Hitherto it has been done by measuring the muskrat's skull, a method sometimes objected to by the muskrat, a nervous beast that doesn't like to stand still.

★ ★ ★

Our friend Mr. Frank Tolbert, of the Dallas News, reports that there are more Shetland ponies in Texas than in any other of these 48. Although Mr. Tolbert doesn't say so in so many words (probably an oversight), we feel safe in assuring you they're the biggest too.

★ ★ ★

Now here's what we consider a wholly unnewsworthy newspaper filler. As you doubtless know, a newspaper filler is a slender paragraph, filling out a column of type, which aims at educating you. (For example: "The sun invariably rises in the east in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.") But this filler has it that "Men and women of a certain African tribe speak different languages." Thus the men don't know what the women are talking about. And that's what we mean when we say there's no news in it.

★ ★ ★

Deciding that it was high time he harvested a few security bucks for his old age, a gentleman in St. Louis, Missouri, wrote to Mr. Frank Kroesen of the Moab, Utah, Chamber of Commerce. The letter contained exactly two dollars with instructions to invest same in a block of reliable uranium stocks. He asked Mr. Kroesen to deduct any expense necessary in the transaction. There was a postscript too: "If stock is not available, buy yourself a drink with the money." Our informant, Mr. Bob White, of Durango, Colorado, says that if you think this is a gag, you simply don't know what's going on in uranium stocks.

★ ★ ★

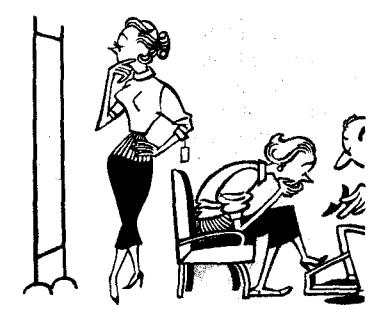
If you don't like the mayor in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, you can circulate a petition for his recall—provided you're a Philadelphian. But you'd better get busy before His Honor begins the last year of his four-year term. The law makes it clear that you ought to get used to anything in three years.

★ ★ ★

We thought we'd die laughing, but reconsidered just in time when we read this shaggy bartender story from Mr. Tom Ewell, the actor with The Seven Year Itch. Two guys in Reno, Nevada, ordered old-fashioneds. The bartender started by pouring lemon juice into the glasses. Naturally these two guys asked him why. And the bartender said: "I just ran out of sugar."

★ ★ ★

Somebody who didn't want to be blamed for it and so gave neither name nor address has written us to say that a



woman who is more concerned with the fit of her shoes than of her sweater is no longer young. That's what a guy in this kind of job gets for opening his mail.

★ ★ ★

Of course you've heard about the lady in New Orleans who wired to her psychiatrist in New York: "Having wonderful time here. Why?" We tell you anyway because we need a short paragraph at this spot. ▲▲▲

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Rivera and Zorrilla stand safely back as Meany tosses second ball

LET us speak to you, *señores*, about the opening day of the current Puerto Rican baseball season. It is a beautiful, warm October day in San Juan, and the local team, the Senators, are to play the Crabs, who have come from Santurce for the big event. The game is about to start; the spectators are waiting. The two teams line up on the base paths for the opening ceremony, which concludes with the first ball being thrown in by *Señor* Tom Meany. He is from Collier's magazine, and he has just written a story about *Señor* Willie Mays, who is a Crab in the winter and a New York Giant in the summer.

Señor Meany is on the mound, along with José M. Rivera, president of the Senators, and Pedrin Zorrilla, president of the Crabs. Billy Klaus, Santurce shortstop, is at bat; Frank Forbes, scout for the New York Giants, is honorary catcher.

Señor Meany toes the rubber; he winds up; he rears back and throws—but what's this? Where is the ball? Oh! *Señor* Meany, in winding up, has struck *Señor* Rivera in the stomach and dropped the ball. It is rolling off the mound while *Señor* Rivera clutches his stomach! The players and spectators shout, "Balk!"—in Spanish or English, as the case may be.

The ball is retrieved; *Señores* Rivera and Zorrilla back up; *Señor* Meany throws in the second ball, officially opening the season. Finally he returns to America with his story about *Señor* Mays, which is printed in Collier's, as planned, on page 48 of this issue.

★ ★ ★

HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE is a skilled reporter and writer whose assignments have ranged from cabbages to kings, which is why we sent her after young Prince Charles. She got the story by dogging the tracks of royal family, servants and friends for three months from the Firth of Forth to the Mediterranean. "I interviewed anybody and everybody connected with his world," she reports.

In London, Helen stayed in the fashionable Chester Street home of Mrs. Richard Bethell, mother of Lord Westbury (Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were bridesmaids at his wedding). Mrs. Bethell took Mrs. Erskine to the queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace, a block away.

Mrs. Erskine flew to the remote Isle of Jersey to speak to the prince's dancing teacher, and then she went on to Scotland, where the Laird of Invercauld, Captain Alwyne Farquharson, invited her to stay in one of his two castles adjoining Balmoral. At the local railroad station she stood in the cold, driving rain to meet Charles and his sister, Anne, when their grandmother brought them up from London for a holiday.

From there to Malta, where "the autumnal warmth atoned for the chill of England and Scotland, and I had a chance to wear my summer clothes." There Mrs. Erskine got some of her best stories about Charles and his Uncle Dickie and Aunt Edwina, whom you may know better as Lord and Lady Mountbatten. The visit led to an exchange of letters with Lord Mountbatten. Back in this country, Mrs. E. took a letter to the Grand Central Station post office to buy the correct stamp for Malta. The clerk glanced at the address.

"Gosh, Mountbatten of Burma!" he exclaimed. "Wherever did you run into him?"

There wasn't time to explain.

★ ★ ★

THE people of the Philippine Islands have beautifully justified our anti-colonial, pro-underdog, prodemocracy ideals. The United States took over the country for the express purpose of not keeping her, and the Islands have come through a Japanese occupation, defeated a fierce Communist guerrilla movement and suffered many other hardships—all without turning from the course we had set for them.

Ramon Magsaysay, at forty-seven the President of the Republic of the Philippines, is the strong man in this Asiatic picture. In an inspirational and significant article in this issue, he reports to Collier's readers on what he has accomplished in one year in office and what he hopes to accomplish in the next three. His collaborator, free lance writer Mona Gardner, describes Magsaysay to us this way:

"First all-Filipino president. Previous ones have been of Chinese and Spanish extraction. His origin very humble; his father was a blacksmith and young Ramon worked in a shop. Later helped work his way through school with an auto-mechanic job. He is called the Guy, affectionately, by farmers, city clerks and friends. Considered the champion of the poor man. His honesty and personal integrity a byword. He has exhibited courage repeatedly by walking with the Infantry on Huk raids, even when Minister of Defense. He is looked upon as Man of Destiny by Southeast Asians."

★ ★ ★

EDWARD ROWE SNOW is the famous Flying Santa, known from Labrador to Florida for the thousands of Christmas presents he has air-dropped since 1936 to the lonely inhabitants of Atlantic lighthouses. He's descended from four generations of New England sea captains, and exploring wreck-strewn Sable Island (page 66) was a natural for him.

He got out of high school in 1919 and bummed around the world for seven years before entering Montana's Intermountain Union College, Harvard (B.A. 1932) and Boston University (M.A. 1939). He's been a sailor, a lifeguard, a movie extra, a combat aerial photographer, and once set a Montana collegiate high-jump record. He's written 22 books and last summer paddled a canoe alone from the tip of Cape Cod 31 miles to the mainland.

★ ★ ★

AS HE has been in almost every issue for a dozen years, VIP is with us again (page 54). As you know, he is Virgil Partch, whose zany characters have granted us welcome moments of madness through peace and war. Partch recently missed a $100 question on Groucho Marx's show ("What instrument does Freddy Martin play?") and he more recently cracked up in an electric car near his Balboa Island, California, home and broke his right wrist, so that at this writing he is drawing left-handed.

We have concluded, though perhaps wrongly, that Partch might be going to pieces and that we had better tell you something about him.

He has the kind of background that may explain something. He was born in the Pribilof Islands, a place the seals are very fond of. Partch's mother was born in Kodiak, and his father was born in China, where *his* father and mother were American missionaries. VIP's father was in the Navy, which accounts for the Pribilof Islands.

When his dad retired, the family moved to Tucson, where Partch attended high school and the University of Arizona. He liked to draw, and after graduation he went to art school for a year, then started with the Walt Disney Studios in Burbank, California—as a messenger boy. As he recalls, "That was in 1938. They called me the Flatfoot Flyer and I was a messenger boy longer than anyone else there ever was. Finally they sent me upstairs to the art department, where I worked on Pinocchio, Bambi, Fantasia and others. I specialized in fawns, girls and little children. Then one day in 1941 they didn't want any more of these and I was out."

A friend pasted some Partch drawings on paper and sent them to Collier's. Since then, VIP cartoons, in magazines and books, have become perhaps the best known of our time. Partch is thirty-eight, has a wife, Helen, and three children. He plays the trombone, studies Spanish and cooks, and is a very amusing guy even when he's not drawing cartoons. We're always glad to have him aboard.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Everything he is today Partch owes to good friends of his own creation

The Story I've Never Told

BY

Joan Crawford

"I'VE never acted a scene in my life—I live them all," says Joan Crawford. And this is *your* chance to relive the most dramatic moments of her public and private life with her.

You'll learn in the January Woman's Home Companion how this Cinderella girl and star of Rain, The Women, and Mildred Pierce conquered loneliness, frustration, and divorce offstage, in candid memoirs more moving than any film she has ever made.

What has Joan to say about her leading men and directors, columnists and fans? About her marriages? Meet one truly great glamour queen whose turbulent personal story is sprinkled with stardust too!

EXCLUSIVE BOOK CONDENSATION

DÉSIRÉE

Now you can read this hit movie and novel with all its love and pageantry, intrigue and adventure, condensed for you in Companion. Also in this issue: Richard Llewellyn's latest novel, and two short stories!

IF THE VERDICT IS CANCER:

For the first time, an expert surgeon leads you through a frightening experience step-by-step . . . helps you clear away fallacies and dispel fears.

MAINBOCHER SAYS . . .

"The right clothes can add to life." Learn this famous French designer's fashion philosophy—and how it affects you!

36

EXCITING FEATURES

in the January

COMPANION

Now on sale

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Appointment with O'HARA

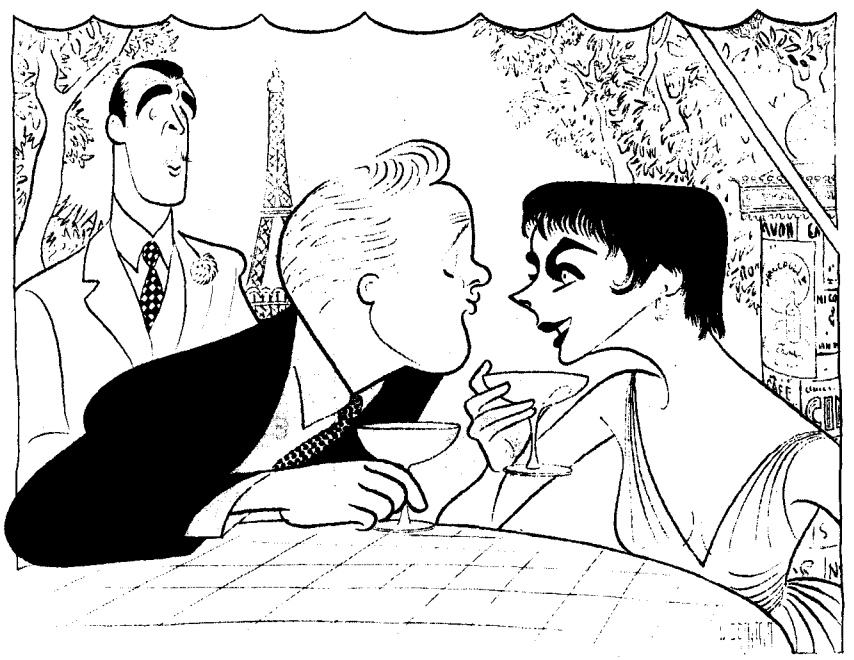
By JOHN O'HARA

FOR maybe eighteen of the last twenty minutes of the film The Last Time I Saw Paris you are given a motion-picture treatment of Babylon Revisited, the F. Scott Fitzgerald story on which the film is based. By that time you have forgotten, temporarily, the small credit Fitzgerald is accorded at the beginning of the picture. (But of course Fitzgerald no longer cares. It is only the people who cared about Fitzgerald who are likely to care now.) It's interesting, though, to see what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer means by "based on." For about an hour and a half they pile on their idea of what Fitzgerald should have written if he were writing an acceptable movie script. First of all, of course, they change his title, Babylon Revisited, probably on the theory that the movie-going public would be misled into the belief that they were going to see another Egyptian or a C. B. deMille spectacle. They busy themselves thinking up a title that will not deceive the public, and arrive at The Last Time I Saw Paris, and if I didn't know better *I* might think the picture was going to star Kate Smith. With the title problem solved they then, as I say, pile on their own superstructure, which vaguely reminded me of a photograph of an old Russian battlewagon in a copy of Jane's Fighting Ships. Top-heavy. They change the time of the original story from post-World War I to circa and post-World War II, gaining, so far as I could determine, nothing except the right to include a few more recent stock shots. I don't, for instance, think anything much is gained by having Van Johnson a member of the staff of The Stars and Stripes (or was it Yank?) or by having Walter Pidgeon being cute as a bibulous old bore who believes in not paying bills. I could go on at length about what I think was not gained by Metro's changes, but I am also worldly enough to suspect that Metro did gain by *ex*changes. By that I mean I wouldn't be surprised to learn that a great deal of the production (which, of course, is super) was paid for in blocked dollars.

The story as it now stands is how Van Johnson marries Elizabeth Taylor and Van is an unsuccessful novelist (I could see why without having read a word of his manuscript) and Donna Reed is in love with him and then some oil wells come in and Elizabeth and Donna and their Daddy, Pidgeon, are rich, and the money does nobody any good. It seemed to me they were all having a lousy time poor, too.

There are some permissible postcard views of Paris and some rather candid-camera views of Miss Taylor, who you could see must have been finding the éclairs and napoleons irresistible. The usually irresistible Donna Reed has been made up to resemble a mythical sister of Miss Taylor, thereby sacrificing Miss Reed's unique attractiveness. I liked Eva Gabor as an overmarried member of the international set, but I like her anyway. In *my* set she is almost always referred to as the *nice* Gabor.

AL HIRSCHFELD



W. Pidgeon, V. Johnson and E. Taylor in The Last Time I Saw Paris

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING of F. Scott Fitzgerald —a pastime that has been highly profitable to quite a few people who put off speaking well of him while he was alive—the posthumous excitement over his work as such seems to have waned, and, in the words of whoever it was that said it about Lincoln, now he belongs to the ages. But there is still plenty of excitement over the period of which he was the major prophet and leading chronicler and certainly an outstanding figure. If you are a fan of a television program of the situation-comedy type, you are almost certain to see one episode in which Dad, played by Ozzie Nelson, breaks out an old photograph album containing snapshots of the days when he was sparking Ma, played by Jane Wyatt. Someone (played by Harry von Zell) will recall having just seen Dad's raccoon coat in the attic last week, and after some rummaging around under the eaves they will turn up with the coonskin, the Norfolk suit, a hip flask, a ukulele, and, in all probability, a Stutz Bearcat. Attics are wonderful places, full of wonders. If it is a spectacular and not a situation comedy, Steve Allen will be discovered improvising on the Varsity Drag theme. (Not, of course, the Varsity Dragnet theme.) That will be sufficient excuse to have sixteen chorines and eight chorus boys do a Charleston routine that, since the original Charleston was a limited dance, has been augmented by bits of the Lindy Hop, the Peabody and the Big Apple. The girls' hairdo will be the 1955 coiffeur's version, which means that the hair will be arranged as though Irene Castle and Lorelei Lee were contemporaries. The girls' dresses, of course, will be that short-skirt, flattened-bosom number with the fringe on the bias. The chorus boys will be wearing, for economy's sake, striped or plain blue blazers and high buttoned shoes, which will be likely to throw you if you happened, as I did, to be very much alive during the period the costumers are botching.

If I were not acquainted with the facts I might be forced to the conclusion that the people who "design" the costumes for these Jazz Age productions were born not earlier than 1935. I might also be compelled to guess that they were literally illiterate, because all they have to do to get things right is dig a little in bound volumes of the old Judge, the Yale Record (with the drawings by Lawrence Fellows and Jim Williamson), Vanity Fair, and the Sunday rotogravure sections of the New York dailies. A little industry of that kind would prevent such anachronisms as the

Jazz Age productions must have raccoon coats and short skirts

four-button suit in a 1929 scene. I get mad at little things and I think I have some reason to. The costume designers are well-paid men and women, and if you're well paid you ought to do a good job. Those anachronisms annoy me to the same degree I was annoyed by the claim made by Tony Martin, the singer, that he created the shawl-collar dinner jacket. I had a shawl-collar dinner jacket in 1920, and it was a hand-me-down from one of my uncles.

Since I am on the subject of annoyance by anachronisms I think this would be a good time to chastise Paul Whiteman. There are quite a few of us hardy, though vanishing, survivors of the Jazz Age who don't like the way Whiteman corns up old tunes, tunes that he helped make popular and that helped make him rich. Whiteman and the others seem to think the way to re-create the musical mood of the 1920s is to pretend that Ross Gorman's reed work was all flat and that Mike Pingatore's banjo was always half a beat behind. Whiteman ought to listen to some old Whiteman records. Besides originality and tone they also had dignity, but you wouldn't suspect it from the "re-created" arrangements you get today.

This isn't the last beef on this general topic, but it will do for the present.

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THIS ONE happened. A six-year-old relation of mine was sitting with her sister's teen-age friends, who were going through the old glee-club numbers. They ran out of material and began asking one another: "What shall we sing?"

"I know," said the six-year-old. "Let's sing Hudson Paper Napkins."

★ ★ ★

AN OCCURRENCE in Boston that did not affect the Fordham seismograph or even the one at nearby Boston College, but was nonetheless a social temblor of some significance, was the decision of the Somerset Club to permit ladies to stay in the club overnight. If, as is more than likely, you are unacquainted with the Somerset Club (and believe me I get my information through devious methods), let me say that my recent remarks about the Philadelphia Club's exclusiveness also apply to the Somerset. If, for instance, I wanted to become a member of the Somerset I first would have to arrange to have quite different great-great-grandparents, and even then I would only get on a waiting list. And this is as good a time as any, I suppose, to state my firm belief in the Somerset Club's right to be as exclusive as they please, and all I want and insist upon in exchange is my right to kid them as much as I please.

Well, they allowed ladies to charter rooms, and I am grateful to a lady of my acquaintance for the information that the club provides its lady guests with dressing gown and bedroom slippers. But just as a reminder to the ladies that they are members of their own and not the superior sex, the dressing gown and slippers are a *man's* dressing gown and a *man's* slippers.

Another Boston item I picked up on my recent infiltration had to do with an eighty-year-old lady, who stormed into one of the leading linen shops with a complaint. Her beef was that as a bride sixty years ago, she had been given a dozen napkins, with the assurance that they would last a lifetime. Now, she said, the napkins had begun to fray, and what were they going to do about it? Well, of course you know what they did about it. They made good with a dozen new ones.

★ ★ ★

THIS DELIGHTFUL JOB occasionally requires my attendance at entertainments some distances removed from the hutch I call home, so I pack my bag, board the common carrier and, at somewhere near the estimated time, I arrive at the selected town and sign the book at the inn of my choice. Or the inn of my second choice, hotels being the well-patronized industries they are. I don't get around as much as Mr. Eisenhower or Georgie Jessel, to name two wayfarers, but enough to keep in touch with what is going on in Your Home Away from Home, wherever it may be, and I have come to a big conclusion: I am just a guinea pig. And so are you.

We autograph the register, go to our room like an obedient Yale junior, and almost immediately we become a statistic. For example: in one hotel I noticed a little card that was not there when I stayed at the same hotel a week earlier. The card wanted to know how I felt about the shower bath. Did I like it, or didn't I, and would I say so in the space below, filling in the room number and the date.

Well, I took a shower, rather more in the interests of cleanliness

We autograph the register, go to our room, and become a statistic

and comfort than in a spirit of co-operation with the opinion-researchers. Then I saw the card again and was about to report that the water came hot when the handle was turned to HOT, and the flow was stimulating without being lacerating. In other words, the shower was okay. But then I became a free and independent American or a stubborn Mick and asked myself why the devil I should check the boniface's plumbing for him. As a satisfied or as a dissatisfied user of his shower bath I qualified as an expert, but he wasn't going to knock anything off my bill for my stated opinion. Let him do his own checking, on his own hide. If he had misgivings about the shower he should have hung up a warning to that effect, expressing himself with a card that read Use at Your Peril, or This Thing Is Tricky, or Next Time Take the Tub. If he had confidence in the bathing facilities, why bring the matter up at all? Was he fishing for compliments? Was he seeking to justify a rise in the price of the room? Or did he just want to know, without counting the towels, whether I took a bath? I am, I said to myself, a busy man, too busy to answer his silly questions—although apparently not so busy that I couldn't spend several minutes pondering his silly question. So I left the card unanswered.

But later, on my way home, I realized that I could not win. Questionnaires, and cards requesting opinions, are so rigged these days that even if you ignore them they are counted under the Ignored, or Torn Up, categories, and you thereby become a statistic no matter what you do. Maybe the only way to come out ahead is to give them a Yes-and-No answer, but I suppose even that will be duly classified.

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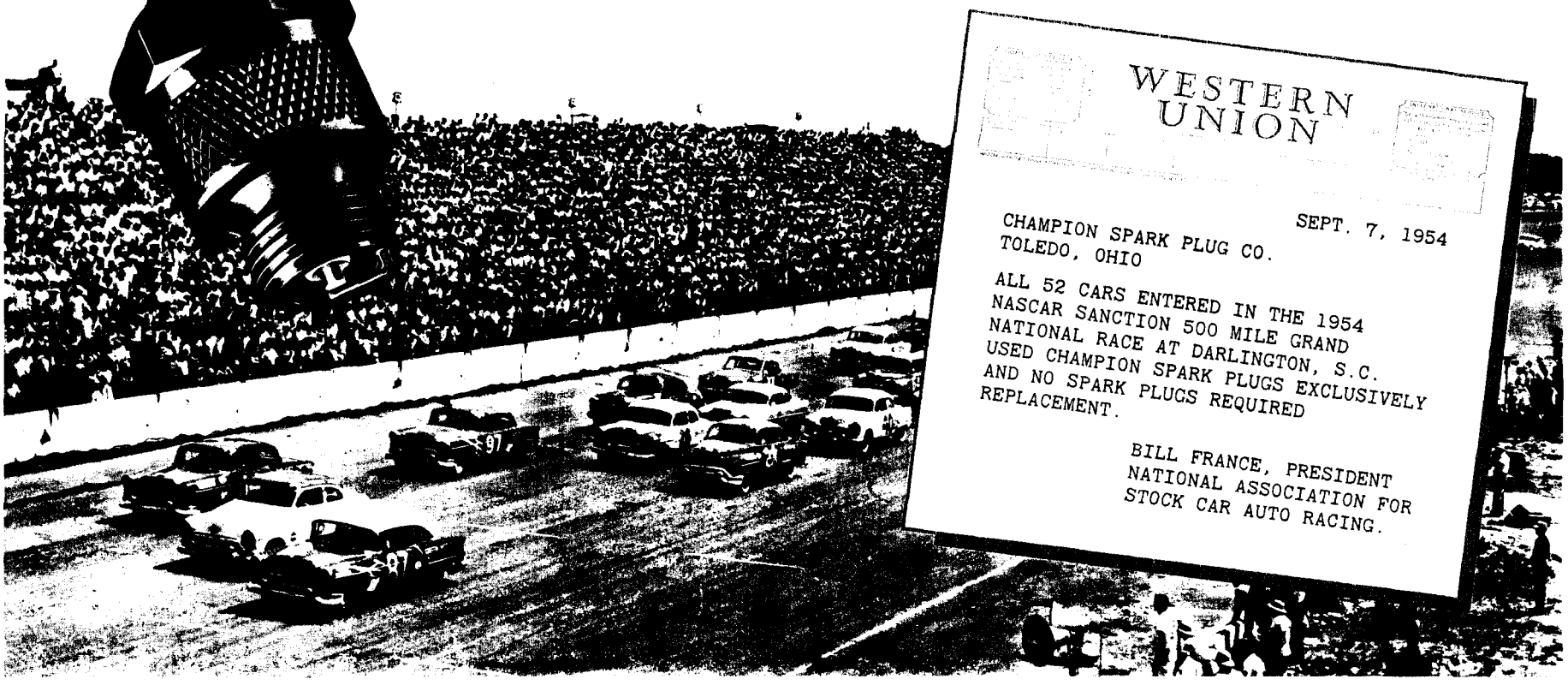
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PIX

THE BOY WHO LIVES IN A PALACE

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

He doesn't know it yet, but one day he'll rule Britain. Right now Prince Charles is like most six-year-olds—mischievous and curious

London

THE three children of Mrs. David Bethell, niece of the queen's Lord Chamberlain, got an extra hard scrubbing one day not long ago. A very special playmate was coming for an afternoon of games at their Basingstoke farm.

Punctual to the minute, an enormous black Rolls-Royce drew up at the door. Out jumped a sturdy youngster with pink cheeks and lively blue eyes, his head cocked eagerly. Hatless, he wore his thick brown hair parted on the side and brushed low on his forehead, much as the boys do at Eton. A double-breasted reefer, sleeves a bit short, fitted his solid frame oversnugly. His white socks had slipped down, his stout brown one-strap shoes showed wear and tear.

Almost at once Mrs. Bethell noticed that he had something on his mind. She asked if there was anything he particularly wanted to do.

"Yes." His tone was businesslike. "Inspect the nursery."

The Bethells obliged, but their guest was not yet finished. "I hear you have chickens," he said. "May I see them?"

Under the eye of wary hens and a belligerent rooster, the chicken coop was toured. Only then did the youthful brigade halt. "I guess there's nothing more to inspect," said the visitor with obvious relief. "Now we can have some fun."

His Royal Highness, Prince Charles Philip Arthur George, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Prince and

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At the age of 18, Prince Charles will get $300,000 a year. Now his allowance

COMBINE

Prince Charles (right) and other members of the royal family return to London after Scottish vacation. Others are (from left) his mother, Queen Elizabeth; his aunt, Princess Margaret; his sister, Princess Anne, and his father, the Duke of Edinburgh

Great Steward of Scotland and heir apparent to the British crown, was merely doing what he regarded as his duty. After all, didn't all his family —his mummy, the queen; his papa, the Duke of Edinburgh; his Aunt Margot, Princess Margaret, and his granny, the queen mother—inspect wherever they went?

Learning How a Hearing Aid Works

Prince Charles, who was six on November 14th, already senses the shadow of his future responsibilities. Even at this early age he is a definite personality, alert, poised, extroverted—and the possessor of an inquiring mind, as he demonstrated when he met the U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, Winthrop Aldrich. All eyes, he stared at Mr. Aldrich's hearing aid. "What's that?" he asked. The ambassador took it off for the little prince to examine. "How does it work?" asked Charles. Mr. Aldrich fitted the hearing aid over the youngster's ear. "Thank you," Charles nodded, after a moment. "Now I know."

He is never at a loss for words. When he met Mr. Aldrich's predecessor, Walter Gifford, he said, by way of introduction, "I just found your country on the map today."

In recent years, the function of royalty has changed. The head that wears the crown is no longer strictly ornamental; nowadays, kings and queens work for a living. Charles's mother is at her palace desk by nine thirty each morning—when she isn't traveling about the world, with her Prince Consort, as a sort of supersalesman for the Empire.

Charles's grandfather, George VI, astutely foresaw the trend when he said, "We've got to be a firm, not a family." Despite his scant years, Charles is already launched in his training for chairman of the board. In that training, the ancient and splendid trappings of British royal tradition still play a part, but in the main Charles is unmistakably a child of the mid-twentieth century.

In his five-room nursery suite at Buckingham Palace is a TV set; over his bed is a microphone so sensitive that it instantly registers, in the quarters of both the chief nurse and palace detectives, his slightest cough, as well as his breathing. He has a private telephone connected with the main palace switchboard. It holds no mystery for him; he began talking into it when he was so small he had to stand on a chair to reach it. At that age the calls were usually for Mummy or Papa in some far-off place. Now he has grown enough to use it normally, although he's still impulsively apt to ring the chef at odd hours and say: "Send Charles ice cream, quickly!"

Mechanical devices intrigue the little prince. He clambers over the fire engines which are part of the equipment on all the crown estates. He is keen about his mother's private plane and his father's helicopter, and begs to go out, rain or shine, to see Papa take off from the palace lawn. Once, when court photographer Marcus Adams was taking his picture, Charles climbed a chair and peered into the lens. "Everything's upside down," he reported, surprised. Then he ran back to the sofa where he'd been posing and stood on his head—"to make it right for Mr. Adams," he explained.

Despite his parents' air-mindedness, Charles has not yet flown. In his journeys among the half-dozen fabulous palaces and castles he can call home his choice of a coach-and-four may be either a Rolls-Royce or a special train bearing the royal coat of arms. On his recent trip to Malta, his first outside Great Britain, he traveled on the queen's new 412-foot, $2,000,000 royal yacht Britannia.

On his travels, the young prince is always accompanied by his own retinue: Superintendent T. J. Clark of Scotland Yard, chauffeur Jim Cheevers, chief nurse Helen Lightbody, personal nursemaid Mabel Anderson, governess Katherine Peebles, a palace policeman and, as a rule, General Sir Frederick Browning, Comptroller of the Queen's Household.

As Duke of Cornwall (his most important title), Charles is entitled to an annual income from farm products and rents equivalent to around $300,000 a year. He will draw only $36,000 of the total annually until he is fifteen; from then until his eighteenth birthday he will get another $90,000 a year, after which the entire income will be his.

The Duchy of Cornwall, the property which produces this fortune, lies in agricultural Cornwall in the southwest of England, and in Lambeth, the vast slum area in southeast London. I visited the duchy farms. Plump cattle grazed in the meadows and smoke curled from neat white cottages. Not a fence was out of order, not a crop unharvested. A Cornisher told me: "The duchy holdings stretch far as the eye can see. It's the best land in all of Cornwall."

Lambeth, by contrast, is a place of dark tenements, dim pubs and dingy alleys. Men with caps pulled over their eyes lounge against sooty brick walls, swarms of children play in bomb craters, women gossip in doorways.

He Saves Part of His Slim Allowance

Charles is not yet aware of being Duke of Cornwall or of the tremendous income that goes with the title. The only money he now sees is the allowance of three shillings a week (42 cents) his parents give him. Part of this he banks in a postal savings account; the rest he spends on sweets and little presents. Like his great-grandmother, the late Queen Mary, he is fond of browsing in the tiny antique shops of Windsor town. In 1953, in one of them, he found the china horse he gave his mother at Christmas.

Charles is also unaware that he is colonel in

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's 42 cents a week—and he banks some of that

chief of the Cornwall Light Infantry, and that the Welsh are already calling for him to be created Prince of Wales—a plea his mother has not heeded because she thinks him too young for the elaborate ceremonial involved. He does know that his mother is queen, but takes the fact in his stride. Recently someone referred in his presence to Her Majesty. "Who is Her Majesty?" he asked. "The queen," he was told. "Oh," he said, "you mean my mummy."

The young prince was only three when King George VI died. Did that mean, the boy asked, that Grandpapa would no longer come to play with him?

"Yes," his grandmother answered.

"Where did he go?"

"To heaven."

"Is he happy there?"

"I believe so," said the queen mother.

Charles thought a moment. "I'll miss him," he said.

His mother's coronation, later, was the first important state ceremony the boy watched. Perched in the royal box at Westminster Abbey, he saw the Archbishop of Canterbury place the crown on Elizabeth's head. The memory lingers on in a game he calls "Coronation," which he plays with his little sister, Princess Anne. Taking the role of archbishop, he will pick up a stick and say, gravely, "This is the scepter."

In his upbringing, the boy is being subjected to two powerful forces which are almost diametrically opposed. The queen, by rearing and inclination, is a strong traditionalist. Her husband, by contrast, is the product of a freewheeling early life and an unorthodox education at Gordonstoun in Scotland, a school which holds that it is good for the sons of the wealthy and powerful to experience some of the problems of life.

His papa is Charles's idol; he sits on his knee in preference to Mummy's lap. Mummy calls him "Charles"; Papa refers to him as "the kid." The Duke of Edinburgh says: "He must learn to mix with other kids." It was the duke who recently ordered boxing lessons for his son. It's a good guess that it was the queen who had the lessons put off on the ground that the prince was still too young.

The Duke May Establish a Precedent

The Duke of Edinburgh wants his son to go to a public school (in England, the equivalent of our private school). His wish contravenes previous practice; no heir to the throne has ever been sent away to boarding school. In theory, the queen and her ministers have the last word on Charles's educational future; in practice, her strong-minded consort may influence the decision.

The issue is not yet crucial. English boys do not start boarding school before they are nine, so Charles has three years of grace. But wherever he gets his training, it is certain in general to follow one basic guide line. "I hope," Prime Minister Winston Churchill once remarked, "that among those principles that will be instilled in him will be the truth that the sovereign is never so great as when his people are free."

At present the life of the royal heir is a curious intermixture. He follows the daily routine of any upper-class English youngster—but in a truly storybook setting. His London home, Buckingham Palace, contains 600 rooms, 10,000 pieces of furniture, 300 clocks, 250 telephones and a staff of 260 servants. Charles's own world within the palace is the nursery suite on the third floor of the right wing. It contains his bedroom and bath, Princess Anne's bedroom and bath, a schoolroom, sitting room and dining room.

The suite's color theme is duck-egg blue and white. The furniture is chintz-covered, the carpeting monotone gray. The walls are painted with a special dull lacquer; the moldings and ornamentation are picked out in gold. Included in the *décor* are some chests designed for storing toys. Charles has been taught to tidy up each day. Once, when a photographer was taking candids of him at play, he suddenly began collecting his toys. "I'll have to put these away before Mummy gets home," he explained.

His day begins at six thirty, when he is awakened by Bennett, the nursery footman, bearing a glass of fresh orange juice. It ends promptly at 7:30 P.M. Breakfast, with Anne in the nursery dining room, consists of porridge, an egg, sometimes bacon, and a glass of milk. For luncheon he has meat, fish or chicken, with vegetables and a steamed pudding. At four thirty there is a repast of milk or cambric tea (weak tea and milk), with bread-and-butter sandwiches, jam or cookies. The prince eats at a regular table in a chair adjusted to his size.

As a Pace Setter for Boys' Fashions

Although Charles still needs help with his morning bath, he can dress himself. He is already a pace setter in fashion. Shortly after the coronation the British magazine Tailor and Cutter listed him among England's ten best-dressed males. Its editor explained to me:

"His Royal Highness had already drawn sartorial attention with his baby bow ties and deerstalker caps. His double-breasted wool cardigan and crossovers were also good numbers, so in he went. It was impossible to exclude him. The Sun News in Melbourne featured our choice, and as a result millions of mothers were milling through Australia's stores clutching photos of Prince Charles and demanding clothes for their children like those he wears."

The queen is said to have designed her son's tie and cap, as well as his famous double-breasted buttercup-yellow reefer. The most recent addition to his wardrobe is a little white sailor suit, bound in blue, an exact copy of those worn by the crew of the royal yacht Britannia. I learned (although it's a well-guarded palace secret) that Charles's tailor is Rowes, outfitter to most of England's noble small fry, and his barber Emile of Sloan Street, hairdresser for the last 25 years to all the women of the royal family.

While it will be a few years before he starts going to school (if he does), formal education for Charles began last year when his father decided—and his mother agreed—that it was high time for him to be occupied at more serious pursuits than nursery play. He has an hour-and-a-half formal lesson beginning at nine thirty each morning in the nursery schoolroom. (He and Anne spend the previous hour with their parents.) His governess, Katherine McLean Peebles, a Scot whom Charles calls "Mispy," begins the lesson with a simple Bible story. Recently Charles proved that he pays attention. A family friend, just returned from Cairo, happened to mention Egypt. Charles dropped his blue plush Teddy bear and scampered across the room, catching the guest by the arm. "Did you see Moses?" he demanded.

Gentle-spoken Mispy carries the instruction of her small charge beyond the formal lesson period by drawing him into conversation, provoking his mind into action at table or on walks. She works jigsaw puzzles with him and reads to him of Eskimos, Indians and cowboys.

At three, Charles could recite the alphabet and print his name in bold, childish capitals; his parents taught him, through the use of A for Apple, B for Boy blocks. He learned to count with a counting frame made of beads strung on wires; he learned to tell time by running to the nursery window and studying the face of Big Ben, the famous Parliament Building clock, which is visible across Birdcage Walk. Wherever possible he learns by doing—his father's theory of education.

COMBINE

Charles tries to make friends with one of the apes at Gibraltar during royal family's visit

The TV set in the nursery was the queen's idea for another form of education. She hoped her small son would enjoy movies of the royal tour. Beyond a momentary surprise, he was unimpressed at the sight of his mummy and papa on the screen, but when he saw himself patting the monkeys at Gibraltar he was enchanted, and begged to view the film again.

His mother and father respect his questions. Before they left on their tour last year, the queen gave him a big map, explaining that if he studied it he might follow her and Papa every step of the way. Whenever they stopped they sent him picture post cards. With Mispy's help he found on his map the town from which each card came.

Tootling on Bagpipes Causes Anguish

The young prince shows an imaginative artistic sense, painting in vivid splashes of color and signing the masterpieces "Charles" in bold, printed strokes. His taste for music is limited to nursery-rhyme records, although he likes to tootle on some miniature bagpipes which were presented to him by the Balmoral Castle staff—much to the anguish of those within earshot.

His sister, being only four, is barred from the schoolroom. This discrimination pleases Charles, as it might any normal boy jealous of an older brother's prerogatives. He acts the older-brother role in other ways, too. Once, when he had carefully arrayed his toy soldiers in formation, she knocked them down. Eyes snapping, he smacked her. Chief nurse Lightbody—called "No-Nonsense" for good reason—sent him to his room, to be kept there until he apologized.

He refused to say he was sorry. "Why should

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CHARLES —That's how Great Britain's heir to the

I," he demanded of his father, "when it wouldn't be true?"

Anne's provocative blue eyes, flaxen curls and irresistible smile attract people instantly, a situation Charles often finds irritating. On one occasion when he felt that she had held everyone's attention too long, the heir to the throne suddenly and loudly told the most preposterous fib he could think of. "I shave now," he said.

Brother and sister, together with children of court officials, take dancing lessons once a week in the big ballroom of the palace. Madame Marguerite Vacani, who taught the queen and Princess Margaret two decades ago, instructs the youngsters in the waltz, fox trot, one-step, rumba, square dance and Charles's favorite, a Scottish country dance called the Gay Gordon Reel.

Perpetual Motion in a Royal Palace

When he's not pinned down by lessons, Charles is always in action. He runs, rather than walks; madly tricycles through palace corridors; paddles vigorously, like a tadpole, as he and his father plunge in the palace pool. Around the 40-acre palace gardens he drives a miniature red electric-propelled automobile—a hand-me-down from the queen, given her by her father.

In his games and interests he is all boy. He has a quick eye for the uniforms of the numerous military units which are part of the pageantry of court life. He can tell at a glance whether a soldier belongs to the Household Cavalry, Coldstream Guards or Queen's Own. He is also quick on the proper salute; at the same time he shows the influence of his father's famous informality. To him, General Sir Frederick Browning, Master of the Queen's Household, is "old boy." Lieutenant Commander Michael Parker, R.N., his father's private secretary, is "Mike."

He has a weapons collection consisting of the pistol of the original Bonnie Prince Charlie, eighteenth-century claimant to the throne, and an ancient Arab dagger given him by Prince Hassan of Transjordan. A special palace favorite of his is Sergeant Kelly, his father's private detective, who enthralls him with tales of the exploits of the brave London police. The Duke of Edinburgh keeps him informed on adventurous news stories, such as the ascent of Mount Everest, and describes his own trips.

Charles enjoys pitching a tattered tent on the grounds at Balmoral Castle in Scotland, where he spends his summers, and playing at mountain climbing with his father. Like Papa, he enjoys pheasant shoots—which for him are limited to thrashing the bush, aided by a guide. His favorite outdoor sport is deerstalking, which he engages in at Richmond Park, an hour's drive by car from Buckingham.

He owns two ponies, Cloudy and Juniper, and a rabbit named Rex Ermine. When the family moved from Clarence House to Buckingham Palace after Elizabeth became queen, she noticed that her son was strangely silent. At Clarence House he had run around pressing bells, banging doors and singing at the top of his lungs. Now he was subdued. The queen asked if he felt ill. He shook his head. "But something must be wrong with you, Charles." she insisted. "You're so quiet."

Finally he said, "I miss Rex."

"Where is Rex?"

"They left him behind." Tears filled his eyes.

Within fifteen minutes the white rabbit was being whisked by royal courier from Clarence House to the palace—where he lives in splendor to this day.

Inexpensive Camera Is Favorite Toy

Gifts of pets and toys flow in from all sides. The queen accepts only those which are formally presented. When she was still a princess, she and her husband returned from their Canadian tour with 25 cases of toys for their children, ranging from tractors to Wild West outfits. After the world tour last year, the stock of toys again soared. The gift which made the biggest hit with Charles was an inexpensive box camera, presented by the photographers who covered the tour. He lugs the black box along wherever he goes. The results of his camera artistry aren't too clear, but all his pictures are action scenes—like the Mediterranean Fleet full speed ahead, which he photographed from

COMBINE

Prince Charles and his sister, Princess Anne, stopped off at Malta in 1954 on their way to North Africa to meet their parents, returning from a world tour. Here the children are with "Uncle Dickie"—Earl Mountbatten—and Lady Mountbatten

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the yacht Britannia as it steamed out of Malta harbor. His parents had to keep on the alert to prevent him from tumbling overboard: he was forever climbing rails to get a better shot.

The years ahead will hold much traveling for the prince. Within the British Isles, he has already established a circuit. Weekends are spent at historic Windsor Castle, 21 miles from London, where, in the Royal Park, he and Princess Anne have a miniature dreamhouse, gift of the Welsh people to the queen when she was a child. All its five rooms are charmingly furnished for children down to the last small chair and china dish. Above its front door is inscribed, *Y Bwthyn Bach,* Welsh for The Little House.

If the queen mother, or Granny, as Charles calls her, happens to be at Sandringham, her Norfolk estate, he may go there. With Princess Margaret (whom he calls Margot and regards as something of a contemporary), Granny is his great favorite in the family. Like grandmothers everywhere, she dotes on her grandson.

Not long ago she was guest of honor at a reception in the Middle Temple, a kind of law society in London. One of the barristers, an amateur magician, demonstrated a trick. "You must show me how you did that," she exclaimed. "I want to learn it to surprise my grandson."

He explained that he would be betraying magicians everywhere if he gave away the secret in public, but offered to show her in private. "Come ahead," she said, beckoning him to the far end of the room. She mastered the trick, and astonished Charles with it not long afterward.

Of all the royal residences, Charles prefers Balmoral, the fabulous summer castle in Scotland. I watched his arrival at the railroad station near there last summer and saw an instance of his boundless curiosity. En route from train to royal automobile, he paused to examine the strange sporran—the fur purse attached to the kilt—worn by Captain Alwyne Farquharson, Laird of Invercauld and the queen's neighbor. The sporran was the head of a wildcat with glowing amber eyes. The prince stared at it fearfully. "What's that?" he asked.

A Lesson in Conquering His Fears

The captain bent down to explain. The wildcat had been shot on the Invercauld moors. He invited Charles to stroke it. Charles did so, at first hesitantly, then confidently. Having conquered his fear, he bowed gravely to the captain and his wife and climbed in the royal car after his sister.

Charles himself does not yet own a kilt. The Scots view this sartorial deficiency with approval, apparently reading into it an evidence of frugality on the queen's part. The royal gray, red and black plaid is expensive; there is no point in investing in a kilt for her son while he's shooting up like a young sapling. The queen measures Charles once a month by marking his height on the nursery wall. On his fifth birthday he stood three feet nine inches. Now he is close to four feet tall.

At Balmoral, as elsewhere, Charles is surrounded by reminders of his ancestors. At the castle entrance there is a statue of his great-great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, a solemn bronze effigy of great-great-great-grandfather Prince Albert by the steps, and another in the hall under the main staircase.

In Crathie, the nearby church, Charles is again confronted with the past; here his ancestors worshiped. The fact is apparently not oppressive to him. Though his manners are ordinarily good, one Sunday at church he stuck out his tongue at his future subjects. Another day a fascinated congregation watched the head of a small animal move across the railing of the royal pew. Then they saw the queen mother shake her head, pick up the animal, and place it on the seat beside her. Charles had been playing with her fox scarf.

COMBINE

Sir Gerald Creasy (right), governor of Malta, escorts Prince Charles to hotel at Malta. Prince and his sister went to island aboard their mother's new $2,000,000 yacht *Britannia*

An equally endearing glimpse of a normal, mischievous boy not too weighed down by royal raiment came during the prince's visit last spring to Malta, which he visited with his parents as they neared the end of their globe-trotting. The people of the Mediterranean island watched in admiration as Charles, with supreme poise on this his first trip beyond the home islands, waved greetings, gravely shook hands with gold-braid-decked officials, protectively helped his sister whenever she stepped uncertainly, and observed his mother through binoculars as she reviewed troops.

Then came a polo match, at which the Duke of Edinburgh scored the first goal his son had ever seen him make. At his father's triumph Charles leaned forward, and in wild excitement yanked the hair of the man in front of him—his father's aide-de-camp. It was this departure from regality that, above all, won Maltese hearts for their future king.

It is obvious, even at this early date, that Charles has the characteristics which breed popularity. One is his father's breezy knack for getting along with all sorts of people. Another is the Hanoverian blood strain in the maternal side of the family; the Hanovers were impulsive, gregarious, lovers of life. In an era which has thrown over many of the traditional inhibitions on royal behavior, Charles may become Britain's "most human" monarch yet.

Therein, ironically, lies some danger for the little prince. Royalty still represents, to its subjects, a link with fairybook fantasy. Should Charles flout too many traditions, the people may object. The Duke of Windsor was, after all, one of the most human of British kings.

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Ann was still gasping for breath when Cahill handed her the six-shooter. "Tell the police you shot in self-defense," he said

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Rawhide River

By CLIFF FARRELL

Cahill had left St. Louis with a lynch mob at his heels; but now he was back—to get the man who had framed him for murder

BEGINNING A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

ST. LOUIS had changed mightily in the three years since Britt Cahill had fled from it with death at his heels. Lee's surrender was six years in the past now, and the nation, exhausted by civil war, was turning its face west to the virgin prairies that were to be its salvation. St. Louis was the gateway to that destiny. Its frontier aspect was about gone; it had grown big, sophisticated.

Britt Cahill had changed too in three years, but not enough. He knew he was risking the gallows by showing his face here again.

He had stepped ashore only minutes earlier from the steamboat Aurora, the first passenger boat of the season from the upper Missouri River. A Sioux arrow still jutted from the roof of the Aurora's pilothouse, and Sioux bullets had left stars in the windows of the passenger cabins as souvenirs of the trip.

Britt was grateful for the balmy darkness of the early spring evening as he walked away from the levee. He walked fast, for another life was in danger here besides his own.

He turned presently into the fandango district. This area had grown too—and hardened. Music blared and hurdy-gurdies tinkled. A girl in black tights danced on a platform outside a building, and a barker promised greater delights within.

Keeping to the shadows, Britt walked the length of the street, but did not find what he sought. He finally halted a passer-by. "Could you direct me to a place called Pierre's?"

The man eyed Britt's garb dubiously. Britt wore a weathered brush coat of heavy duck that hung loosely from his wide, flat shoulders, and the rough woolen clothes common to prospectors. The bulge of his gun belt showed under his coat. A new film of sandy beard was on his jaws and chin, and below the brim of his flat-crowned hat his gray eyes were level and cool.

It was his eyes that stirred a sudden respect in the stranger. "Turn west at the corner you just passed," the man said. "You'll find Pierre's up the block. But that place is tony—drinks a dollar a throw. They cater to the carriage trade."

The street the man had indicated was dark and discreet. Here were old mansions, built in the days of the fur trade, whose owners had moved to more fashionable districts. They were now occupied by high-play gambling houses. Velvet curtains shrouded the windows. Inside, string orchestras played. Carriages were delivering fashionably garbed women and men in evening dress.

Suddenly Britt heard the sound of a woman singing. The voice held a deep and moving undertone of loneliness—an organlike quality that caught at his heart. He recognized that voice.

He stopped in the shadow of an elm across the street. Pierre's was a new structure, built in the plantation style. A white-pillared gallery fronted on the sidewalk. The open French doors gave a view of the crowded gambling salon: oil paintings hung on the walls; chandeliers glittered; waiters walked silently on thick carpets.

A small stage was in the rear of the room, and Sherry Dean, the Irish thrush, stood there singing. She was a strikingly handsome young woman in a clinging, bare-shouldered evening gown that emphasized the lines of her full figure. Her hair was a deep, coppery red. She was singing something in French. It was an impudent number that needed no interpretation—Sherry Dean's eyes and the sway of her hips were sufficient.

Britt stared at her, shocked. He was remembering the fiery, impetuous girl he had known in another day. Sherry Dean had changed, too. She had mastered all the arts of stagecraft—and all the little deceptions.

SUDDENLY Britt became aware of a commotion inside the gambling house. Then he heard a gunshot. Women screamed. Powder smoke drifted across the room, fogging the chandeliers.

A man backed through the French doors across from where Britt stood. Bearded, middle-aged, he wore the clothes of a merchant or trader. He had a gun in his hand, but seemed unsure of his ability to use it. He edged in panicky retreat into the street.

A second man came running out after him and darted to cover behind one of the gallery pillars. Britt felt a shock of recognition. This man was tall, with thin, handsome features, crisp blond hair and a small blond mustache. He too had a six-shooter in his hand, but there was nothing uncertain in his manner.

"Wait, Jarrett—wait!" the bearded man called. But it was evident the blond man did not intend to wait.

Britt realized he was in the line of fire, and he moved behind the broad *(Continued on page 42)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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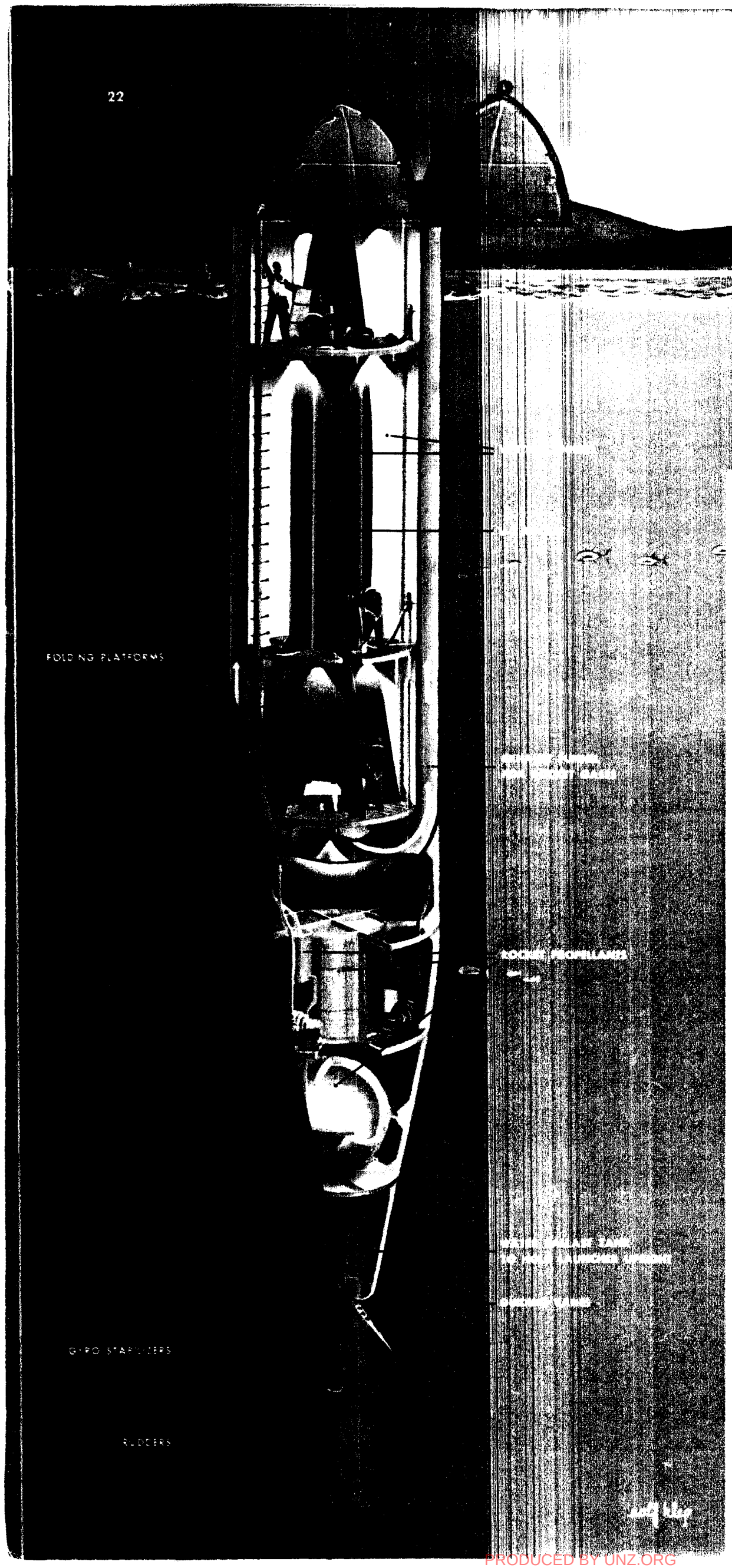

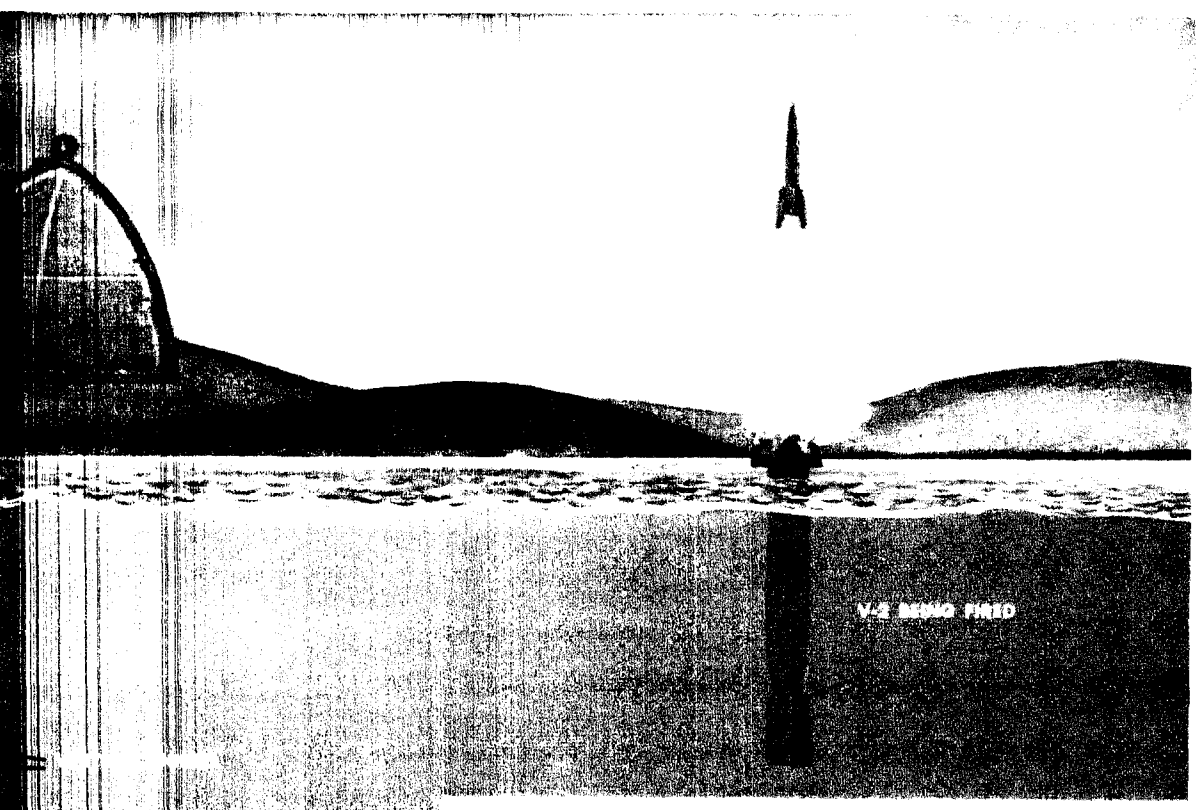

Can Russian

HOW far has the Soviet Union progressed in guided-missile development? That question is of vital concern to everyone in the free world and I feel I am in a position to provide part of the answer. On the whole it's an encouraging answer—but it offers no ground whatever for complacency. Russia has made great strides in the manufacture of guided missiles. The saving grace is that the U.S. is making greater strides.

If I were asked, "Can Russian missiles strike the United States?", I would have to answer, "Most probably." I know that the Soviets have medium-range missiles, capable of carrying an atomic war head, which could reach American cities from launching platforms at sea. Such platforms, designed to be submarine-towed, were developed in Germany and taken over by the Russians at the end of World War II.

I know, also, that the Russians have produced large quantities of bombardment missiles which, launched from Soviet bases, could strike European cities or our own troops in Europe.

In addition, the U.S.S.R. has produced in great number efficient antiaircraft missiles that will make very difficult any penetration of the Russian homeland and destruction of its strategic targets.

I do not believe that the Soviet Union has yet perfected an intercontinental guided missile which

Russians could attack U.S. today with method thought up by Germans in World War II. Sub (right) tows submersible launching device to within 300 miles of our shores. The launcher, containing V-2 rocket, is flooded, tilting it to vertical position for firing (see cutaway drawing, left). The submarine moves off to a safe distance, then by remote control fires the guided missile from the launcher (center)

Most probably, believes this

Collier's for January 7, 1955

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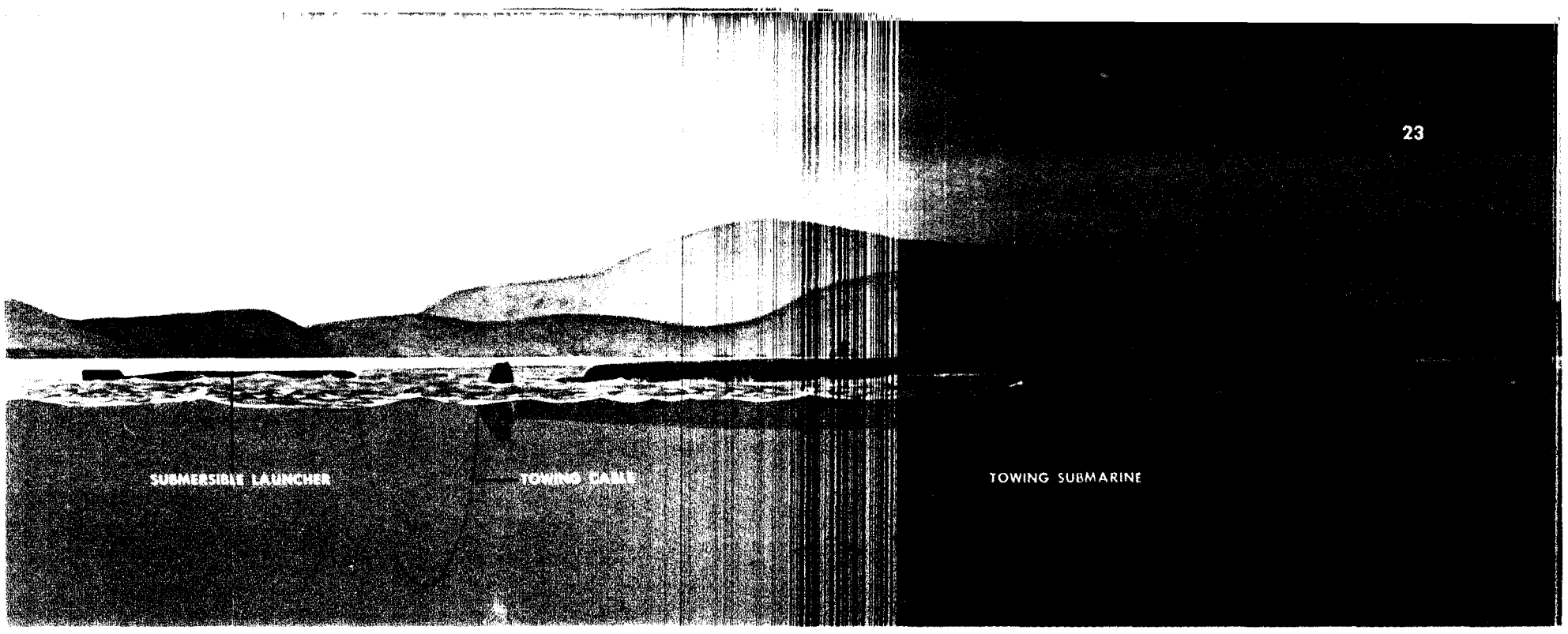

ROLF KLEP

Missiles Strike the United States?

By Dr. WALTER R. DORNBERGER

can be launched at American targets from Russian bases, but I have information that the Reds are most certainly making progress on it.

What is my authority for these statements? I am called the father of the guided missile. I have more than 25 years' experience in the field of rocket weapons, and during World War II, I was the major general commanding the German Army Missile Experiment Station at Peenemünde, which developed the V-2 used against England. Many of the missiles Russia now has are advancements of projects I started. Many of my former subordinates went to Russia after the war and worked on these projects. My position today, as missile consultant for Bell Aircraft Corporation, demands that I stay abreast of missile developments, Russian as well as American.

Since coming to this country seven years ago, I have made three trips back to Germany, most recently this last summer. I have talked to a number of my former colleagues who worked on Russian missiles, and I have had access to documents concerning Russian missile progress, the nature of which (and the manner by which they came into my hands) I cannot reveal.

I lay no claim to being the final authority on Russian missiles. No one in the Western World can make such a claim, because of the intense secrecy surrounding Soviet guided-weapons projects. However, I know how far we at Peenemünde had progressed on certain advanced missiles on which the Russians continued development. I know the timetables we had drawn up for their completion and the problems that had to be surmounted. By combining this knowledge with facts obtained from documents and from my former co-workers who fled the iron curtain, I have made what I consider reasonable estimates of the status of the Russian missile program today.

I would sum up Russian progress in this manner: three years ago I would have said the Soviets were well ahead of the United States. Three years from now I believe we will be ahead of them (I say "we" because I hope soon to be an American citizen). Today, I believe the two nations are about on a par in missile development; both have a long road to travel before they perfect automatic intercontinental weapons, but both have some very deadly interim missiles.

Of course, the progress made thus far should not be exaggerated. I have heard it suggested that in war a sub might sneak into New York Harbor and fire a missile into the city. I don't think so—mainly because of the great advances in submarine detection in recent years.

However, a submarine might be able to move undetected into a firing position several hundred miles out in the ocean; that would require a larger missile, difficult to launch, but in World War II, we Germans developed the submersible launching platform for just such use. This device was a large container, about 100 feet long, resembling a missile in general configuration. Inside it was to be a V-2 rocket, propellant tanks to provide the rocket's power, a gyrostabilized firing platform which would keep the missile steady regardless of the swell of the sea, and a ballast tank.

We estimated that one submarine could tow three such containers, weighing about 500 tons, for 30 days at an average speed of 12 knots. The containers were to be towed in horizontal position, either on the surface or below it. Upon reaching the selected launching point, the ballast tank would be flooded, tilting the container to the vertical position. A missile crew from the submarine would open a hatch in the top, fuel the missile and ready it for firing. The actual launching would be triggered from the sub, standing off a safe distance.

Does the Soviet Union have such a weapon today? I have every reason to believe so. And the Russians most certainly have the missile itself. I learned from one of my former Peenemünde colleagues who fled from the U.S.S.R. not long ago that the Russians picked up development of the V-2 where we of the German Army Experimental Station left off.

In 1945, the V-2 had a range of 200 miles and was accurate enough to hit a large city. Now, said my informant, who spent several years working on Russian missile projects, "they have increased the range to at least 300 miles and claim accuracy within 1,500 feet." The V-2, of course, can carry an atomic pay load.

As for the launching float, by 1945 it had been developed to usable, though not perfected, status. We had actually conducted a few test launchings. The tests were encouraging. There were a few minor problems, but development of the system had reached such an advanced stage that the Russians must have perfected it long before now. The floats, the plans and the missiles—all the components of the submersible launching system—were located at the Schichau shipyard at Elbing in East Prussia. This installation was taken over by the Russians at the end of the war and its equipment moved east.

None of my informants has been able to tell me whether the Russians actually have put this system into service. We do know, however, that the Soviet Union, whose navy is essentially a coastal-defense

[illegible] The Soviets jumped to an early lead in rockets—but we'll soon overtake them

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force, has more than 300 submarines, obviously a great many more than are needed for defense of home waters. I believe their emphasis on underwater vessels indicates a plan to use submarines offensively, in American waters, quite possibly as tow vessels for missile launchers.

The water-launched missile, while effective, is not the ultimate in automatic weaponry, because of the target limitations imposed by its relatively short range. The ultimate is the intercontinental missile, with an atomic war head, which can be fired from home bases over thousands of miles to strike cities anywhere in the enemy homeland.

A German Missile to Blast New York

At Peenemünde, we were working on such a weapon. We called it the America Project, because the missile was designed to reach New York from launching sites near Hamburg in Western Germany, a distance of 3,800 miles. Its technical designation was A9/A10, indicating that it was actually a combination of two rockets, one riding on top of the other. The first rocket, or stage, was to be the A10, a tremendously powerful machine which would provide the initial boost and propel the missile up to a speed of more than 2,800 miles per hour. When its rocket fuel was exhausted, the A10 would fall away and the A9 would continue, using its own fuel, to a maximum speed of 5,200 miles per hour.

We actually built and test-fired the A9 at Peenemünde. The first stage, the A10, didn't progress beyond the drawing board, primarily because of the difficulty of developing a sufficiently powerful rocket engine. We estimated that the initial boost for a 3,000-mile range would require 440,000 pounds of thrust, a staggering amount of power even today.

I learned some time ago, from German scientists who worked on Russian missiles, that the Soviets continued the A9 program after the war and were working on A10. Later, I found out that the Russians had even gone a step beyond our Peenemünde plans for an intercontinental rocket by adding a third stage to the combination, presumably to make possible an atomic pay load.

"They call it Project 333," an informant told me. "The 333 means a three-stage rocket with 3,000-mile range and a three-ton pay load. And they are making progress."

"What of the engine?" I asked.

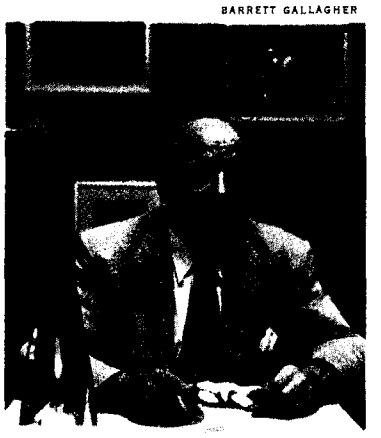
"They have developed one of 240,000 pounds thrust. I have actually watched a test firing." The use of two such engines in combination would, obviously, provide more than the required thrust, even for an iron-curtain-to-America flight.

I do not, of course, leap to the conclusion that the development of the engine proves the missile has been perfected. A successful test firing does not mean that the rocket power plant is ready, and even if it is, there are countless other problems involved in the construction of a missile which must stay on course over a distance of thousands of miles.

When the conclusion of World War II put an end to the America Project, we had a timetable of 1949 for the completion of the first prototype and 1950 for the first combat firing. Thus, although we had already done considerable preliminary work, we still needed five years to build a serviceable weapon—even under a wartime "crash" program.

The Russians, of course, could not have adhered to that schedule. Our test facilities, located in the Russian zone of Germany, had to be dismantled, moved to Russia and reassembled. The engineering data had to be translated and reworked to Russian specifications, a complicated, time-consuming process. By my estimates, the Russians could not have picked up work on the intercontinental missile before 1949. From that date, had they been able to match our original timetable, they would have completed the missile this year. I doubt, however, that they have done so—mainly because they were not so far advanced electronically as the experts of wartime Germany.

BARRETT GALLAGHER



Dr. Walter R. Dornberger, called father of guided missile, began career in Germany in 1930 when, as an army officer, he was put in charge of developing rockets as modern weapons. He was the commanding general of the Nazis' V-2 experimental center located at Peenemünde, during World War II. After the war, he was brought to the United States and is now a specialist in guided missiles with Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo, New York

The German missile called for an extremely complicated guidance system; it had to be almost foolproof, since a minute error at the start of a flight would compound itself over thousands of miles into a complete target miss. Development of such a guidance system poses tremendous problems for electronics specialists. I feel I can say without breaching security that even the American electronics industry, the best in the world, has not completely mastered long-range guidance.

During the occupation, the U.S.S.R. stripped the German electronics industry, notably the great Siemens, Telefunken and AEG plants in Berlin, and moved many German specialists to Russia. From this start, they have built up a strong electronics industry of their own, with headquarters in the city of Frunze, east of the Ural Mountains, and manufacturing plants at several other locations even farther to the east. They are hampered, however, by a shortage of skilled technicians, and while the industry is generally good I cannot believe that it has outstripped its American counterpart in the field of long-range guidance.

It is for this reason, plus the fact that none of my informants had ever seen a complete missile of the Project 333 type, that I conclude that Russia does not yet have a perfected intercontinental missile. But the Soviets apparently have made a good deal of progress, and we must consider the probability that they will have such a weapon within a very few years.

There is a short cut to a long-range missile: the substitution of human intelligence for the complex electronic-guidance system. The initial acceleration of a rocket take-off is survivable and it should be possible to build a missile that can carry a man. It might also be possible to develop an ejection capsule by which the occupant could be thrown to safety when he had the missile lined up perfectly with its target, but the great speed of the weapon would make bailing out extremely difficult. Still, the manned missile could be a suicide weapon like the Japanese kamikaze of World War II.

In Germany during World War II, Dr. Eugen Saenger, one of the great German scientific minds, developed a complete engineering study for a very high-altitude rocket bomber capable of terrific speed and a range of 10,000 miles. The bomber was actually a manned missile, and it appeared quite feasible—given a long period of development work. The development period could be shortened, however, by cutting the range in half for a one-way suicide mission.

Only 100 copies of Saenger's study were printed; it was one of Germany's most secret projects. Most of the copies were destroyed, but I have information that at least one copy reached Russia. It was reported to me that the Russians were intensely interested in the Saenger project and that Joseph Stalin became personally excited about its possibilities.

The Russians at first attempted to persuade Saenger to work for them. Failing that, they tried to kidnap him, again unsuccessfully. Nonetheless, they had the detailed study to use as a guide. Translating paper work to reality, of course, is never as simple as it seems at the outset, but I estimate that, by putting her full resources behind the project, Russia could develop the manned missile in 10 to 12 years from the time she started—in other words, by sometime between 1956 and 1958.

I have had only one small hint that interest in the Saenger project has not waned. One of my informants reported a conversation with a Russian officer, who said, "We are still working on the rocket bomber." My informant never heard another mention of the missile. I have no other information on its status.

There is one other method of circumventing the long-range guidance system—by employing a so-called mother plane to carry a missile close to the target, enabling the humans aboard to stay out of antiaircraft defenses.

I have information that the Russians have developed such a weapon, a missile about 15 feet long and slower than the speed of sound, called the Comet III. It is designed to be carried by a long-range bomber to within 100 miles of a target, where it would be released. The bomber directs a radar beam toward the target, and the missile's electronic brain follows the beam. The bomber, of course, must still penetrate the air-defense network, but our authorities tell us that no defense system can be 100 per cent effective.

Russians Have Other Guided Weapons

I have mentioned several methods by which the Russians might be able to strike the continental United States with missiles. Equally important are the guided weapons they might use, in the event of war, against land armies in Europe or Asia, or against our attacking bombers in Russia.

I have learned that the Russians have produced large quantities of such weapons, developed in Germany during World War II. As long ago as 1949, I am told, the Russians were turning out 2,000 to 3,000 V-2s a year. They also had mass production, by that date, of an improved version of the German V-1 jet buzz bomb.

In Germany we had developed two successful antiaircraft missiles called *Wasserfall* (Waterfall) and *Rheintochter* (Rhine daughter). These missiles are similar in principle to the Nike, which the U.S. Army is now putting into service as an air-defense weapon—they ride a radar beam to collision with an attacking bomber. *Wasserfall* and *Rheintochter,* I am told, are also in production in Russia.

Thus the U.S.S.R. has (and has had for some time) guided weapons which could be used in combat operations. It is only in the last year that our military services introduced missiles to operational units. The Soviet time advantage was not due to an edge in technology, but rather to a difference

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...missile and changed them—to enable it to deliver an atomic load

in philosophy of missile development between the two nations.

When the termination of World War II put an end to German missile experiments, neither the U.S. nor Russia knew very much about guided weapons, in the opinion of one who even at that time had more than 15 years' background in the field. The experiments we had been doing in Germany since 1930 were to provide the groundwork on which both countries started their postwar development programs.

Russia and the U.S. received about the same amount of technical data, plans and designs from the files of the German research centers. Surprisingly enough, in retrospect, they even exchanged data. The Russians got more tools and facilities for missile production than did the U.S., but America got the most important commodity—scientific brains. The Soviets lured away or took a great number of German missile men, but most of them were second-echelon engineers and technicians; only a handful were of top caliber. The U.S., on the other hand, brought to this country more than 200 German scientists, many of whom were among the top brains of Germany's missile technology, men whose names are highly respected in American scientific circles today: Dr. Wernher von Braun, my friend and valued assistant at Peenemünde, now chief of the guided-missile division of the Army's Redstone Arsenal; Dr. Ernst Steinhoff, now a specialist at the Air Force's Holloman Air Development Center; Dr. Walther Riedel, currently a senior project engineer for North American Aviation's propulsion facility; Dr. Rudolf Hermann, who designed the greatest prewar supersonic wind tunnel at Peenemünde, now a professor of aerodynamics at the University of Minnesota; Professor Theodor Buchhold, today a General Electric scientist, and many others.

So, at the beginning of the postwar era, Russia and the U.S. started their missile programs at about the same level of inexperience—but they chose different directions.

The Russians chose the hurry-up-do-it-now approach. Their first task was to re-establish the German missile industry by relocating and putting into operation the German tools and facilities they had captured. That chore took, I estimate, two to three years. Then they went into production on missiles Germany had already developed—V-1, V-2, *Wasserfall, Rheintochter.* Concentration on these production programs must have cut down the amount of effort they could put into newer, more advanced projects, but it had the advantage of getting guided weapons to field armies more quickly.

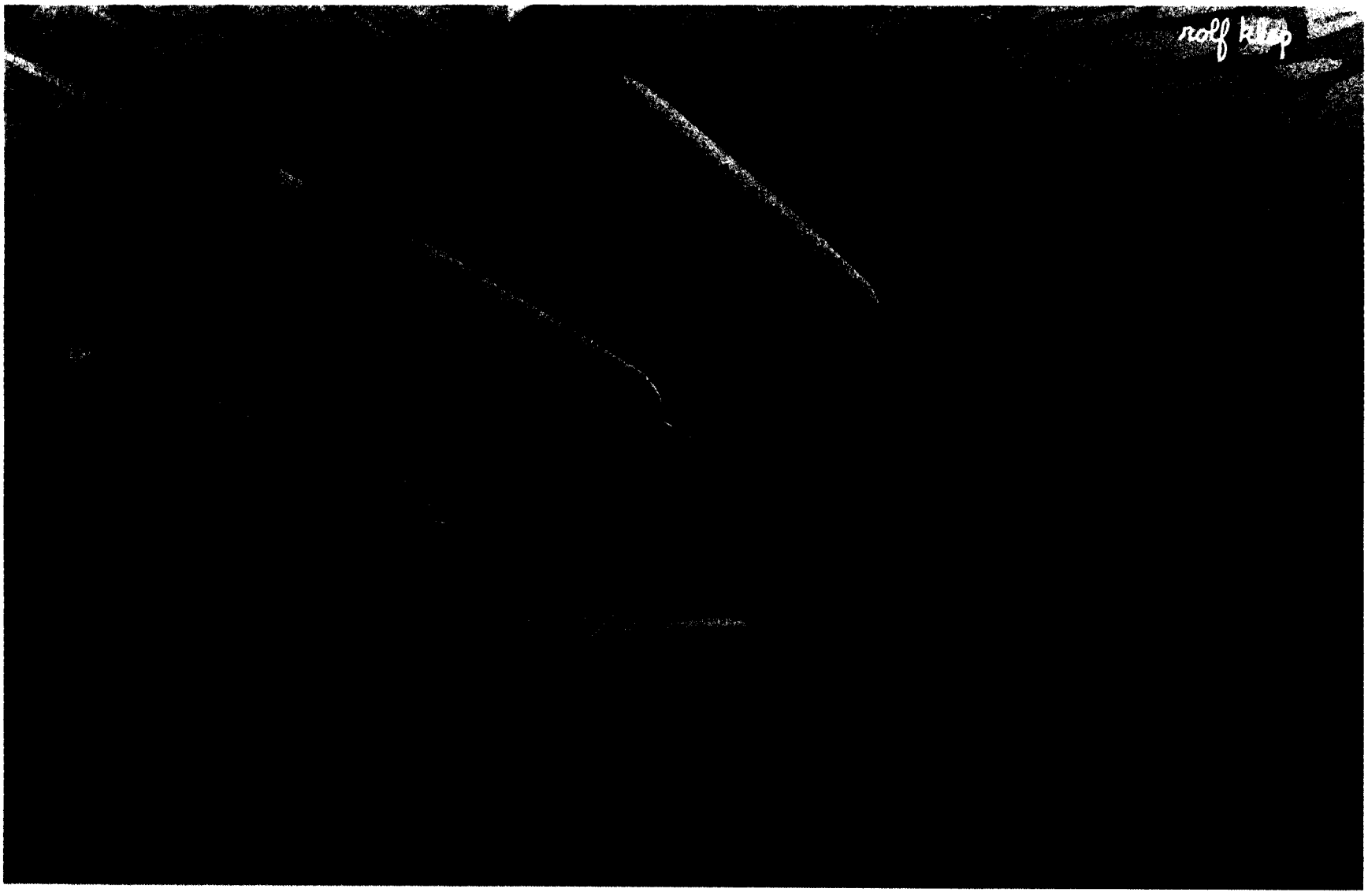
The American approach, I think, was sounder in the long run. The directors of America's missile program used the information they got from Germany to build a broad scientific base from which to develop more modern weapons. This policy lengthened the time required to get missiles into the hands of field units, but it provided a firmer base for the future.

I think that today we have caught up with the Russians' early lead—if not in numbers of missiles built, at least in the ability to turn out equal numbers of effective missiles should an emergency require it. I think, too, that the broad scientific base which the U.S. spent several years building is now beginning to pay off in new and vastly improved missiles. The advantage should be on our side from now on.

However, I do not want to be guilty of underestimating the Soviet Union. My informants have impressed upon me that the Russians know what they are doing, have the facilities and scientists to carry out their programs—and are not bothered by our perpetual bugaboo, the need to protect the national economy.

I feel free to tell this story for two reasons. First, such information as I possess has already been made available to the proper authorities. Second, I feel that the American people must get a clear idea of the technological status of their potential enemy, so they will be neither unduly alarmed at exaggerated reports nor lulled into a false sense of security by those who underestimate the Soviets. It is important, too, that the taxpayers who contribute the millions we are spending on missile programs understand the urgency behind such expenditures.

There is a possibility, of course, that some of the information I have obtained might have been deliberately and inaccurately leaked in the knowledge that it would get back to the Department of Defense. I do not discount the possibility, but I have reason to believe that a large part of my information is completely factual. I will continue to regard it as such until I see something better. ▲▲▲



Artist's conception of an enemy submarine on way to mission. Germans, who worked out launching-at-sea, estimated that a sub could tow three 500-ton launchers, each 100 feet long, for 30 days at speed of 12 knots. At 300 miles, Russian V-2s reportedly are accurate within 1,500 feet

Collier's for January 7, 1955

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The Return of

Dancer Ann Miller brings an old beat to a new film to help re-create the high-living, hard-kicking twenties

TRENDS come easily to America. Ever since last summer, when the Paris fashion world released its alarming edict that women's styles were circling inexorably back into the curveless mold of the twenties, a new-old era has been creeping up on the nation. Suddenly, skirts are getting shorter, waists are getting longer, the Charleston's getting around again, and the dust has been swept from many an old mandolin.

Ever ready to exploit a trend, Hollywood has delved deep into the memorable sounds and furies of the twenties, and come up with a film which depicts life as it was lived during the reign of It Girl Clara Bow. The picture is M-G-M's new Deep in My Heart, a Technicolor musical biography of Sigmund Romberg, with José Ferrer playing the role of the late composer. And appearing in the film is the personification of the It type, portrayed by dancer Ann Miller.

The It Girl, as Miss Miller plays her, is not to be confused with the Vamp, a species whose chief attraction lay in a vast and murky sex appeal. She is rather, a superglorification of the All-American girl of 30 years ago: bright-eyed rather than heavy-lidded, vivacious rather than enigmatic, and imbued with a power which, in its own wholesome way, beats out the Vamp almost every time. Showcased in an orange satin dress and earrings swinging halfway down to her shoulders, Miss Miller arrives, in the film, upon a party scene and promptly swivels her hips into a lavish production number called the It dance. In fast and heated succession she switches from shimmy to black bottom to buck and wing, and on to a spirited series of tap variations on other dance steps of the time, while the 20,000 beads on her dress quiver like dewdrops in a high wind.

The It number was staged against a giant mural backdrop drawn by John Held, Jr., cartoonist-chronicler of the twenties era, and peopled by a setful of boys in slickers and football uniforms, and girls in a broad assortment of Vamp- and It-type costumes. It took three hours to put the dance on film—three hours of concentrated rip-roaring-twenties atmosphere, from which an exhausted Miss Miller emerged with a comment styled strictly in the fifties.

"That was green," she gasped happily. "A holler . . . real gone to Shangri-La."

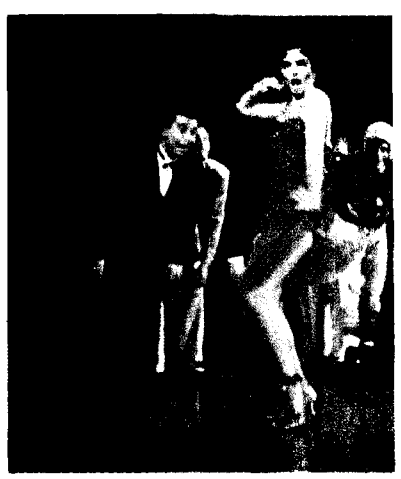
Clara Bow's impeccably sculptured, cupid's-bow mouth would surely have dropped open in bewilderment. —MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

In M-G-M musical Deep in My Hear

It Girl swings into a shoulder-shaking shimmy

Dance proceeds with hip-pivoting black bottom



Boys eagerly behold fas

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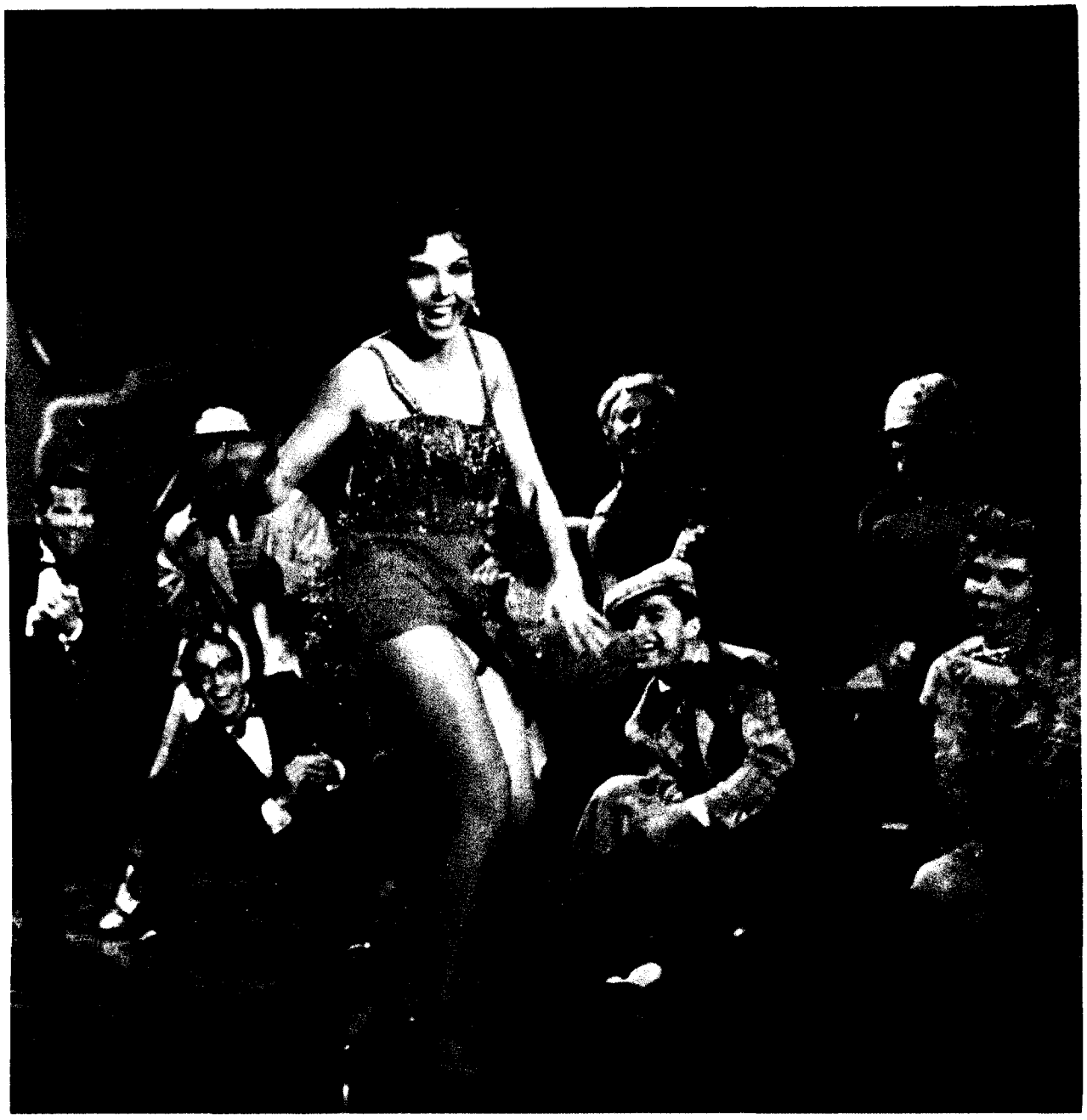
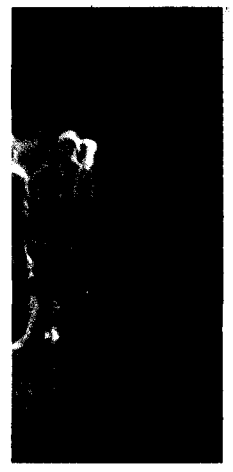
the "IT" Girls



nn opens It number with a spirited buck and wing as twenties-type lookers-on keep beat



vitch into stomp

Leggy Ann ends It dance with lively Charleston

A beaded, feathered and dimple-kneed assortment of Vamps and It Girls parades through the picture, showing silhouettes of the twenties. Film is the life story of composer Sigmund Romberg

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THE PHILIPPINES—
Democracy in Asia

Communism, unequal land distribution, unemployment, corruption—these problems menace all the budding Far East nations. Here's how our good friends in the Pacific are licking them

By RAMON MAGSAYSAY
PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINES
With MONA GARDNER

Malacanang Palace, Manila

I'D LIKE to tell the American people what's happening in the Philippines today. Although on the map Manila seems a long way from New York, Chicago or even San Francisco, today's shrinking world makes it as close as the house next door. No man wants his neighbor's place to get run down or be riddled by termites which might come over and weaken his own doorstep. He wants the house next door to be sound and fireproof, so that he can go about his business without nagging worries about it. I'm certain that Americans feel that way about their Pacific neighbor, the Philippines.

Indeed, I've always believed that the United States and the Philippines are more than just international friends. We've been bound together by closer ties, more like kinfolk, ever since we became deliberate partners, years ago, in a unique experiment in modern democracy. These islands are now an independent republic, but we're still teamed up with the United States to perpetuate and multiply our common brand of freedom.

It is for these reasons that I want to report to you in detail—the way businessmen do on a balance sheet—what we've actually done in the Philippines to reduce the four great threats to our stability, indeed our very security: Communism, unequal land distribution, unemployment and internal corruption. I want to tell you, too, what else we propose, and hope, to do about these problems—the same problems that underlie much of the present turbulence in Southeast Asia.

Not that our record on these items will balance, or even begin to. Our triumphs and accomplishments since I became president of the Philippines last January first are a puny total when I stack them up against the pile of heartaches we're tackling. As for our list of hopes—it pushes right off the page.

Basically, our first job here in the Philippines has been to get new national foundations poured, to replace rotten timbers with sound ones and to fireproof the structure as fast as we can afford it. It didn't take X-ray eyes to see our weaknesses; they were terribly apparent. But we had to dig and probe and analyze to be sure we knew what caused them. That was the job tackled by a new committee I set up—the President's Complaints and Action Committee.

Right after I was inaugurated, I broadcast word that any citizen, anywhere in the Philippines, no matter how obscure or wretched, could go to the nearest telegraph office and for ten centavos (five cents) pour out his or her complaint to me.

The telegrams deluged Malacanang Palace, the Philippines' White House. They arrived at the rate of 200 to 300 a day—until desks were piled high and the committee was working 16 hours a day to clear them. It had to, because we'd pledged immediate action on all complaints—in two days, or three at the most. No more apathy, no more pigeonholing of papers, no more kicking them around!

Take the case of the Samar fisherman who wired that his license renewal had been pending for six months and could only be expedited, he'd been told, by a 200-peso ($100) "gift" to the license clerk. And the Cebu grade teacher who was starving because her boss had "borrowed" two months of her salary to pay for his daughter's wedding. And the widow in the Mountain Province who was being forced to pay a storekeeper 300 per cent interest on the cost of a sewing machine she was buying on time to provide support for her two youngsters. In exactly 24 hours from the time these people's telegrams reached us in Manila, the fisherman had his license *without* the present, and the widow had her bill of sale to the sewing machine *plus* a refund; the teacher not only had got her back salary, but already was out buying food with it.

I remember other cases—a Mindanao moneylender who had foreclosed illegally on five acres of cleared homestead and offered the poor ignorant family of seven a choice of working for him as near slaves or moving out onto the road; a tenant farmer in Luzon whose landlord had increased his bite to 70 per cent of the crop. These cases took a little longer to investigate—48 hours. The Luzon tenancy contract was scrapped, and the Mindanao moneylender returned the homesteader's deed.

Moreover, before the week was out, all the malefactors were answering criminal charges in court.

The significant point is that a year earlier some of the unfortunate victims might have thrown down their tools in desperation and joined the Huk guerrillas—our home-grown band of Communist-led rebels.

Thus, my committee almost at once chalked up two big achievements. First, it restored our people's faith in their government—made them feel that we were earnestly concerned with their welfare. Second, it verified that, in addition to the Huks, our stability was menaced mainly by unequal land distribution, unemployment and what I call "the habits of corruption." Let's take up these four threats. Let's examine the score sheet on each—starting with the Huks and Communism.

WIDE WORLD

Magsaysay (center) won the Presidency after leading military campaign against Red Huks

Right now, we're in the mopping-up stage on armed Communism. We've beaten the Huks at their own guerrilla tactics. We've got them on their knees, and I'm convinced we'll finish them off. That's because four and a half years ago we started hammering them with everything we had. I was Secretary of Defense then, and I set up the policy of outright attack against them. I knew the guerrilla game only too well. I'd been one myself during the Japanese occupation. Experience had drilled into me that the two biggest weapons against guerrillas are surprise and the nervous exhaustion caused by inability to sleep a whole night through for fear of capture.

Relentless Pursuit of Huk Marauders

We used these and other weapons on the 40,000 Communist-led Huks in the Luzon hills. They were robbing lowland farmers, recruiting at gun point and killing whoever resisted. They claimed 2,000,000 sympathizers. My battalions waded, literally, into Huk hideouts in the Candaba swamp—as ferocious a spot as nature has produced anywhere in the world. I know, because I slogged through the swamp alongside my men. We next climbed Mount Arayat to smoke the Huks out of remote outposts there. We attacked, hounded, ambushed and pursued them incessantly.

Today our Huk score is more than 16,000 surrenders, 10,000 killed in combat and 4,400 captured; we also have seized 15,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 74,600 assorted firearms. There are now fewer than 2,200 Huks under arms. We are still pressing the offensive against these stragglers with everything the combat units of our regular army can throw at them. We kill an average of four Huks a day; scarcely a week goes by that we don't get 30 to 40 surrenders.

Their supply lines are disrupted, their information contacts scattered. They're helpless. First proof came last May when the Huk *supremo* himself, Luis Taruc, gave up. He came alone meekly to the nearest army post, Camp Olivas—only about 60 miles from Manila—too whipped and exhausted to carry on. Two days later he had the effrontery to demand an audience with me, as though he were head of a surrendering army. I refused, of course.

Luis Taruc is a hard-core, rabid, professional Communist. In August he was sentenced to 12 years in prison and fined $10,000 after pleading guilty to a charge of rebellion. I was shocked by the leniency of the sentence. I instructed legal authorities to appeal it to the supreme court and to proceed with the prosecution of murder charges against Taruc.

But we have found that many Huks who surrender aren't of Taruc's ilk. I've spent hours talking to them—first as Secretary of Defense, more recently as President—to learn what turned them into

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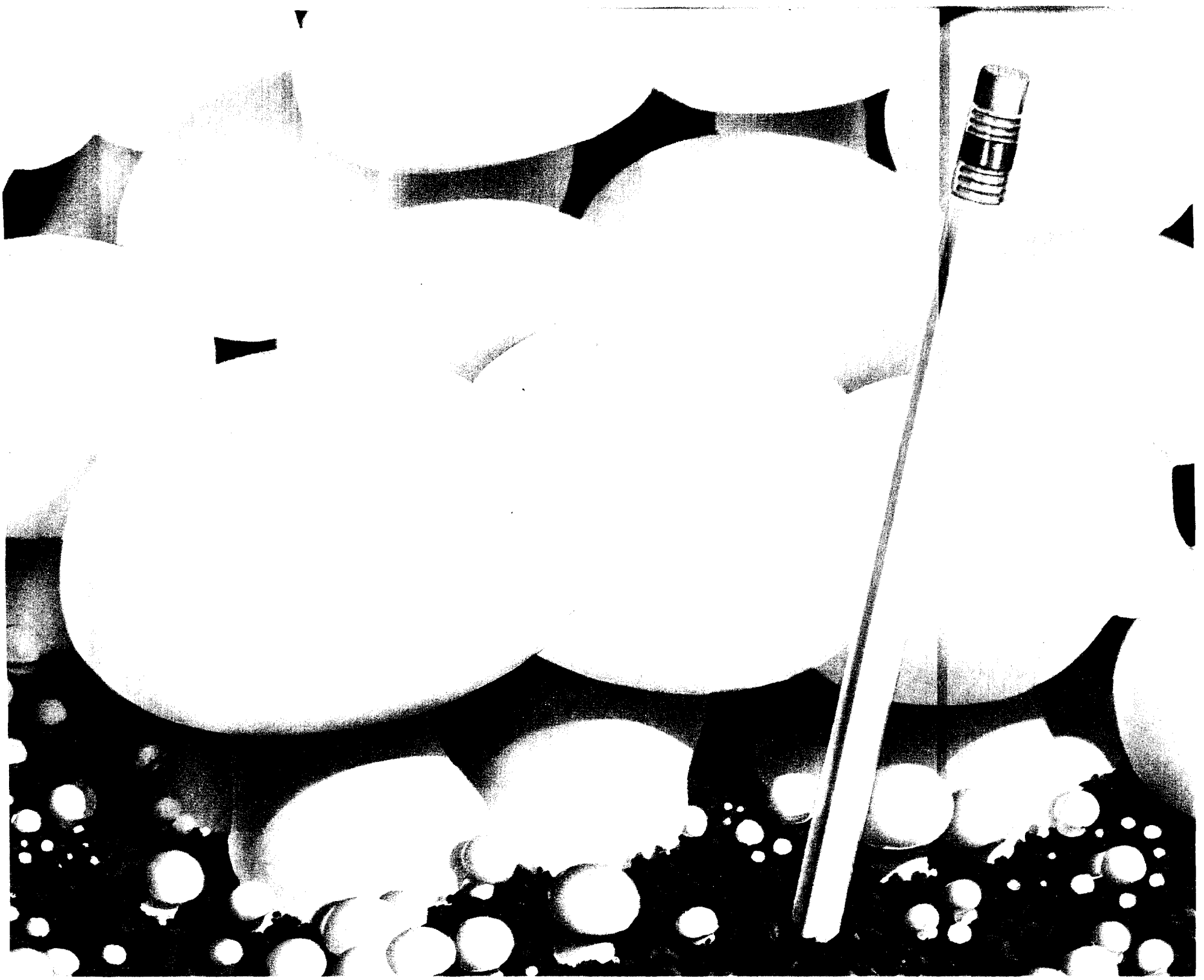

The Campbell Mushroom

How an historic delicacy is pampered

The early Greeks sampled the mushroom, smacked their lips, and put it into their literature.

The Romans are said to have passed a law governing its grading and sale. A poet has called it "The precious pearl of cookery."

At Campbell's, we treat this historic delicacy with respect. We have assembled one of the world's most complete collection of mushroom strains at our experimental farm near Prince Crossing, Ill. Our plant geneticists constantly experiment with pure spore cultures to improve mushrooms even more. Incidentally, Campbell shares its findings.

The mushrooms we grow and those we buy from others are guarded from chills and drafts, and gently ventilated as they thrive in the dark. Men with miners' lamps in their caps pick them in the prime when the veil is slightly stretched.

Finally, those mushrooms which pass inspection have the nicest thing happen to them that can happen to a mushroom. Campbell's skilled chefs blend them with rich cream and pure table-grade dairy butter; season them just so, and make them into Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup.

This is typical of the care that Campbell takes to get the very best ingredients, and to blend and cook them with skill and conscience. When you taste the result you'll know what we mean when we say:

"*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

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outlaws. One youngster I remember especially had gone with the Huks only to save his sister. They had snatched her from a rice paddy she'd been weeding; when her brother followed them and offered himself as a substitute, they released her.

Hundreds of others, we've verified, are just poor, bewildered, hungry farmers who went with the Huks because they were promised a farm of their own. In fact, that's what most of these dissidents want—land: a patch of earth their very own, where they can build a house and grow enough to feed their family and earn a decent living. And land is what we're giving them!

Under my predecessor's regime, I had insisted that a policy of land distribution be set up, arguing that unless we gave these people plots of their own, they would either languish in jails, which were rapidly overflowing, or eventually go back to the Huks. A program was set up, but it became disorganized. The would-be farmers were dumped somewhat haphazardly on Mindanao, southernmost of our main islands, and left pretty much to shift for themselves in what often was no more than half-cleared jungle.

Now that I'm president, we have a realistically co-ordinated program with four or five government agencies taking active part. We give every ex-dissident 25 acres of government land in an attractive new settlement. We see to it that his community life is pleasant, and that he has electric lighting, a water supply, schools and athletic facilities. Government funds supply him with enough seed rice to plant a crop and tools to work it, along with a pig and some chickens.

HERE'S a good example of how the program works. Not long ago I received a letter from a fellow who had told me his story out at Camp Murphy the night he surrendered two years earlier—a typical story of joining the Huks because he had been promised steady work, only to find that the "work" consisted of robbing and killing men like himself. The letter told me that he is now married and father of a baby boy; that he's just got a good crop in, and that he's going to night classes at the agriculture school in his settlement to learn more about growing a new money crop he's heard about—medicinal plants.

I've detailed our military successes over armed Communism, but don't think for a minute that our battle with hard-core Communism is over; it isn't. There's more to come. We know it, and expect it.

The Commies have slipped underground in our cities now, and are trying to undermine our schools, labor unions, press and even our government offices. We've got our hands full reading new textbooks, checking union memberships and sifting personnel records for evidence of Communist influence and infiltration. Furthermore, we intend to stamp out hunger, misery and injustice—the abuses on which Communism everywhere feeds.

Next on our list of major problems comes land distribution. Let's look at our score on that.

I've already told how we are resettling ex-Huks on their own plots of land. We're also improving the lot of other landless men—those who weren't misled by the Huks, who have stayed loyal. In short, we want not only to reclaim ex-dissidents, but to prevent new ones.

We are a nation of islands—7,110 of them, to be exact, of all kinds and descriptions. Many are uninhabitable because they're pure marble or molten lava. Still we have land in abundance—rich, productive farming land that has never been touched, enough to feed five times our present population of a little more than 20,000,000.

The trouble is the land doesn't belong to the people. Much of it was divided up a century or two ago by old Spanish land grants that are still held by the Church or descendants of the Spanish settlers. Other thousands of square miles of land belong to the government, but most of it is unexplored jungle—roadless areas that are often infested with malaria-carrying mosquitoes, liver flukes and ferocious rats.

WE ARE to give the land back to the people by logical stages. We've started with tenant farmers, who've had a tough time of it. They've been peons saddled with lifetime debts because our dozen or more feudalistic and mixed-up tenant codes were written to give landowners the big end of the stick. A new, concise farm-tenancy code we're drafting will eliminate absentee-landlordism and make the tenant a respectable citizen working for fair profit.

Meanwhile, last May—without waiting for that law—we got 200 landowners in our rich rice bowl in central Luzon to tear up their contracts and sign realistic new ones with their 3,000 tenants. The owners agreed to take less than one third instead of as much as three quarters of the crop and to supply carabao labor, storage, a percentage of fertilizer and marketing costs. Other landlords will feel impelled, or will be prodded, to do the same.

The government has also been buying up large estates and reselling them in small parcels to small farmers and cooperatives—on terms, naturally, that they can afford. We know it's a right move, even though it's been a headache. We can't allocate enough money to the project yet to swing more than one or two deals at a time, and even they get bogged down with every brand of obstruction in the book. A descendant of one of the original Spanish landowners—one of ten heirs, possibly—stubbornly refuses to sell. Or the Church wishes to retain its holdings in a particular area. Each negotiation, each discussion consumes time. We're not proud of our record on acreage transfer so far, but we're certainly not ashamed of the effort we've expended on it.

We know that productive land, however, can't be doled out haphazardly, like tinsel stars at a Christmas fiesta. We want farm agents to provide the necessary know-how, the competence, the practical means of cultivation. But we've been up against a heavy barrier: we don't have enough trained experts. We must train them, year by year, then release them to the districts where they're indispensable. We must lure them into service; we ought to call it dedication, because we'll never have money enough to compensate them for their selflessness.

There are still other problems connected with our land program. What good is a 20-acre plot of bottom land to a man if there's no water on it during the five-month dry season? What good is lush upland acreage if there's no road to market? How can any farmer get bumper crops from worn-out soil if he has no fertilizer?

These are some of the difficulties we face in our determination to give the land back to the people. These are the problems we are attempting to resolve.

Irrigation may be costlier than the other headaches I've just mentioned, but it's far easier to put on a time schedule. At Ambuklao, for example, the $50,000,000 hydroelectric dam we're building with a U.S. Export-Import Bank loan will water tens of thousands of acres in three Luzon provinces right through the scorching dry season. Cement is being poured simultaneously in dikes, catchments and canals to harness three other rivers in three other provinces to irrigation systems. As quickly as these are finished, other irrigation projects we've now got in blueprints will move into construction.

In 1954 we started operating a wonderful new hydroelectric project at María Cristina Falls in Mindanao—our second largest island, about the size of your state of New York. The station will be powerful enough eventually to supply electric power for the whole island and irrigation as it's needed. Meanwhile its first big customer is a new fertilizer plant which is turning out ammonium sulphate at the rate of 50,000 tons a year.

We're digging wells—2,000 of them were sunk in 1954. They're free-flowing and centrifugally pumped, so the barrio (village) people will have safe drinking water and enough also to take care of kitchen gardens. Many of these wells were paid for by your Foreign Operations Administration—but not all. More than 100 were paid for by the Liberty Wells Association, a group of public-spirited Manila businessmen who solicit their friends and associates for this purpose.

We're also building roads—not fancy paved highways, but 17,000 miles of plain dirt roads that will bring remote barrios and markets together. One spectacular 400-mile road cuts the length of Mindanao and brings farmers three days closer to the Manila market. Two hundred of these miles skirt a swamp we didn't even know existed until we began work. Filipino settlers are following the road builders in Mindanao. Four, maybe five thousand a month come trekking in with their families to file homestead claims. They're our pioneers—pushing back the jungle and bringing new land into cultivation.

THESE people haven't been trained to work efficiently. In fact, they haven't been trained at all. Soil conservation, seed selection, crop rotation, use of chemical fertilizers—the whole efficient scientific know-how of present-day farming is gobbledygook to them. That's why the government last spring set aside one third of the national budget for education—more, I want to emphasize, than we spent for military purposes. Portions of this education money went to our farm schools for new facilities and new buildings where classes for adults can be held. Funds also have gone into revitalizing the 40 field stations of our Bureau of Plant Industry; the stations are issuing crop bulletins now, and their experts are going from one farm to the next, advising and counseling farmers in their own fields. It's a start—a solid one—toward better and bigger yields.

I mentioned earlier that unemployment was also a major problem. Some call it our number one enemy, the hardest to knock out. We'll admit that. We'll also admit that the dent my administration has made in it so far scarcely shows. But we've mapped our strategy, and we intend to hammer it home.

In 1953, our labor force was an estimated 8,100,000 people. Of this number, 1,200,000 had no jobs at all, while 3,000,000 were employed only part time. The result: the per capita income of Filipinos was $173—one of the lowest in the world.

Obviously we must create more jobs. We feel that the quickest solution is to set up many new light industries which don't require heavy investment. By processing home-grown materials for our own use, we could almost immediately double the number of jobs available. Look at the possibilities: we cut our forests and make building materials and paper. We've got ramie-grass fiber growing wild; it can be woven into the same beautiful and durable fabric the Chinese have been making for 5,000 years. We can process bread and noodle flour from our cassava roots.

SUCH industries would be only the beginning. They'd mushroom into more; one type of manufacturing creates the need for another. Take our soft-drink business: to be economic, it required cheaper bottles than those hauled all the way across the Pacific from the U.S., so a glass factory started up. Our coconut-oil products had to have cartons and containers; these are now being made here.

These are our economic plans. We're not further along in carrying them out because we have to sell government bonds to get enough money to nurse infant industries along. We don't intend to put the government into business, however. We'll deliberately avoid any field that private enterprise is ready to enter. And we'll pull out of any enterprise we do start as soon as private investment is satisfied that it's practical and profitable.

American capital is already setting up several producing units in the islands. We welcome the up-to-date methods and know-how the Americans bring. A $40,000,000 oil refinery is nearly completed; a $3,000,000 aluminum plant and rolling mill is now under construction; six pharmaceutical houses are already producing; so are a paint factory and a food-processing concern. There will be no discrimination against American capital, no nagging red tape, no interference.

Our congress has approved legislation designed to transfer control of retail trade eventually to Filipino hands. The purpose of this legislation originally was twofold: first, in these troubled times we wanted to be sure that the distribution of the essential commodities of our daily existence was in the hands of our own nationals. Second, we hoped to channel some of the foreign capital and capabilities now tied up in trade into the more productive areas of industry or development of our resources.

The bill, as I said when I signed it into law, has imperfections; for this reason, I appointed a committee from the executive department to work with a similar committee appointed by congress on possible improvements and draft amendments. A great many Filipinos believe that the scope of the law is too sweeping; they feel the area of nationalization should be clearly defined and restricted.

In any event, the retail-trade nationalization law, even in its present form, does not apply to American citizens and firms because of the special trade relationship between our two countries.

Now we come to the fourth major problem I listed at the outset of this report. It's a touchy subject, one easily

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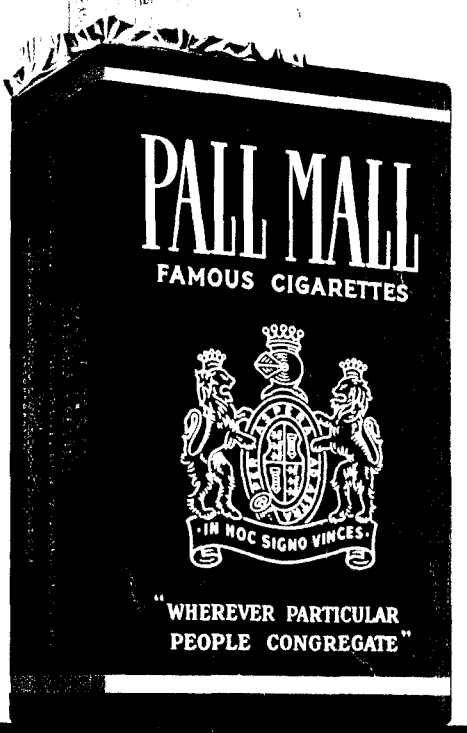

OUTSTANDING...AND THEY ARE MILD!

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misunderstood. I don't want to be misinterpreted, because I feel deeply and emotionally about what I call "the habits of corruption."

These habits have nothing to do with geography, race or nation. They can occur anywhere, and unfortunately do. By corruption I don't mean just dealing in influence for money. I also include laziness, apathy, disregard of others. A procrastinating paper-pusher in a government office, someone who takes two days to process what he could complete in ten minutes, is stealing his pay check. Apathy and carelessness can be equally dishonest.

In the Philippines, World War II destroyed not only our cities, but much of our moral fiber. It became necessary during the war to cheat the Japanese occupation forces in order to survive. When the war was over, habits of graft and waste didn't disappear overnight. They continued on into our own government—flourished even to the point where some of our people grew to believe that neglect and carelessness were a natural part of government.

We are now weeding out inert and inefficient officeholders. It takes longer to determine their kind of guilt than that of the outright criminals uncovered by the Blue-Ribbon Committee of our senate. I can't name hundreds, or even scores, yet, but gradually we are replacing the time embezzlers with honest, self-reliant men who have a capacity for work. They are setting a new pace that will either sweep the others along or fling them onto the junk heap.

We have another mental habit to discard: thinking that white-collar jobs are the only ones to strive for, that manual labor is menial. We've turned out far too many lawyers and chartered accountants who are just sitting around in their white shirts without jobs. We haven't anything like enough trained technical men, not nearly enough men who can work with their hands.

Soldiers Expert with Shovels

My administration is working to change that. In our army training, recruits are being taught more than soldiering. When our troops go into Huk-devastated areas, they go in with a gun in one hand and a shovel in the other. They are ready to dig ditches, sink wells, clear jungle, dam streams and rebuild houses to help harassed fellow citizens. When this type of soldier finishes his army service, he comes out not only a brave and courageous fighter, but also a conscientious citizen for whom no labor is too hard or too menial so long as it's for the welfare of his fellow man and his country.

When we first launched our all-out campaign against inertia, I'd get up at half past four in the morning to go out, accompanied only by an aide, and personally talk with people I met on the street in Manila, or maybe in a barrio a hundred miles away. One morning we'd drop by helicopter into a chromium mine in the Zambales Mountains. We'd go down into the tunnels and ask the miners their problems. They'd tell us, straight from the shoulder. On the way home we'd stop at three or four market towns, walk around and talk to the stallkeepers.

Next day we'd drop in on the sugarcane workers in Tarlac, or places in the southern islands. I remember the morning I took my shoes off in a dinghy and waded ashore through surf to get to a Bataan fishing village. The fishermen stared, I can tell you, to see the president of the Philippines walking barefoot around their houses and down their street. An old woman went running to a store and bought a pair of wooden sandals for me. Then everyone laughed and gathered around, and we had a good talk—full of information on both sides.

Those daily excursions were tough on me physically; often I talked with 500 persons a day. But I wanted to work fast. I wanted to soak up knowledge quickly—vital facts I wouldn't get any other way. Also, there was the compensation of knowing I was able to light little fires of initiative and enthusiasm wherever I went.

Now that the pace of direct action is set, I expect the provincial officials to carry on in that pattern. I expect them to make themselves available—immediately and constantly—to everyone in their district who has a problem to talk over. If they don't, out they'll go.

Indochina—a Flaming Signpost

I believe we're hitting a new national stride. Our people are alert and alive and eager for it. We're on our way domestically, and in foreign affairs we're developing more awareness and more responsibility every week. Indochina is a flaming signpost we all can read. Only a theoretical line in the jungle separates it from Burma and Thailand, and it is only a thousand miles from us, from Indonesia, from Japan—across water, yes, but oceans no longer present reliable barriers.

We now realize that we're not just pretty islands in pretty blue water. We're significant; we're a little nation with guts—and men, resources and determination to pitch in for our ideals. The record of our troops in Korea established that.

Our foreign policy is clear-cut. We're against colonialism in any form—both the old-style kind, and the new style run by Moscow. We will not sacrifice our lives to perpetuate the former; we'll throw in everything we have to repel the latter.

The Philippines, as the Southeast Asia defense conference held in this country attests, believes in a working defense partnership with the United States and other free nations in this area. But as a key base in any such defense plan—Manila is barely 700 miles from Canton—we want the Philippine-U.S. mutual defense pact airtight. We want America to provide the Philippines with strong safeguards against aggression and guarantees that an attack on us would be met with the vigor of an attack on the United States. We will take a fighting position for freedom, but not as an expendable outpost.

As the most Westernized of Oriental nations, the Philippines is a bridge between Asia and the Occident. Racially we are Asians; culturally and in religion we have roots in the West. Our interpretive role is twofold: we must make our democracy work and our standard of living rise to show suspicious Oriental nationalists that we *are* a going concern, and that America's gift of freedom has no strings attached. And, as interpreters, we must convey to America the need for understanding the nationalist aspirations of the Asian peoples as the great moving force that they are.

We believe in a free world. We desire freedom and peace so we can get on with the development of our human and material resources. Our one and ultimate purpose is to make this land of ours a happy land—strong within and respected without. ▲▲▲

MONTANA

WHAT happens when an architect with ideas as modern as tomorrow's newspaper settles in a town which has been putting up the same kind of buildings for 35 years and sees no reason to change? The answer seems obvious. He starves.

Starvation appeared to be a definite possibility when young architect Oswald Berg, Jr., decided to make his headquarters in Bozeman, Montana—population 11,000, and every last one of them (or so it often seemed) dead set against contemporary architecture. ("You've heard of Frank Lloyd Wright?" wiseacres would say when introducing Berg. "Well, this is Frank Lloyd Wrong.")

Today, the thirty-six-year-old Berg is still living in Bozeman, and he seems destined to stay there a long time. In five years, he has designed $8,000,000 worth of buildings—a whopping total for the thinly settled region in which he lives. In a sense, he has changed the face—and certainly the architectural viewpoint—of the town. Three churches, a dozen homes and a new $400,000 elementary school bear Berg's imprint, as do a number of other public and private buildings—ranging from a ball park and a livestock sales pavilion to a new ski shop. Not far away, in Miles City, a new $1,200,000 high school is planned, designed by Berg; and in nearby Livingston, the Masons got him to do the plans for their new $200,000 temple. Local housewives have even talked him into redesigning their kitchens.

The first break in what appeared to be a solid antimodern front came when the building committee of the Hope Lutheran Church discovered it was going to cost $150,000 to put up the church they needed—if it was done in the orthodox manner. They just didn't have that kind of money. Stumped, they turned to newcomer Berg. Berg went to his drawing board and came away with a plan for a structure of sweeping simplicity, with laminated wood arches, large areas of clear glass, an interior made cheerful by the wide use of natural wood finishes, an exterior brightened by silhouetted decorations symbolizing the parable of the loaves and fishes and the Last Supper. Total cost: $65,000.

"It looks like a sheep shed," protested a parishioner when he saw a model of the church later, at a meeting of the congregation. "Like a greenhouse," suggested another. "Like a night club," said a third.

For the whole of a long evening, Berg patiently answered questions, explaining the reason for every departure from the traditional. The atmosphere began to change. Finally, one of the strongest original critics of the plan moved that it be accepted unanimously. The motion carried.

"Since we moved into our new building," says the Reverend Lyle Onstad today, "our attendance has doubled. We have to hold two Sunday services so they can all get in."

How do the hardheaded businessmen in the congregation feel about the church? Implement dealer Clarence Backlin says: "Ozzie Berg and his modern architecture solved for us the problem that almost all churches struggle with—how to get good building for low cost."

"The Hope Lutheran Church," says Berg, "showed there was a need here for up-to-date architecture and its economical use of materials—a need that wasn't being met." Berg has been kept busy trying to meet that need ever since.

He designed a new store front for jeweler Ken Sullivan, a new church for the Christian Reformed congregation, a ranch house for his brother, a smart office for Haggerty & Messner, contractors. ("It was entirely contrary to the ideas we had—but now that we've been in it a while we can't think of a thing we'd want to change.")

But to prove himself, Oswald Berg felt, he needed a really big job—like a school. His chance came when he competed against half a dozen other architects to design the new Whittier grade school. It was almost a foregone conclusion that an established, conservative man would get the job—until Berg began to tell the school board what he thought a school should do for the youngsters who attended it. Superintendent of Schools John Shively perked up his ears. Soon Shively was arguing on Berg's side. Later, the board looked into Berg's background—graduate of Washington State College, wartime Navy architect—and gave him the assignment.

While the Hope Lutheran Church started modern architecture on the upgrade in Bozeman, the Whittier school probably made its future certain. Berg designed a handsome, roomy, bright-colored one-story structure, lighted both by big windows and by overhead skylights which provide so much illumination that in three years many of the school's electric lights have never been turned on. The children love the place, the parents are enthusiastic. The teachers like it so well that some have turned down higher pay elsewhere to stay on at Whittier.

The only person who doesn't seem particularly impressed is architect Berg. "It's just good architecture," he shrugs.

—EDMUND CHRISTOPHERSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYAL

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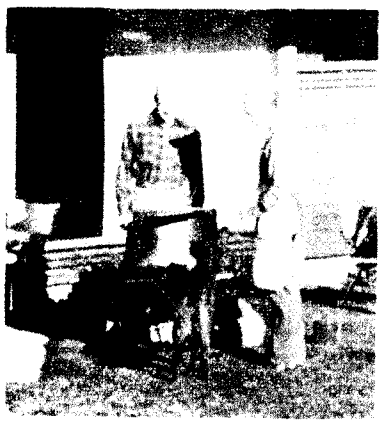
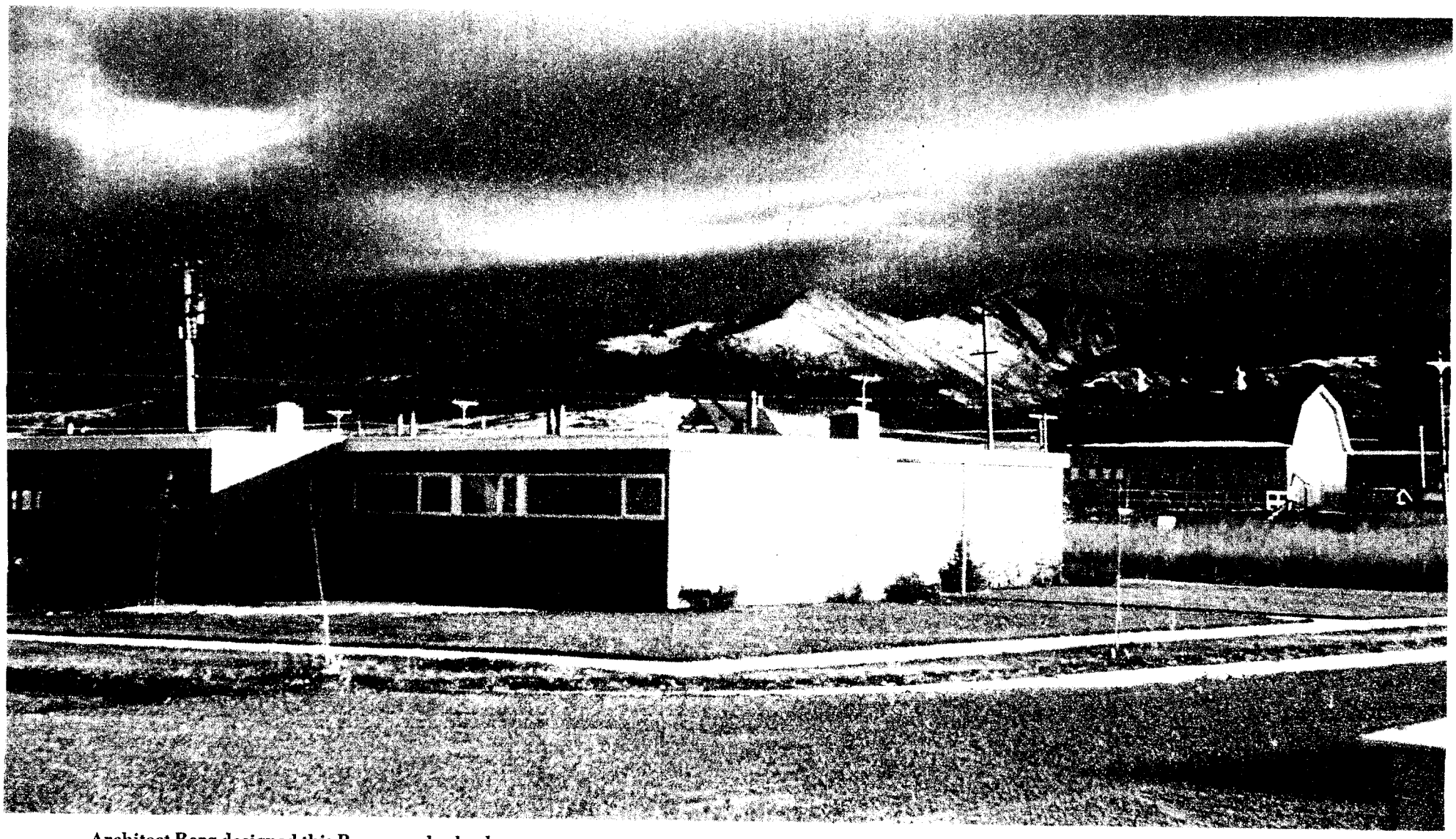
Goes MODERN

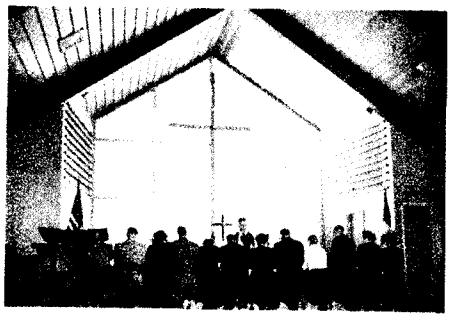


Berg (r.) cooks outdoors for a friend at own modern home

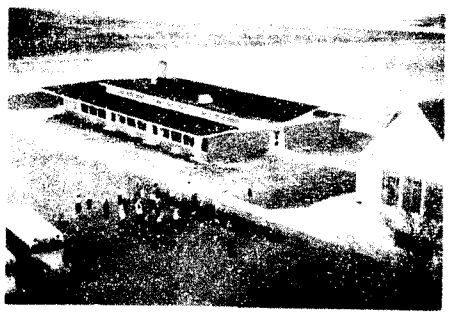


Architect Berg designed this Bozeman duplex home for two teachers. Other Berg buildings are below

The town was dead set against modern design—until a



new architect arrived. Now he's making over Bozeman's churches, stores and schools, and the people love it



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In Victorian novels, she thought, the husband slept in his dressing room on such occasions, and the wife closed her bedroom door

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You Can't Have Your Wife

Hillie had taken the job just to help Tom. Now that it was important to her, he suddenly insisted that she quit

THE title is a quotation from Tom Bernard, M.D., the husband in the story, who once said, "You can't have your wife and eat off her pay check too." The occasion was one of his rare nights off, when he had unexpectedly been given two tickets to the symphony and, kindly inviting Hillie (his wife) to accompany him, was told, "I'm terribly sorry, sweetie, but I have to work. I have to check some stuff every hour, until midnight. You go."

Naturally, he didn't. He called another intern he knew, whose wife worked in a department store and so could call most of her evenings her own, unlike Hildreth Bernard. Luke and Molly Rutherford accepted the tickets with pleasure, and Tom's remark was widely quoted in their Beacon Hill circle.

Tom then went back to the hospital and worked in the library until it closed, checked on some patients, talked to some doctors and eventually went up to the top floor of Research, where Dr. Wareham's labs were. Dr. Wareham was a heart specialist of international reputation, and patients and doctors came to be studied, or to study, from all over the world, particularly from South American countries. A doctor from Chile and two from Argentina were still in the lab at midnight, and Tom could hear Hillie's cheerful and inexpert Spanish conversation as he went in.

"Hi," said Hillie, taking off her long white coat. By the time she was ready to leave, the doctors had gone, and Hillie was left to lock up and put away. She and Tom stood for a minute looking down at the Charles River from a favorite perspective. Outside the hospital, holding hands, they climbed home together—up the steep back of Beacon Hill, then up three flights of stairs to their two-room apartment.

"A breathless romance," said Hillie as, panting, they closed the door and turned toward each other. After a while, she said, "I was terribly sorry about tonight."

"Oh, these things happen," Tom said generously.

"Payday, too," Hillie said. "So we'll celebrate tomorrow. I'll ask a lot of people in for spaghetti and you can even get a haircut."

"I won't have to buy a violin, then," Tom said. "What a fine little provider I married!"

"Aren't I?" said Hillie complacently.

She and Tom had married when he was a third-year medical student, and in the four years since, she had managed to get her Ph.D., learn typing and enough Spanish to get along, and earn their entire living. She was head of research in Dr. Wareham's lab and his most trusted assistant in certain kinds of experiments with patients. It was lucky that the job absorbed her, because she had tried a few routine jobs, in the hospital and out of it, and failed miserably because she couldn't keep her mind on what she was doing. Dr. Wareham had singled her out to teach, she earned a reasonably good salary—enough, anyway, for their modest needs, most of the time—and she loved her work.

Hillie made them sandwiches, they had some beer, and then, tired as they were and late as it was, they talked and laughed for an hour before they went to bed, because this was marriage and they liked it. Their hours together were rare and valuable. People who went into medicine expected to work long hours, and Hillie frequently worked overtime, lately more than usual. Dr. Wareham was busy with a committee up from Bogotá, making arrangements for the opening there of a great new Heart Center in which research studies like his would be carried out.

"It's exciting," Hillie told Tom. "Dr. Wareham's going down in January to get ready to open the Center."

"Don't get too attached to that job," Tom said finally, yawning. "By July I'll have a job somewhere—I'll *have* to!—and it probably won't be in Boston."

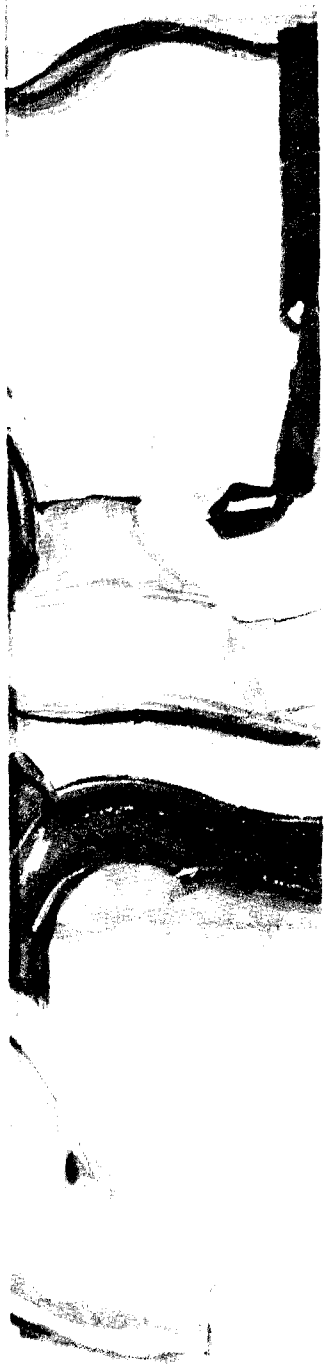
"Oh, I know," Hillie said. "I've more or less planned to leave in June—not before. Anyway, by then maybe we can start a family, if you're the breadwinner."

"It's about time," Tom said.

Not that there was any real complaint on Hillie's part. No pay check, no marriage. Most of their medical friends' wives worked as nurses or medical secretaries, or had jobs outside the hospital. It was only standard procedure for the wives of medical students, interns, house officers—and of even full-fledged doctors getting extra training or trying to establish themselves in practice—to earn the living, temporarily, for a few years.

THE next day, Saturday, Hillie managed to get away from the lab by three. She was so excited that, after she had driven over to Hanover Street and marketed for dinner, adding a gallon of red wine for celebration, and after she had lugged all her bundles up the stairs and left them, she went uptown. Molly Rutherford worked at Filene's. Hillie sought her out and bought a red jersey dress with a low neckline and artful gathers—using Molly's charge account and employee's discount.

"See you later," Hillie said, and was horrified to see



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how late it was. Still, everyone would understand when she announced her firecracker news, and if dinner was late it wouldn't matter.

After she had set the spaghetti sauce simmering, Hillie swept a little, moved furniture and arranged the lemon leaves she had recklessly allowed herself to buy. Then she took a shower, while the pipes wheezed and groaned, and she observed with calm a new leak in the pipe. Just Beacon Hill plumbing, she thought lovingly. It came over on the Mayflower.

She dressed with great pleasure and couldn't remember the last time she had had a new dress. Why, I *do* look nice, she thought.

Hillie was an attractive girl, twenty-seven now, rather thin in the face, with very dark shiny hair, cut short and straight, and very bright, big flecked hazel eyes that took on depth or warmth or color, depending on circumstances. Tonight they looked like sparklers in her rather pale face, because she was so excited. And yet, as she looked at herself, she felt a slight coldness, like a draft, at the bottom of her mind; she hadn't told Tom yet, and there was one decided disadvantage that went with her advantage. Why was it, when one was grown, pleasure never came alone, but always brought with it, like an awkward poor relation, some doubt or regret or loss?

IT WAS seven now, and Hillie did what her mother called flying round. She set the table and piled the fruit artistically in a black wire bowl she had given herself—all the wedding presents, like most of those belonging to other working wives she knew, were neatly packed in boxes in a closet until there was time to polish silver and cherish china.

Tom got home a very few minutes before their friends began to arrive. He had just time to get out of his white suit and into other clothes, and to make the drinks—guaranteed pure hospital alcohol, mixed with canned lemonade and a lot of ice—before the doorbell rang; and so there was no time to talk.

"Nice red dress," he said. "Someday I'm going to buy you a dress too. Out of my money, I mean, and maybe sooner than you think. Stick around with me, kid, and you'll wear mink."

"Oh-ooh—real mink earrings?" Hillie said.

They laughed, and had a quick drink to make sure it wasn't too lethal, and Hillie saw that Tom was obviously excited about something himself. She hadn't paid attention until now, and now it was too late. The doorbell was ringing.

The kitchen consisted of icebox, stove, sink and shelves along one wall of the living room, so at least the cook was not cut off from company. Hillie worked and everyone else milled around, talking and helping and having drinks, and it was more like a family gathering than a formal party.

They ate everything in sight—the mound of spaghetti and sauce, the salad, the fruit, cheese, crackers and, finally, a box of grateful-patient candy that Margot, who did private duty in the Phillips House, had brought as her contribution to the party. They drank all the wine, all the coffee, and then settled down to talk.

Hillie was still getting the dishes out of the way when Tom got to his feet and said, "Listen, everybody, I've got an announcement to make. I've got a wonderful job. Even Hillie doesn't know, because every time I tried to get hold of her today she was out of the lab, or the line was busy or something."

"I tried to get you too," Hillie said indignantly, but then the sense of Tom's words reached her, and the cold breeze in her mind blew more sharply and made her shiver a little. Molly looked over at her.

"Unexpected opening, as next in charge at North Carolina," Tom said. "I've been offered the job if I can take it right away, instead of at the usual time, next July. Higgins is sick, had to go out West—that's why the job's vacant all of a sudden. It's a wonderful opportunity—I can teach some, do some research and do private practice on the side. And I even get paid. I thought I'd wait five years before I'd get anything half as good!"

Everybody was talking at once and Hillie said, "How wonderful!" too, but Molly looked apprehensively at her again. It *was* wonderful. These jobs didn't come along often for someone as young as Tom, however good and well trained he was; and that Tom would do well was implicit in everything he did, in his attitude, his personality. Of course he had to take the job. There was no question about that.

But Hillie had to speak now, before Margot went on enviously elaborating on the theme: "Lucky you! Now you can retire!"

"Tom, honey, it's a good day for both of us, I guess," she said. "Something exciting's happened for me too. You know I told you Dr. Wareham was going to open the Heart Center in Bogotá, and going down earlier, to set up the research for them. He'll fly back and forth, but he wants a skeleton staff down there, made up of people who've worked with him here. He's chosen three, and I'm one—partly because I learned Spanish, partly because I'm experienced. I'm going to Bogotá for three months. It'll be like a wonderful cruise, outside of the job. The only trouble is"—she looked at Tom—"I'll hate leaving you for so long."

"Oh, well," he said easily. "Of course you can't go now. We've got to go down to North Carolina next weekend, for interviews, and we can look for a house too. And we have to be there, ready for me to go to work, by around the first of the year. The department here's released me."

Hillie was so shocked that she couldn't speak: and, realizing this, she thought it was just as well. What she and Tom had to say to each other required privacy, and besides, a fairly substantial proportion of what she felt, suddenly, was anger: you couldn't quarrel before your friends. . . .

The party went along, with only Molly among the guests realizing that what they were celebrating was not success but crisis. Tom had had so much shoptalk to exchange with the other men that he and Hillie hadn't had a word together. And Molly, when she and Luke finally left, kissed Hillie good night and said, "Don't worry. It'll all work out."

"I wonder," said Hillie.

WHEN they were alone, they set about picking up after the party so they wouldn't have to have Sunday breakfast among the debris. They worked silently and efficiently. They had done this before. Tom seemed to be waiting for Hillie to speak, but she outwaited him and finally he said, "Come on, let's get to it. You don't think there was any question of my *not* taking the job, do you? I could have waited to talk it over with you—but I'd have had to take it anyway."

"I realize that," Hillie said. "And I'm terribly happy that you've got the job. It isn't that. It's just that you don't seem to realize that I can't leave Dr. Wareham before I said I would—certainly not until after I get back from Bogotá. I've already agreed to go. It shouldn't be too much of a surprise to you. Everything's been leading up to it, and it's as wonderful a chance for me as your job is for you. It'll wind up my career with lights and flowers. It'll be on my record if I ever want to work again, part time, later."

"*Back* from Bogotá?" Tom said stupidly. "Didn't you understand what I was saying? I'm sorry if you miss out on a cruise to South America and all that—but the other job's our life, our future. It can't be fooled around with."

She could have hit him. She sat and thought how nice it would be to hit him. "Didn't *you* understand?" she said. "I've been working for years, supporting you—and myself too, of course. If I'd had a job that didn't mean anything to me, I suppose I'd jump at the chance to quit overnight with a good excuse. But I—"

"I realize you're good," Tom said stiffly. "I didn't mean to imply you weren't."

"You can't have it both ways, that's all," Hillie said slowly. "I took on a responsible job, and I've done well at it. I can't quit in the middle."

"Dr. Wareham would understand, if you explained," Tom said. "You can see how it is. Personal considerations enter into these jobs too. It would certainly look odd if I turned up without my wife—oh, not for the interview next week. But in January, you'd have to be with me."

"But I'll be in Bogotá," Hillie said slowly. "I hated the thought of leaving you to fend for yourself for three months, but I knew you'd manage: you could eat at the hospital, you'd be busy. This makes it worse. It takes half the pleasure away. But I still have to go, and not only that, I *want* to go. And I feel I have it coming to me, after all the years I've worked."

"If you insist on going, you'll undo most of the good the hard years have accomplished," Tom told her. "You worked for me partly, didn't you? And now when my big chance comes, years ahead of time, and when I can take over the support of the family, you won't change your plans."

"No," said Hillie. "I'm sorry."

She found she was shaking, because this was no easy debate on women's rights, but a vital issue. She could see Tom's side of the question—but it wasn't the only side. She felt what she felt. She also felt she was right.

"Oh, hell," said Tom, and went into the bathroom and slammed the door. The shower ran for nearly an hour, and finally he came out. Hillie had undressed, and later, when she got into bed, it seemed a queer desert of a place. She could understand why, in Victorian novels, where living conditions were far more roomy, the husband slept in his dressing room on occasions such as this, and the wife closed her bedroom door. But she and Tom were together and apart, in a dismal, thought-strewn, regret-filled silence.

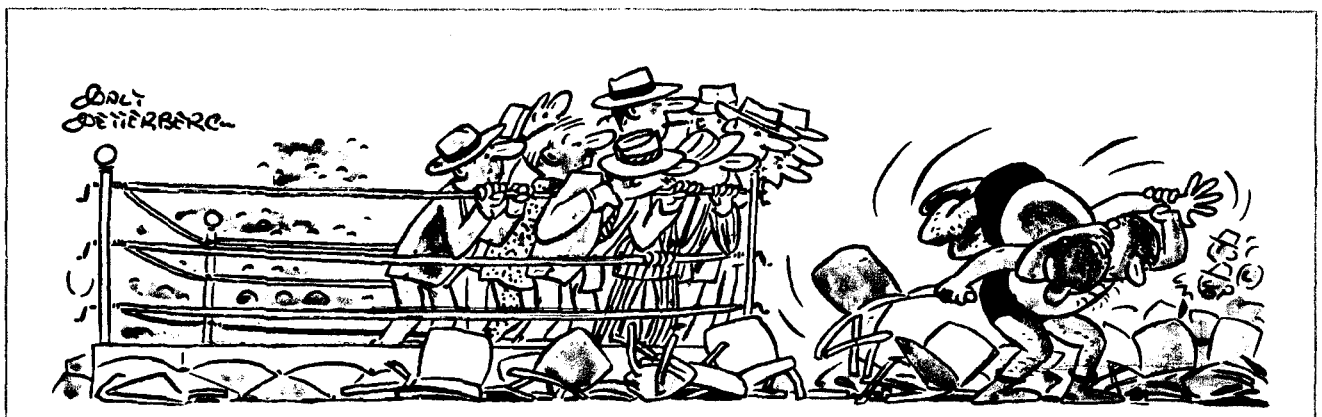
"I'm sorry," she said at last. "Good night."

Tom didn't answer. She turned on her side, and at last they both slept; and when she woke, Tom was gone. It was his Sunday off, but he had left a note saying he had a lot of paper work to do at the hospital before his North Carolina interview.

THE holiday season came, and Hillie found that she and Tom did not quarrel, or even discuss anything any more, but lived like dissident roommates at some boarding school, and it was easier to present a calm surface if they saw each other only when other people were present. They went to a lot of parties—hospital teas, hospital eggnog parties before Christmas, and an open house on Christmas Eve.

At each place, someone would bring up the forbidden subject: "How was the interview? How did you like the North Carolina setup? Look like a good place to work? Nice department? And the living's pleasant, I hear. Suppose you can get a house?"

Tom answered everyone, and so Hillie knew what was going on. She had packed Tom's bag when he went to North Carolina for the interview, he had thanked her formally, and formally reported, on his return, that everything had gone satisfactorily and that he was to be ready for work on January fifteenth. But the details—of personalities, surroundings, all the interesting bits—Hillie heard only when someone else asked the questions.



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Meanwhile, she herself was working frantically hard. The routine at the lab went on, and everything had to be packed, labeled and got ready for the big exodus to Bogotá.

"When is it you sail?" Tom asked her finally.

"January third," she said. "The Center opens the first of April, and I'll be back just after that."

"I see," he said.

She knew that they would have to talk sometime—about moving, packing, plans. But she decided to put off the discussion until after the holidays, and then realized she was sailing almost immediately afterward.

CHRISTMAS morning she and Tom opened their gifts, which she had put around the base of the little tree. She had given him extravagant leather desk equipment, with a card saying: *For your new office, with love and every good wish.* When she saw his present to her, her heart leaped like a fish, but then quieted, because it did not represent the generous attitude she had first imagined; perhaps it was even bitterness that had dictated the words on the card she found inside a very beautiful, obviously expensive over-shoulder bag, suitable for the traveler. *Bon Voyage,* was all the card said.

She looked at it. "Am I coming back?" she said.

Tom looked at her with an icy stare that would have seemed impossible for him to achieve toward the girl he had loved until so recently.

"Are you?" he said.

"Well, of course I thought so," she said. "But maybe not. Maybe things will never be the way they were. I thought that when I got back, I'd pack up here and sell what I could of the furniture and stuff and come down where you are."

"You don't realize what it will be like, my arriving alone there, do you?" Tom said. "Making lame excuses about my wife—everyone has heard how charming she is, and how brilliant. Of course, her job's so important—"

He broke off, and Hillie sat there, on Christmas morning, in the little apartment they had fixed up and lived in so lovingly, so sharingly, and wept slow, unwilling tears. She *did* realize. In the past weeks, she had thought a hundred times of Tom's arriving at a new university alone—staying in a hospital room or in the medical-school dormitory until she came and found them a house and moved in. People would look out for him, of course, perhaps pityingly, thinking it a shame that he had a career woman for a wife.

It wasn't true. She had never intended to act in a manner contrary to Tom's best interests; she had taken the job in the first place only so they could marry, and so he could finish his training. His situation had changed suddenly, and it had coincided with something she felt absolutely duty-bound to go through with. Now, even if she joined Tom and they could repair the damage done to their marriage, she would be the late arrival, the stranger, the selfish one: she would be starting on her left foot, in a community where she might live the rest of her life.

"I'm sorry," Tom said. "Got to get back to the hospital. Sick patient in the ward. Besides, there's no use talking. I've got to go my way and you've got to go yours. About coming back—well, I suppose we'll just have to see how it works out."

"I suppose so," Hillie agreed.

Tom came back later, and they went out for Christmas dinner with Molly and Luke at Luke's family's big, white, perfectly appointed house in Milton.

The Christmas Day festivities in Milton were elaborate and formal; but at least there were no chinks in which personal feelings could glitter through. The two young couples went home to Beacon Hill together. All the decorations were up on doorways, and in Louisburg Square the crèches in the windows graciously showed themselves to the populace. Everything seemed very old and well ordered, until they got back to the part of Beacon Hill where they themselves lived, in what had been shabby pleasure but was now shabby misery. Molly and Luke were all right, but they were uncomfortable because their friends were doing so badly.

"Going back to the hospital again?" Hillie asked when they reached their doorway.

Tom hesitated. Luke and Molly said good-by and left.

"I guess so," Tom said.

"Quite a Christmas," Hillie said, with sudden violence. . . .

They were spared New Year's Eve. Tom was on duty, since he had taken Christmas Day off, and Hillie had too much to do, getting ready to sail for South America with the Wareham group, to run down and stay at the hospital with him. At midnight Tom called home and said, "Happy New Year, Hillie," and she said, "The same to you." They might already have been in different countries.

It had been a shock to Hillie to realize that Tom felt so strongly about what he could only consider her defection, her disloyalty, that it had apparently wiped out his feeling for her—perhaps temporarily, perhaps permanently. And she herself was already beginning to feel that, if this was the way a marriage always went on after a fundamental disagreement, then what was the use of persisting with it? Luckily, there were no children involved.

She cried in bed again that night, and could do so in peace since Tom had to stay on duty all night. Why can't I change? she thought. Why do I have to be so damned stubborn? What else matters as much as Tom? And then she knew that it was more than just stubbornness. It was something about herself that could not be changed.

THE Wareham group, and Dr. Wareham himself, were flying to New York and sailing from there. Everyone was excited, and people came and went all the day before, bringing presents and flowers; there was an air of relaxation about the lab, because all the preliminaries were done—the equipment and papers and medicines had all been shipped off—and nothing was left for anyone to do but enjoy the party. Hillie thought how she had once anticipated this day. She saw herself, thin-faced, pale, perhaps handsomer than she had been a few months ago, but not nearly so pretty, with all the light gone out of her face.

Somebody made up a punch, everybody had some, and people congratulated her. Tom didn't come until the party was almost over. He too looked pale and worn. He had been working like three men, finishing up his job here so it would be in order for his replacement, getting ready to begin his new career. Hillie supposed the past weeks hadn't been easy for him either. He looked shaken.

"Going to see your wife off tomorrow?" someone asked, and he said, "Afraid I can't. I'm lecturing. So I brought her orchid along here. I don't want her to look neglected."

"How lovely!" said Hillie, looking at the transparent box with the orchid lying in it. It was the first orchid Tom had ever bought her.

"My own money, too," he said, grinning, and her feelings were so hurt she thought she was going to cry, right then and there.

He explained later, when he stopped in at the apartment. Hillie was in the throes of packing.

"I got an advance—for moving," Tom said. "Very thoughtful of them. Would you like some money? I mean, I've got some for you, so you won't be strapped while you're away—paying the rent here and all that."

"I told you, we're having all expenses paid," Hillie said. "I thought we'd need all my salary for moving and—" She had been about to say "settling," but the word wouldn't come.

"Oh, well, take it anyway," Tom said, handing her an envelope. "Bonus," he said, and at her flush, he flushed too. "I certainly do say the damnedest things," he said. "I didn't mean 'for the faithful employee,' you know. I meant just something extra. For fun. To spend any way you wanted, for once."

"I see," she said, turning the envelope in her hands. "That's sweet of you, of course."

Tom said, "I've got to go."

"You mean I won't see you again—tomorrow?" Hillie said.

"I'll say good-by now," Tom said.

Like that! Hillie thought. Just in the front corridor, or somewhere! Dear God, what's *happened* to us?

She woke every half hour all night, thinking she had heard Tom come in, unable to believe that he wouldn't come back before morning, that they wouldn't have their last hours together, in some sort of understanding, in this place where they would never be a carefree young couple again.

Tom called just before she was setting out for the airport. "We had an emergency patient last night, kept me going, and I'm still on the ward," he said. "I guess he'll do now, but I couldn't get away. I'm terribly sorry. You know how it is."

"Yes," she said. "Of course." Then she added slowly, "I think I'll write and inquire how things are going before I come to North Carolina. It may be that I'll just stay here in Boston for a while. I can always get Dr. Wareham to keep me on, even though I've put in my resignation. So don't worry about me or anything. Just get yourself settled, and do well."

There was an odd pause. "I don't get it," Tom said wearily.

"Don't you?" she said.

COLLIER'S **"I'll bet my wife can dig more coal than yours"** HERBERT GOLDBERG

ON THE plane to New York, the others were gay and excited: Hillie wished she were. Now, this seemed the most deadly bore—just work, and more of it. The ship didn't sail until midnight, and she was glad it was a night sailing. She could go to bed early and not even see the departure.

But she was leaning forlornly on the rail, with her coat pulled around her, when she saw a tall, familiar-seeming man hurrying up the gangplank in time to argue with the purser, who said visitors were going ashore now.

"Not just yet," Tom said. He was hurrying indoors—to find her cabin, she supposed—when Hillie ran after him, and, startled, he drew back for an instant, and then surged forward to hold her against him.

"Listen," he said. "Don't argue. Just kiss me. We've only got a few minutes."

"But how did you get here?" Hillie said, weeping against him, seconds later. "I thought you were in Boston!"

"I can fly too," Tom said. "I planned to come down with you, as a matter of fact, but then I got held up. And I was worried about the way you sounded, and it also crossed my mind that I've been acting like quite a stinker lately. I suppose I took all the joy out of this expedition—I didn't mean to. I want you to have a hell of a good time, so you'll come back glad to see me, and ready to work like a—well, a doctor's wife, let's say. I'm not going to lift a hand—except at the hospital—until you get home."

"I even wondered if I had a home," Hillie said quietly.

Tom said slowly, and seriously too, "We should have talked more, and now there isn't time. I was sore, but I always knew you were right. I had no business expecting you to quit halfway through something. I shouldn't have asked you. It was just that I hated going without you."

"And I hate going without you," Hillie said.

The enormous noise of the ship's horn made them jump and quiver, and Tom kissed her hurriedly again and said, "Hurry back, wife."

"I'm already back," Hillie said, patting her mashed orchid into place, and waving while Tom ran down the gangplank, which was snatched from under him at the last step. The ship began to move almost at that moment, it seemed, but the distance between them no longer mattered; and, for the first time, Hillie began to look forward to the new adventure and the new experiences that lay ahead. —HAMLEN HUNT

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After 45—Are You Too

Yes, the figure is 45. Shocking as it is, people in the prime of life are denied jobs because of their "age." The secretary urges action now to help them

THE older worker in the United States is up against a problem that could become disastrous to him and to the entire nation. I am not talking about the worker who totters with age, but of men over forty-five and women over thirty-five who are healthy and competent, good for 20 years or more of productive labor.

By 1975, according to the Census Bureau, the number of persons forty-five and over will total more than 63,000,000, an increase of 40 per cent over 1953. This group will constitute one half the population over twenty years of age. Unless something is done to give them job opportunities, an estimated half of our adult population will be condemned to a life of economic uselessness.

It used to be that a worker who had managed to save a few thousand dollars and owned his own home could survive many years of retirement without additional income, but that's not true today and probably will never be true again. Fifty years ago, a $5,000 backlog would take care of an aging couple for 15 or 20 years. Now, if they manage well, they might make out for two years. Costs and requirements both have risen. Pensions and retirement plans do not fully answer the problem. Life expectancy has increased, but our concept of what constitutes "old" has remained the same.

State Senator Thomas C. Desmond, chairman of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee

Job applicants line up at a Chicago employment office. Those over 45 may have long wait before they are placed

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Old to Work?

By JAMES P. MITCHELL
SECRETARY OF LABOR

on Problems of the Aging, got to the root of the problem a few months ago when he said that the word "old" in our culture "is an epithet. . . . Too often it is an affliction, a penalty for survival, a yoke attached by the young and immature."

The senator's remark concisely expresses the nation's attitude toward its older citizens. It is an attitude which must be changed if we are to utilize our labor force to its fullest extent. We must realize not only that older people want to work, but that they must work if our economy is to expand. We must learn to respect the experience and the wisdom that they can bring to a job. We must, in short, realize the good that older people have to offer, and separate the real drawbacks from the witches' tales and superstitions. There are drawbacks to youth as well as to age, and they fairly well cancel one another out.

One other fact all of us, and especially employers, must face squarely. Sixty-three million Americans cannot be left to starve. They will demand and must get sustenance, plus minimum attributes for agreeable living. If economic life becomes too hard for them, they will form the most potent group this nation has known and force some kind of public program for their own survival. This is a possibility industry must face immediately. Will it find places for older workers and make profits from their production, or be taxed much more heavily than now in order to sustain them as nonworkers? The question cannot be ducked.

In attacking this problem, let us begin with a typical case: Jim McDonald's day has ended like yesterday and the day before. He has not found a job. He has now applied for work at every plant in his home town and in all the surrounding towns. Business is good; all the plants have unfilled contracts; hiring is brisk—but no one wants to hire McDonald. Why? Is he a poor workman? Does he have a bad record in past employment? Is he unskilled and unreliable? Well, no one has inquired very deeply into these questions. If they did, they would find that McDonald is a trained and experienced warehouseman, with 20 years of steady employment in his latest job. Jim is, however, over forty-five years of age. Employers in his town and nearby communities prefer to hire younger men.

The reasons are many and varied, but underlying all of them is the national tendency to glorify the values of youth and minimize the values of maturity. This constant association of undesirability with age and desirability with youth tends to embed in our society a viewpoint that shunts the aged out of business, family and community life.

The facts are that since 1900 the population of the United States has doubled. The number of people sixty-five and over has quadrupled, and the number forty-five and over has tripled. In 1953, the number of people forty-five years and older constituted 29 per cent of the total population, contrasted with 18 per cent in 1900. Yet, although life expectancy continues to increase, the rise in the proportion of the labor force made up of persons forty-five and over has been slow. We have added many years to life expectancy, but have not yet figured out what to do with the extra time.

So, Jim McDonald cannot find a job. What is to become of him and his family? What about the thousands of McDonalds all over the country? What is their solution? Insurance? No. Insurance is no substitute for employment. McDonald has approximately 20 years of active, productive life ahead of him. Are we going to put him on dole for that entire period? Obviously not. What, then? His children can't support him; they're not out of school yet. Even if they were, why should they have to bear such a responsibility?

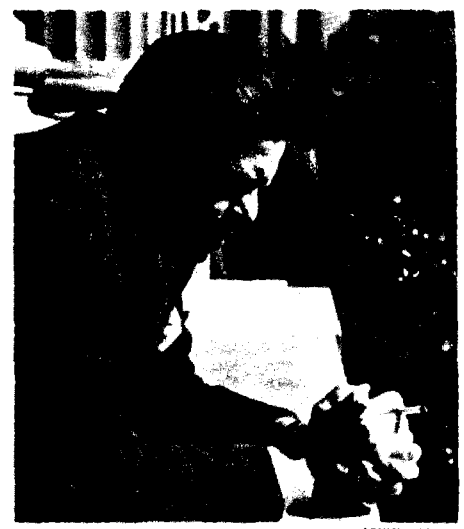
MIKE SHEA

Older Workers' Role in World War II

During World War II, workers fifty-five years of age and older comprised one fifth of the civilians who kept the American economy going. Retired doctors returned to the practice of medicine, retired lawyers to the law. Other older workers filled in as clerks, telegraph messengers, delivery "boys," waiters, waitresses, plumbers and practically every other work group which met the public. Thousands of other older workers were employed in factories, shipyards and on many other construction jobs. Moreover, the reason these workers reentered the labor force was not solely patriotic. For them, it was a welcome chance to become useful and productive again. This conclusion is borne out by the fact that they did not willingly leave their jobs after the war. According to the Bureau of the Census, during the postwar period of relatively full employment men over fifty-five kept working, and even more women fifty-five and over took jobs than in wartime.

Now that the economy has returned to a more normal base of operations, the older worker is being shunted back into retirement. Job barriers are keeping him out of the nation's labor force.

I believe you can divide these barriers into three distinct types: (1) those resulting from cultural standards, (2) those erected by the older job seeker himself, and (3) those imposed by industry and labor unions.



MARVIN KONER

Secretary Mitchell on balcony outside his office in the Department of Labor. In 1954, he set up special committee to look into the problem of older workers

Concerning the first category, it is the general American assumption that chronological age is synonymous with physical and mental age, despite experience to the contrary. Department of Labor studies demonstrate dramatically that some people in their forties and fifties manifest all the characteristics associated with aging, whereas many people in their sixties or older do not show any signs of age aside from some lines in their faces and gray in their hair.

For example, a New York employment office report describes one applicant as follows: "His face was haggard, his hands had a discernible tremor, his manner was alternately bold and timid. . . . He repeated himself endlessly and revealed no growth of insight into his problem." This would strike many people as a description of a man of advanced age, yet the applicant was only fifty-one. On the other hand, a Los Angeles report cites a woman of sixty-three who was remarkably young looking and whose "personality was so delightfully youthful that she could not understand why so many women of her age were so drab." She so deplored this drabness that she set up a business giving private lessons in charm to women over fifty.

All of us can think of outstanding cases which demonstrate that mental age is not closely related to physical age. Executives in industry often continue to direct their enterprises actively at very advanced ages. Professional workers, like those in the medical and legal professions, frequently remain mentally alert even after they have become physically enfeebled.

Personnel workers, as well as employers, often fail to consider older workers as individuals. They assume that in any job change the older worker must necessarily be downgraded. They assume that older workers fall into certain limited occupational classifications—for example, service fields; and that certain jobs are pre-eminently suited to older workers, such as night watchmen or elevator

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operators. But studies by the Labor Department prove that the range of jobs which older people can perform capably is much greater than most people imagine.

The cultural barriers can best be summed up by saying that biases against older workers stem from a natural human tendency to generalize rather than consider the specifics of individual cases.

During 1950 the United States Employment Service and affiliated state employment services conducted studies in five localities on the employment problems of the older worker. Out of this research has come an awareness that the older worker is often his own main obstacle in getting employment. I know from my own experience in personnel management that the older worker frequently lacks skill in selling himself; he does not know how to carry on an aggressive sales campaign in his own behalf. Often he is so affected by the shock of being unemployed that he reacts in interviews either with overtimidity or overaggressiveness. Moreover, he suffers rapid loss of morale after being repeatedly refused employment, and shows discouragement and bitterness to an extent which lends weight to his potential employer's preconceived notions.

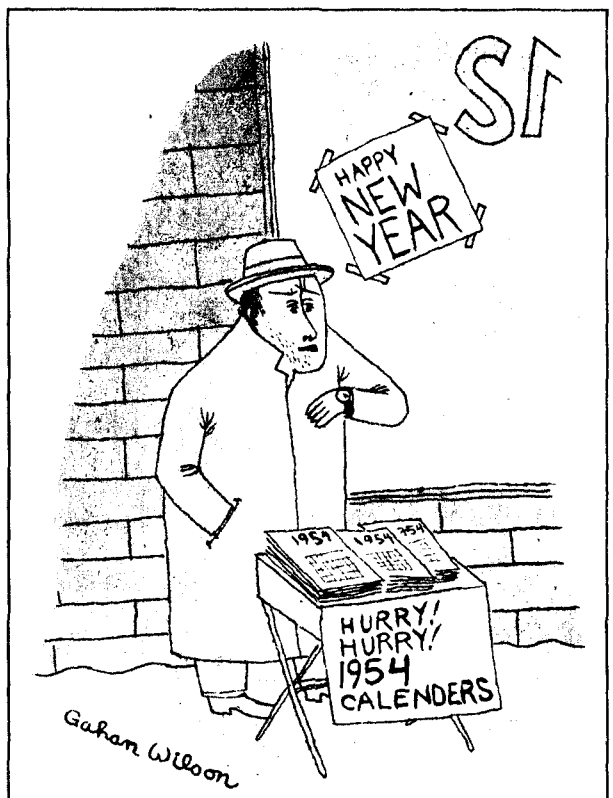
Frequently, too, the older worker is unwilling to change his job or profession. A watchmaker thinks only in terms of watchmaking instead of any related precision work. Woodworkers think only of woodworking rather than allied carpentry trades. This inability to evaluate their own talents affects especially those men who have worked for years at one single operation which has become obsolete. With proper guidance and counseling, however, such problems can be overcome.

A Job Making Women's Dresses

I recall the problem of a fifty-four-year-old sheet-metal worker who was extremely discouraged after weeks of job seeking in the metal-trades field. He finally indicated to the employment office counselor that he was willing to try anything. After questioning by a counselor, he revealed that before 1941 he had been a contractor for eight years for an inexpensive line of women's dresses. He had acted as supervisor and foreman and was also able to operate a sewing machine on section work. Subsequently, he was placed as an assistant foreman in a small dress manufacturing shop at the prevailing wage.

Personal guidance and counseling can help to overcome the problems the older worker creates for himself. Moreover, as older workers continue to increase in numbers, they themselves will tend to realize that the changing times require a new approach to the search for employment. I think it is safe to say that the barriers set up by the older worker against himself are of a transitional nature and will decrease as the population of older people increases.

The most serious obstacles the older worker encounters are usually those erected by industry or labor unions—by the people who actually control the jobs. In the hiring halls and offices of industry, the older job seeker meets formalized age barriers. Day after day Jim McDonald and his fellow older job seekers leave these hiring places with their heads bowed, some bitter, some humiliated, all of them with one phrase ringing in their ears: "You're too old."



COLLIER'S "Five more minutes and I'll be all washed up" GAHAN WILSON

The arguments industry puts forth against the hiring of older workers run the gamut from those that might have carried some weight in 1900 but are completely invalid today, to those which result from the introduction of modern insurance and pension plans. Most of the barriers have no basis whatsoever in real life; a few others are questionable.

Many of our foremost production executives argue that hiring older workers means increasing production costs. A leading U.S. executive told the New York Committee on Problems of the Aging that "keeping older people with diminishing capacity in the labor force tends to raise costs appreciably and reduce efficiency." There are no data, however, which indicate that older men generally produce less than younger men. On the contrary, the Department of Labor has found that older workers produce just as much and sometimes more than the younger workers. A National Association of Manufacturers survey, made in 1951 of 3,000 companies employing more than 3,000,000 people, indicated that 93 per cent of the reporting companies felt that workers forty-five and older were equal or superior in performance to younger workers.

Nonetheless, there is a widespread belief in management circles that low-cost mass production, on which our American economy is based, conflicts with the hiring of older job seekers. Closely associated with this idea is the cultural theory that young men are needed to buck tough competition. The values of mature judgment, experience and know-how are rarely equated with the more emotional "drive," "pep" and "dynamic personality" of youth.

Another of the witches' tales is that older workers are injured more frequently than younger men. A study of 17,800 workers in a variety of manufacturing industries, published in 1948 by the department's Bureau of Labor Statistics, shows that the opposite is true.

Workers over forty-five, according to this study, had 2.5 per cent fewer disabling injuries than those under forty-five. The study also found that 25 per cent fewer nondisabling injuries were sustained by men over forty-five than by their juniors. On the other hand, the disabilities of older workers lasted longer. The reduction in injury frequency, however, more than offset this.

Are older workers absent more often than the youngsters? A study conducted by this department's Bureau of Labor Statistics of 16,500 men in 109 manufacturing plants showed that older workers had a 20 per cent better attendance record than the younger workers. Also, the 1951 NAM report remarked that many employers found older workers exerted a steadying influence upon younger workers. These employers regularly integrated older with younger workers in all operating units.

In the needle trades of New York City, we have a remarkable testimonial to the stability, dependability and high productivity of older workers. The men's clothing and the ladies' cloak-and-suit industries there are staffed principally by workers over forty-five with a large percentage between sixty and sixty-five. These industries are exceedingly competitive. The competition is not only among plants within New York City, but with those in other needle-trade centers such as Philadelphia, Chicago, California and the South. In the South new plants have been established recently to take advantage of cheaper power, cheaper space and other low costs. These factories, being new, have the latest equipment. The employers, like all new employers, tend to hire younger employees. Nevertheless, the New York centers have retained their competitive position due largely to the high degree of productivity of the older workers.

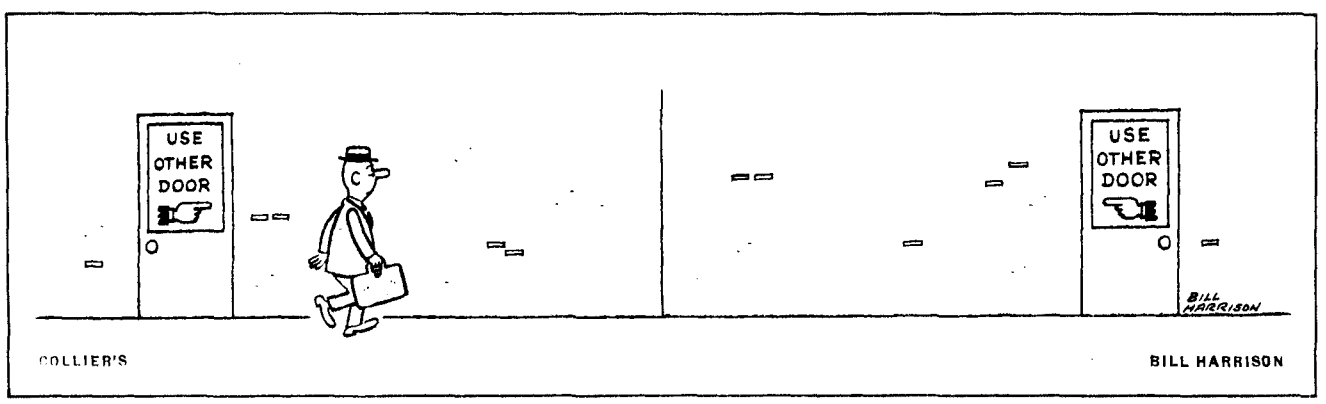
Pros and Cons of the Case

Why, then, do the Jim McDonalds have trouble finding jobs? Part of the answer is found in the fact that most companies have a career policy, promoting from within employees with better-than-average abilities. This policy, they say, is incompatible with the hiring of older workers. They claim further that if they allow older workers to stay on the job after they have reached the retirement age and continue to hire other older workers, young men will never get a chance.

In order to present the other side of this argument, let us examine a few facts. Only four decades ago, the average life expectancy of an urban worker was 46.6 years. Today, it has reached 68.5 years, an increase of 22 years. The forty-year-old man of today has approximately 25 years of productive labor ahead of him. For the most part, industry still bases its employment practices on an obsolete life-expectancy rate. Many industrialists either do not realize or do not want to realize that a forty- to forty-five-year-old man still has his most mature years to give to a firm. I believe that what is needed here is to redefine the word "old."

If we do this, and couple it with the fact that older workers are not "job hoppers," the whole career-policy argument will lose a lot of weight, if not collapse entirely. Hire a man in his twenties and it's a two-to-one bet that he'll stick with you no longer than three years. A Bureau of the Census report in 1951 shows that the median duration of employment for men and women was 3.4 years with the same employer. For workers aged forty-five to fifty-four, the norm was 6.3 years with the same employer; fifty-five to sixty-four, 8 years with the same employer; and for workers sixty-five and over, more than 10 years with the same employer.

The youthful worker does not have to be greatly concerned about losing a



COLLIER'S BILL HARRISON

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job. He has the strength, the resilience, the hopefulness of youth and can get along. But the older worker, who has dependents, must face up to the fact that his first responsibility is to take care of his family. Therefore, he cherishes a job. And the compulsions within him to make good increase as age increases, right up to the end of his productive years.

The Directors' Faces Got Red

"Why," asks the older worker, "should I be forced to retire at a certain age when I want to go on working?" It's a good question. Large firms are justifiably proud of their retirement plans, and boast about the manner in which they are enforced. I recall listening to a company representative laud his firm's retirement plan in a speech before a university audience, pointing out that the program constituted the most efficient manner of replacing the old with the new. But after he was finished, a student raised his hand and asked if the plan applied to the company's board of directors. He received a blush for an answer. You see, the president of the board happened to be seventy-five years old!

We in the Labor Department can find only a limited argument against the hiring of older workers, and it applies only to those firms which have high-cost pension plans. The employers argue that it costs too much to provide an adequate pension for a man or woman who enters the firm's employ at the age of forty or over. The insurance firms say that this is not so, or at least need not be so. What is the truth? We do not know as yet. What is needed is a full-scale study of pension plans. Representatives of industry, labor, the insurance companies and government should get together behind closed doors and thrash out the whole question.

If we fail in our efforts to help older workers find jobs, if in effect we are forced to say to increasing numbers, "You are too old for a job," then we can expect increased pressure for retirement at lower ages. Such pressures would not become effective overnight, but events could happen which would cause them to build up at a rapid rate. The so-called "war-baby" boom will soon pour millions of entrants into the labor force. In the 1960s, there will be an increase of 9,000,000 in the age group fifteen to twenty-four. This is far in excess of the rate of increase in the total population. These young people will give severe competition to older job seekers. Are pensions the answer? Before saying yes, we had better examine the cost.

At present, the typical actual retirement age is between sixty-eight and sixty-nine. If every person now insured under Old Age Security Insurance were forced to retire at age sixty-five, $750,000,000 would have to be added to benefit costs in the first year after such a change. If the age of retirement were reduced to sixty, the cost would go up from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 in the first year of operation.

One eminent economist estimated some years ago that if we continued to accept sixty-five as the arbitrary and actual age of retirement, the cost of pensions for the next 25 years could amount to 17 per cent of the payroll. On the other hand, Dwight S. Sargent, personnel director of Consolidated Edison of New York, estimated with respect to pension costs in his own company that if an employee works one year beyond sixty-five, the amount of savings on his pension plan is about $1,000. At the same time, there is a saving to OASI (Old Age and Survivors Insurance, under the Social Security System) of another $1,000. There are also savings in unemployment compensation varying from state to state, depending upon the level of benefits and interpretations of state laws. Such savings, obviously, are to be desired by both industry and the public.

What about the labor unions? The unions, of course, do not act directly against the older worker. Older workers are constituents of labor. It is for the unions to look after their best interests. For the most part, they do. Union pressures for old-age insurance, corporate pensions, medical benefits, seniority and full employment have operated to protect the older person. However, the interest of individual unions in the older worker varies considerably, depending on the age of their members, the age of the union leaders, the nature of the organization, the stage of unionization achieved and so on.

COLLIER'S **"Would you mind moving over one seat, Mac?"** MORT TEMES

Unions Oppose "Downgrading"

Some unions refuse to permit workers of declining abilities to be downgraded in pay or position. Thirty per cent of the international unions reporting to the New York State Committee on Problems of the Aging said that they refused to allow such downgrading, and 10 per cent said that they left the matter up to the locals. All of the internationals reporting, with the lone exception of the International Typographical Union, refused to let their members remain at the same jobs at lower wage rates if unable to do a full day's work. Moreover, management officials reported to the same committee that even when union rules do allow such procedures, the labor leaders violently oppose them during collective bargaining sessions.

Unions with hiring-hall arrangements reported they were able to combat management barriers against older workers by controlling the employment referrals. However, unions which utilize work permits sometimes ask older workers who switch from one skill to another to start as beginners.

Thirty per cent of the internationals reporting to the committee stated that they do not allow part-time employment of retired union members. The unions, of course, fear that such permits would cut the potential earnings of full-time employees.

These practices and rules make up employment blocks for older workers. They are not, perhaps, as all-enveloping as the formal age qualifications set up by management, but they do contribute to the whole picture.

"If maturity is not an asset," says architect Frank Lloyd Wright, "then our civilization passes into failure."

If it is not an asset, the Eighty-third Congress (average age 54.5) and the President's Cabinet (average age 58) are hotbeds of senility. If it is not an asset, we have been electing the wrong men President of the United States; all but six were fifty or older when inaugurated, and seven, including President Eisenhower, were sixty or more.

We in the Department of Labor are doing all we can to bring the problem to the attention of the American people. In 1954, I formed a departmental Committee on the Older Worker. The committee recommended that I propose to labor and management a six-point older-worker policy. The proposals include:

(1) That workers be selected for employment and training on the basis of ability and qualifications for the job, regardless of age.

(2) That workers reaching retirement age be enabled to continue working, if they so desire and are able to do satisfactory work.

(3) That sound labor standards, including health and safety measures and equal pay for comparable work, be maintained in order to increase the employment opportunities of older workers.

(4) That inquiries and studies be conducted into the major reasons for existing limitations on jobs and job opportunities, and that the validity of these reasons be evaluated.

(5) That a program of services to older workers, including counseling, selective placement, individualized job development, training and community co-operation, be developed through the state employment security agencies and other public and private agencies.

(6) That consideration be given to the establishment of systematic programs designed to assist older workers who are eligible and willing to retire to make appropriate plans for the productive use of their time in retirement so that the transition from employment to retirement does not bring undue psychological, social and economic shock to the individual.

Of these proposals, numbers 1 and 2 are basic.

In respect to the thorny problem of pension plans and their costs, I intend in the very near future to call a conference of top management officials to discuss the problem of pensions and allied employee benefit plans.

When Age Curtails Production

The Wage-Hour and Public Contracts Divisions of the department have played a substantial role with respect to employment opportunities for older workers who are no longer sufficiently productive to earn the applicable minimum wage under the Fair Labor Standards Act or the Walsh-Healey Public Contracts Act. Special subminimum certificates may be issued to these workers under regulations which permit them to be employed within their capacity in regular industry without exploitation and without endangering labor standards. Certificates are not issued for women workers under fifty-five years of age, or for men under sixty years. Certificate rates are based upon the individual worker's productivity.

Programs of this type help. Furthermore, the Department of Labor is not alone in its concern for the older worker. The states are increasingly active. They see the problem daily at the doors of their employment offices. Management and labor groups have also realized the problem, and are taking steps to solve it.

But most of the work remains to be done. We are no longer a nation of young men. If our economy is to continue its high rate of production and not suffer the pangs of mass unemployment, our older workers must be given equal status in the competitive job market. If we are to maintain a skilled work force for the defense of the nation, our older workers must be allowed to keep their skills up to date and not grow rusty from inactivity.

No matter how much we would like to make youth eternal, we cannot. Inevitably the age of forty arrives, and if we are fortunate we live to an old age. This problem confronts all of us. The only solution is to hire the older worker and make a profit from his production.

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Rawhide River

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

trunk of the elm tree. Then he saw there was another bystander in his same predicament—a young woman.

She had been crossing the street from Pierre's, and had now stopped in alarm a dozen feet from where Britt stood. She held in her arms an oblong cardboard box.

Then both guns were in action. Britt leaped toward the girl, clamped his arms around her, and hurled himself backward onto the cobblestones, bringing her with him. A bullet slapped into the tree behind them as they fell. Another bullet glanced from the paving beside them.

Abruptly, then, the shooting ended. Britt got up, his gun in his hand.

The bearded man was lying in the street about twenty feet away. The blond man, still partly shielded by the pillar, reloaded with swift, steady hands. He took deliberate aim and fired a final shot into the bearded man's bullet-torn body.

Then he put his gun away, straightened his starched cuffs and walked back into the gambling house.

BRITT realized he was still shielding the girl, holding her down. She was trying to push down her skirt to cover her silk-stockinged legs. Her leghorn bonnet was jammed over one eye. She wore a stylish rust-colored jacket and skirt, both somewhat the worse for their contact with the mud of the street.

Britt holstered his gun and lifted her to her feet. She straightened her bonnet and brushed a few loose strands of hair aside. She said, breathlessly, "Heavens!"

Her cardboard box had burst open and a dress was spilling out. Britt hastily began trying to stuff the garment back into the container.

The girl snatched it from his hands. "You'll ruin it!" she exclaimed. "It's only basted!"

"Basted?" Britt said. "What are you doing, cooking it?"

"It's—it's only tacked together," she gasped. "I mean—" She quit trying to explain. She said again, "Heavens!" She glanced toward the dead man who lay in the street. "That—that was almost murder, wasn't it?"

"He didn't have much of a chance," Britt said.

Men were pouring from the gambling houses now and gathering about the body of the bearded man. Britt suddenly realized his own danger. "Sorry I had to be so rough and sudden, miss," he said and turned away.

"Wait!" the girl called. "Wait! I—"

But Britt kept going down the tree-shaded sidewalk into the darkness. When he was nearly a block away, he stopped and looked back.

The girl in the rust-colored jacket presently got into a carriage and drove away. Britt noted approvingly that she was heading away from the fandango district. She hadn't struck him as belonging in these surroundings.

After the slain man's body had been carried away in a police wagon, the crowd drifted back into the gambling houses. The orchestras struck up again. The voice of a croupier sounded: "Your wagers, gentlemen. The ball is about to roll." The street had returned to normal.

Britt retraced his steps to the spot where he had been standing, opposite Pierre's. The orchestra was playing, but he could no longer hear the sound of Sherry Dean's singing. He crossed the street and walked down the alley alongside the gambling house to the stage door.

A small stairway to the right led below stage. Britt went down and found himself in a small, bare corridor with dressing rooms on either side. He walked along, reading the names on the cards tacked to the doors. When he found the door he was looking for, he tapped softly.

"Yes?" a woman's voice answered.

"Sherry!" Britt called guardedly.

There was a moment of silence and then a rustle. The door opened, and Sherry Dean stared at him unbelievingly. She was clutching a dressing gown about her. Other than that, she seemed to be clad in little more than a chemise.

"By all the saints in heaven!" she gasped. She pulled him into the room, locked the door and stood against it. "Britt Cahill!" she whispered. "Or 'tis your ghost that has come back to haunt me!" She kissed him, and suddenly began to cry, ruining the make-up on her long lashes.

"Ever kiss a ghost with whiskers before?" Britt murmured, his voice gruff with emotion.

"Britt, you reckless devil!" she said. "Sure, and you can't be a ghost—your whiskers would have been singed off by Satan's flames!"

"That's better," Britt said. "That's more like the hot-tongued Irish lass I used to know."

Sherry laughed. "'Tis only in moments of great stress that I permit the Irish in me to come to the surface," she said. Then her expression sobered. "Britt, I had given you up for dead!"

She clung to him for a moment, her arms tight about him. Finally she pulled back, studying him, her eyes grave. Three years had given her poise and a worldly outlook, Britt saw, but it had also deepened the loneliness in her eyes.

Her dressing room gave evidence that Sherry had also accumulated worldly possessions. She was now in the midst of packing. Several trunks were partly filled with expensive gowns and furs. Jewels glittered on the table.

She watched Britt's expression. "I bought all this with my own money," she said ominously.

"And earned it by showing your shape in every gambling house in the country," Britt said.

SHERRY DEAN'S quick temper flared. "If it was to quarrel with me that you came back from the dead, Britt Cahill, I will thank you to leave as secretly as you came."

Britt pulled her against him, and kissed her resisting lips. "Why don't you quit, Sherry?" he said. "Why keep searching for something that you can never find? Who was the man who broke your heart?"

Again she clung to him, her hair soft against his face. She was a woman who mocked men with her unattainability, who sang like an angel and played poker with a devil's skill, but now she wept in his arms like a child.

Then, abruptly, she drew away. When she spoke again, all the brogue had vanished, and her voice was cool. "Never ask me that, Britt," she said. "What about you? Why did you come to St. Louis, of all places? You may be arrested on a charge of—of—"

"Murder is the charge," Britt said. "We'll call a spade a spade, Sherry, as we always have with each other."

"Very well, but you came for a purpose. I can see it in your eyes, Britt. And I wonder if that purpose is good. You're hard and bitter . . ."

"I came to find a young woman," Britt said. "At once."

Sherry stiffened. "Leila Ormsby?" she asked sharply.

Involuntarily Britt caught his breath. "Leila? Is she still here—here in St. Louis?"

"Yes, and why not? Her father is still running the steamboat firm of Ormsby & Jarrett."

"Ormsby & Jarrett?" Britt repeated. "I saw that name on a steamboat that was loading for departure tonight at the levee: the Dakota Queen. That wouldn't be Mead Jarrett, would it? He just killed a man in that gun fight upstairs."

Sherry nodded. "Mead Jarrett became Walker Ormsby's partner after your own steamboat was lost," she said, "and after the fire ruined Zack Richards' company."

"What started that killing tonight?" Britt asked.

"Jarrett had been cheating that man for a week at poker. The poor man finally realized it and made the mistake of drawing first. That made it self-defense for Mead Jarrett. This was not the first man Mead has killed, nor the second—"

Britt interrupted her. "The girl I want to get in touch with is named Ann Richards," he said.

Sherry's eyes opened wide, then narrowed. "Ann Richards? And why would you want to see her, Britt?"

"To save her life, perhaps."

"You mean you came to St. Louis at the risk of your own neck to save Zack Richards' daughter?"

"I have ten pounds of raw gold that I intend to deliver to her," Britt said.

"Gold? Why are you taking it to her?" Sherry asked.

BRITT'S answer was blunt. "I hope it will be the bait that will lead me to her father."

"It *is* vengeance that you seek, then?" she said.

"Retribution is the proper word, Sherry. Zack Richards destroyed me. He sank my packet and then tried to have me lynched for a crime I didn't commit. When I find him I'll squeeze the truth out of him."

"You've found trace of Zack Richards?" Sherry asked.

"Found him, then lost him again," Britt said. "There's no time to tell all the story now. The belt of gold was given to me by a man named Pete McLeod, who was Zack Richards' partner. Less than three weeks ago, Richards wrote his daughter a letter, telling her where he was; McLeod mailed the letter for him from Fort Buford, up on the Missouri River. Later McLeod was tortured and then killed by men who wanted to know the contents of that letter—who wanted to know where to find Zack Richards."

Sherry was staring at him, appalled.

"The same men who tortured McLeod tried to kill me aboard the Aurora," Britt went on. "They know I'm after the letter too, because I want to find Zack Richards. Those men are in St. Louis tonight—and this isn't piker money they're playing for. They'll stop at nothing. They're after half a ton of gold that Zack Richards and McLeod mined in Montana."

"Half a ton of gold?" Sherry gasped. "'Tis enough to tempt the Old One himself."

"It *has* tempted devils," Britt said grimly. "They'll torture Ann Richards

BUTCH

"I'm not really daring. Truth is, I'm scared of th' dark . . ."

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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like they did McLeod to get their hands on that letter. She must have received it by this time."

"She has the letter," Sherry said.

"What? How do you know that?"

"Ann mentioned to me only this evening that her father was in some kind of difficulty and that his arrival home would be delayed. But she has no idea she's in any danger."

"You know Ann Richards?" Britt asked incredulously. "You mean she works here?"

SHERRY smiled a little. "Not exactly, though Pierre has tried to tempt her with offers to wear tights and dance in his show. She has the shape for it and the looks, but she continues to be a steamstress."

"A seamstress!"

"An improper word," Sherry said. "She operates a small, but expensive, gown shop. She has a talent for designing fashionable clothes. She came here this evening to fit a gown she's trying to finish for me tonight."

"A dark-eyed girl in a rust-colored jacket and skirt?"

"You've already seen her then!"

"I had her right in my arms," Britt said. "She was in the line of fire when that shooting started. I yanked her out of the way. Where can I find her now?"

Sherry gazed at him, torn by doubt. "I'll arrange for a carriage," she said finally.

She left the room. After a few minutes she returned and led Britt quickly to the rear of the building, where a carriage with a Negro driver waited.

Sherry kissed him. "Don't let vengeance drive you too far, Britt darlin'," she whispered. "Ann Richards is a fine, honest girl."

"I make no promises," Britt said.

"I need none," Sherry said. "Otherwise I would not send you to her. Oh, Britt, will I ever see you again?"

"No man would willingly stay away from you, Sherry."

She smiled wanly. "You have a way with women, Britt—but I'm leaving St. Louis tonight. I am sailing at midnight for Fort Benton, on the Dakota Queen."

"Why Fort Benton?"

"Men are striking it rich in Montana, just as Zack Richards did," Sherry said. "That means opportunity and profit for Sherry Dean. I play poker as well as sing, you know."

"We may be fellow passengers," Britt said.

"I will pray for you, Britt," Sherry whispered. "And for Ann Richards also. Zack Richards' sin was not hers."

Britt turned to climb into the carriage, and then hesitated. "Is Leila Ormsby—is she married?"

Sherry's voice was rigid. "Not yet, but it is understood that she will wed Mead Jarrett someday."

Britt felt a cold emptiness within him. He said, "I see," and got into the carriage.

"My stateroom on the Dakota Queen is number two-oh-eight, Britt," Sherry whispered. "Remember it, darlin', if you need my help." She added, reluctantly, "Leila will probably be aboard tonight too. She's going to Fort Benton with her father and Mead Jarrett. I shouldn't have told you that, but you would have risked danger to find her. After three years it would be a blessing to forget some things, Britt."

"A man can remember happiness as well as pain," Britt said harshly.

"And can smash his heart against stone," Sherry said drearily. "All this will lead you to your death, Britt."

The carriage began to move, and Britt did not answer. The knowledge that Leila was nearby consumed his thoughts. . . .

He had first met Leila Ormsby after his return from service with the Union Army, when he had been pilot and junior partner in his father's steamboat company. Leila was an unusually beautiful girl—poised and cool-voiced, with a slender, graceful figure, pale golden hair and light violet eyes. Britt had courted her madly and finally had won her promise to marry him.

It was during that time that his path had also begun to cross that of Sherry Dean. Sherry was already a legend on the river and the frontier. She was a gypsy, always on the move. Britt would find her entertaining in some ornate gambling house in New Orleans or in St. Louis. Then he would hear that she was in Denver or Santa Fe or even California.

COLLIER'S **"And then there's the one about the shotgun salesman"** JOHN GALLAGHER

Nobody knew her past. Men fell in love with her and she mocked them. She played poker with the same artistry with which she sang, and won and lost high stakes without sign of emotion. Britt had disapproved of her the first moment he laid eyes on her. Her way of life was at odds with everything he associated with virtue.

She had seen this in him and had tried to lure him under her spell, so that she could scorn him as she did the others. Instead, a mutual respect had grown between them. Britt had come to realize that Sherry Dean was truly virtuous. But he had never broken down the wall that closed off her past.

IT WAS during this time too that Britt's father had invested every cent he had in building a fine steamboat, the Northern Star. Designed to float on a whisper of shoal water, fast and big, the Star was not intended for the Mississippi River, but for that wild, elemental stream that flowed through the Northern plains—the Missouri.

Gold had been found in the Rockies of Montana—the Shining Mountains, as the old trappers called them. It was a region that previously had been almost as unexplored as the moon, but men were now flocking there: two thousand miles across the plains, along the winding untamed river and through the heart of the hunting grounds of the mighty Sioux Nation. The Missouri was meant only for a steamboat man with steel in his fibers.

Then, the day the Northern Star was launched, Mike Cahill had died of a stroke, and Britt found himself alone.

The rich Missouri River trade was dominated by Zack Richards and his Western Navigation Company. Six feet three, with a mane of shaggy, graying hair and arrogant eyes, Zack Richards owned four packets that, like himself, were tough and big. He did not tolerate serious opposition.

But with Britt acting as captain and first pilot, the Northern Star had beaten Richards' best boat, the White Buffalo, to Fort Benton by more than twenty-four hours, in a race that had started on even terms from St. Louis.

During that trip Zack Richards had acted as his own first pilot on the White Buffalo, and Mead Jarrett, who was in Richards' employ at the time, had been second pilot.

Britt had repeated his humiliation of Richards on the return trip. Giving Richards' packet nearly a day's start, he had pulled into Independence Landing on even terms with her.

Sherry Dean had come aboard the Northern Star at Independence Landing, bound for St. Louis. The Star was carrying a capacity load of passengers and cargo, and Britt had turned over his captain's cabin to her. Sherry had been asleep in her berth that night when the Star, her maiden round trip never to be completed, was sunk by the White Buffalo.

The hour was past midnight, and there was moonlight, but patches of fog lay over the river. Britt had taken over the wheel and was running at quarter speed, with a deck hand sounding the roof bell. He had taken it for granted that Zack Richards' packet, which had fallen well astern earlier, was taking equal precautions. Then the Star emerged from a wall of fog—and there was the White Buffalo running at full speed on a collision course.

Britt had hit the whistle treadle and rung the paddle wheel into full astern. He had expected Richards' steamboat to follow suit and veer to port. That would have averted the disaster. But instead the White Buffalo drove ahead and swung to starboard, and her prow pierced the Star amidships.

Zack Richards' boat stayed afloat, but the Northern Star sank within minutes. More than a hundred persons went down with her.

Sherry had been trapped in her cabin, but Britt forced the door and brought her to the surface after the Star had capsized. They were picked up downstream by a catfisherman. Britt had cursed Zack Richards while he fought to save Sherry Dean's life.

Two days later the fisherman put him ashore on the St. Louis levee. He had left Sherry with the fisherman's wife, for she was still too weak to be moved. Britt searched the town for Zack Richards, but he did not find him. And the collision was written off by all but Britt as an accident.

IT WAS midnight that same night when the great fire broke out. It started in the business office of Zack Richards' company. The flames spread to his warehouses, and to the damaged White Buffalo and to his other three packets, all of which were in port.

Then the fire raced down the levee. More than fifty steamboats were destroyed and half the river front was leveled before the fire was halted twenty-four hours later.

Worse yet, the body of one of Zack Richards' nightwatchmen was found in the ruins of his office with a bullet hole in his back. Zack Richards' big iron safe was open, and nearly a hundred thousand dollars was gone. Richards was wiped out to his last cent.

That made it murder and robbery, and an ugly anger began simmering in the city. The fisherman had told of the way Britt had cursed Zack Richards for sinking the Northern Star. The suspicion arose that Britt had started the fire to get even.

Then word raced along the fire-gutted levee that Zack Richards had actually seen Britt fleeing from his boat yard as the fire broke out. A mob formed quickly to track down Britt Cahill and bring him to justice.

Hunted all over the city, Britt had turned to Leila Ormsby for help. And though it was plain to Britt that Leila's father considered him guilty, out of consideration for his daughter Walker Ormsby had furnished Britt with a flatboat in which to escape downstream.

After that, Britt had set out across the plains. He had worked at various jobs, and whenever he deemed it reasonably safe he lingered around Missouri River ports. For he had only one purpose in life: to find Zack Richards and force the truth from him. But Zack Richards had dropped out of sight.

It was more than two years before his patience was rewarded. One night in a barroom at Council Bluffs he heard a man say that Zack Richards had been seen in Montana, prospecting.

And so Britt roamed the Montana gold camps for months. One night, only six weeks ago, he had seen Zack Richards in the outlaw-infested camp of Bannack. But Richards had left that same night, after buying supplies and paying in raw gold.

A week afterward, Britt had traced

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COLLIER'S

"You *have* heard of the other ways of saving money, I presume. . . . You know—like putting it in the bank . . ."

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

him to Fort Benton, head of navigation on the Missouri River. But Richards had left three days earlier. He and a partner named Pete McLeod had arrived from Bannack with six loaded pack horses. They had sold the horses and bought a Mackinaw boat, in which they had started down the Missouri River for St. Louis.

Six loaded pack horses—there could be only one reasonable answer to that. The horses had been carrying gold, and half a ton of weight would be a conservative estimate. Richards and Pete McLeod had preferred to risk the dangerous trip down the Missouri in a Mackinaw boat rather than trust that fortune to a steamboat purser's safe.

Britt had taken passage the following day on the Aurora, first steamboat out of Fort Benton. He had hoped to overtake the Mackinaw, but the Aurora was forced to lay up for nearly a week at Fort Buford for boiler repairs.

THEN Pete McLeod had shown up at Fort Buford, on foot and trail-worn. He had bought guns, ammunition and food, and paid in raw gold. But he would not answer questions.

An Army mail boat was leaving for St. Louis and Britt saw McLeod mail a letter. Then McLeod had slipped out of the settlement before daybreak the next morning. Britt gave him half an hour's start, for he didn't want the man to know he was being trailed. About two miles out of Fort Buford he heard McLeod screaming in agony in the thickets ahead.

That was the first intimation Britt had that outlaws had picked up the scent of gold at Bannack and had been following Zack Richards' trail also. . . .

The voice of the carriage driver broke in on Britt's thoughts: "This is Miss Richards' shop, sir." The carriage had stopped on a side street, before a white-painted cottage with a veranda.

Britt got out, paid the driver and turned toward Ann Richards' shop. A night lamp burned in the front room, where there were showcases and millinery and dresses on display. A brighter light shone from the back room, and he heard the whir of a sewing machine.

Britt went up on the veranda and twisted the key of the doorbell. The hum of the sewing machine stopped. A young woman came hurrying out—the same girl Britt had saved in front of Pierre's.

Ann Richards had removed her jacket. She wore a white blouse, and had donned a frilled apron. Her dark chestnut hair was piled high on her head. He saw now that her eyes were a deep, clear brown, and not as black as he had first imagined. She was disturbingly attractive.

She carried scissors in her hand and wore the impatient look of a woman who had been interrupted at some important domestic duty. She opened the door. "Yes?"

"You should keep your door bolted, Miss Richards," Britt said. "Most anybody might barge in on you at this hour."

Ann Richards stared. "Well, I never— Oh! Why, you're the man who—!"

"Yes," Britt said. He stepped inside and closed the door. "Stand where we can't be seen from the street," he said.

Ann Richards backed away from him. He saw apprehension in her expression, but her indignation was greater. "I'm sure I was very appreciative of your help this evening," she said, angry color showing in her cheeks. "I tried to thank you at the time. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She continued moving away until she stood in the doorway of the workshop. Britt could see the corner of a big walnut desk, and he guessed she had a gun cached there.

"We could talk more freely in the back room," he said.

"We'll talk here," she said hotly. "You seem to want to presume on my obligation to you. Are you drunk?"

"I've got some gold that belongs to you," Britt said.

"Gold? What do you mean?"

"A man named Pete McLeod gave it to me just before he died. He asked that I deliver it to you."

"Pete McLeod is dead?" The color ebbed from her face.

Britt had to remind himself this was Zack Richards' daughter. He couldn't afford to let her know who he was. He told her that he had been on a hunting trip in the brush along the Missouri and had seen three white men, presumably outlaws from out of the Montana gold camps, attack Pete McLeod. "He was dying when I got to his side," Britt said. "He asked me to give you this belt of gold and to warn you that these men are trying to find your father. McLeod said he mailed a letter to you from Fort Buford, a letter from your father. Those men mean to find your father, Miss Richards, and get their hands on the rest of that gold."

Britt loosened the belt of gold and offered it to her. She took it with stiff hands, but it was unexpectedly heavy and she let it slip to the floor.

"I was shot at twice myself," Britt said, "on the steamboat trip down from Buford. I guess they didn't want me to find you before they did."

Ann Richards understood now why Britt was avoiding showing himself at the windows. "Come!" she exclaimed, and led him into the rear room.

This was the workshop, cluttered with sewing machines, dress forms, bolts of cloth and boxes of thread and lace and ribbons. There was a door at the rear that evidently led outside. "You'll be safer here," she said.

"And you likewise." Britt said. She looked at him, startled. "If they tortured and killed a man, they won't likely stop at torturing a girl to get what they want," Britt said.

"Did McLeod say anything about my father?"

"Nothing except that your dad seems to be in some kind of fix. Didn't the letter explain?"

She was too upset to be on guard. "Yes." Her eyes turned involuntarily toward the big desk. "It was this way: Dad and Mr. McLeod had started from Fort Benton for St. Louis in a Mackinaw boat. But they were attacked by Indians. They managed to stand off the Indians and escape down-river after dark. But Dad had been badly wounded. Then their boat was caught in an ice jam and smashed. It sank in —in a certain place. Mr. McLeod got Dad ashore. A bullet had broken Dad's leg. He was in bad shape for a while, but after a few days Mr. McLeod was able to leave him and make the trip to Fort Buford to buy supplies. And now—" Her voice broke.

"I see," Britt said. "Your dad's up there in the Sioux country with a broken leg and nobody to help him."

"He's probably dead by this time," she sobbed. Then she got a grip on herself, seemed to collect her thoughts. "The Dakota Queen is leaving at midnight for Fort Benton," she said. "I'll arrange for accommodations."

"You mean you intend to go up there personally? That's wild country—dangerous."

"But I know just where to find—" she began, and then stopped. For the first time it occurred to her she might be telling too much. And for the first time she really seemed to see Britt. Up to now he had been just a rough-clad stranger who had brought news that had shocked all thought of caution out of her mind. Now she studied him with a sudden aroused intentness.

BRITT endured her scrutiny without change of expression. He had learned what he wanted to know. Zack Richards' letter was in the desk in this room, and evidently it contained a map or a detailed description of the exact location of the sunken boatload of gold.

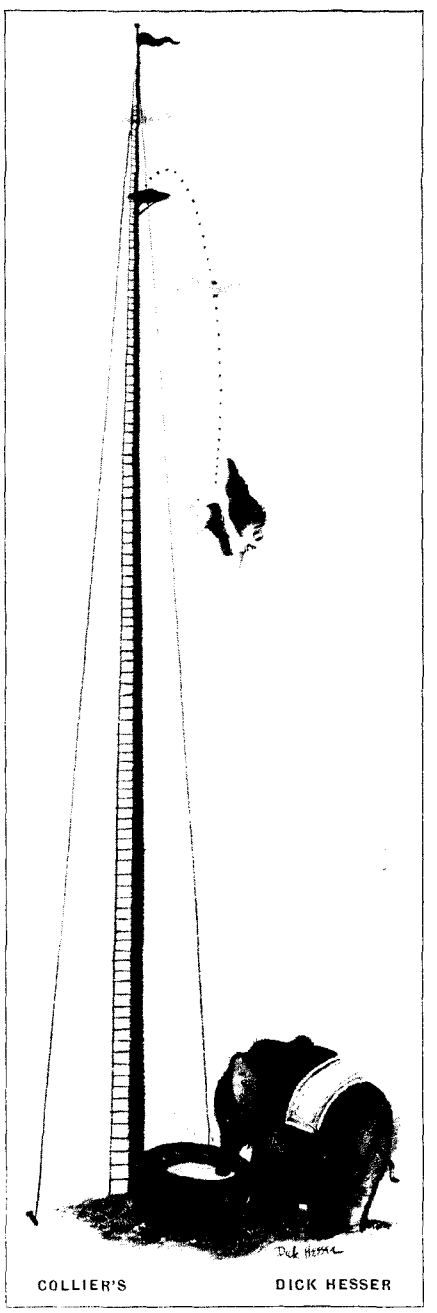
If Ann Richards found anything during her appraisal of Britt to alarm her, she kept it hidden. "I don't even know your name," she said.

"Clay," Britt said quickly. "Bill Clay."

She repeated it thoughtfully. "Bill Clay. Why did you go to the trouble of delivering the gold and Pete McLeod's message to me—a total stranger?" she asked.

Britt thought quickly. "For profit," he said with a shrug. "McLeod promised me half of that gold if I would."

He had struck the right note. Ann Richards' expression changed a little. He sensed that some of her half-formed



COLLIER'S

DICK HESSER

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suspicions had been lulled—for the moment at least.

But she had another question. "It was a fortunate coincidence for me that you were there outside Pierre's tonight," she remarked. "Did you just happen by?"

"I've got a friend at Pierre's," Britt said. "I was on my way there to see this friend and—"

She drew a handkerchief from her sleeve. Before Britt realized her intention she moved close and wiped it across his mouth. "And you kissed this friend also, it seems," she remarked lightly. "There is grease paint and rouge on your lips, Mr. Clay. Is she a dancing girl at Pierre's?"

Britt rubbed his mouth with the back of his sleeve, flushing. "I guess I've been caught in the jam jar," he said.

Ann Richards laughed. It was a clear, pleasing sound. "I won't pry," she said, "though I'm mad with curiosity. I know all the girls there. I—"

Britt abruptly lifted his hand, silencing her. She had heard something also—the creak of a board on the veranda. The board creaked again, faintly, as if someone were shifting his weight with painstaking care.

Britt pointed to the sewing machine. "Act as though you're working," he whispered. "We forgot to lock that front door. If it's who I think it is, they don't know I'm here or they wouldn't make their play now."

He saw panic in Ann Richards' expression. Then, resolutely, she sat down at the machine, spun the wheel and began working the treadle.

Britt edged back of the desk and crouched down. A long minute passed, and another. Then Britt knew the front door was opening, for a draft stirred scraps of cloth on the cutting table. Ann Richards gave him an ashen look, but she kept the treadle going.

Britt had his six-shooter in his hand. Intuitively he knew two intruders had entered the front room.

A BURLY, thick-necked man with a blue bandanna over the lower part of his face came into the workshop. Ann Richards started to get up, trying to scream, but her cry was cut off as the masked man clapped his right hand over her mouth, and clamped his left arm around her waist in a grip that held her close against him.

Still Britt did not move.

Ann Richards struggled frantically. Britt saw a second man come in. This one was smaller, with bulging, watery eyes showing above his mask.

The pop-eyed one seized a strip of cloth from a table and began making a gag. "It'd be easier if you talked, girlie," he said viciously. "All we want is a certain letter your father wrote to you. Where is it?"

Ann Richards fought furiously, twisting and kicking at her captors. "Slap her one!" the heavy man panted. "Damn her, she's bustin' my shins."

The pop-eyed one lifted his hand to slap Ann Richards' face. Britt came from cover then and brought the muzzle of his gun down hard on the man's upraised arm. The force of the blow whirled the man aside and he fell on his haunches.

The bigger ruffian gave a grunt and swung the girl around, holding her tight against him as a shield. He held a short-barreled gun in his right hand. But Ann Richards was still struggling desperately to free herself as he pulled the trigger, and his aim was off; the bullet missed Britt.

Britt did not dare fire for fear of hitting the girl. He lunged ahead, ramming his shoulder into both of them, hurling them against the cutting table. The table went over and the three of them fell with it.

Britt rolled, realizing the pop-eyed man was crouching in the doorway now, trying to steady his aim.

Britt fired twice. He was in a tangle, with the legs of Ann Richards and the heavy man flailing around him. He was shooting more to shake the man's aim than in the hope of scoring a hit. He was successful, for the pop-eyed man's shot was wild.

The heavy man surged to his feet, lifting the girl with him, and again tried to fire at Britt. Ann Richards swung around, braced both her feet high against some wall shelves, and shoved. The bulky man went reeling off to one side, loosening his grip on her. In a second she had fought entirely free of him.

It was the moment Britt had been waiting for. He fired, and the bullet smashed into the man's thick chest and through his heart.

Britt whirled, expecting to take a bullet from the pop-eyed man. But the doorway to the front room was vacant. The other ruffian had fled. Britt could hear the pound of running feet on the sidewalk.

He raced through the front room to the street and ran a hundred feet in the darkness, his gun ready. Then he stopped; it was futile. He could hear nothing now. His quarry must have escaped down an alley.

Suddenly police whistles began shrilling in the distance. The gunfire had been heard. Above all, Britt could not risk being questioned by the authorities.

He ran back into the shop. Ann Richards was sitting on a bench, staring dazedly at the wreckage of her workroom. She was still gasping for breath, and her blouse was ripped from her shoulders, her hair spilling loose.

Britt thrust his six-shooter into her hand. "I had some trouble with the police the last time I was in St. Louis," he said. "Tell them you shot this man in self-defense—with this gun. Tell them you were here alone and they tried to rob you. Do you understand?"

She nodded numbly, still too exhausted to speak. Britt glanced toward the desk, thinking regretfully of the letter from Zack Richards. It was so near—but there was no time.

He raced to the rear door, unbolted it. "Hide that letter in a safe place," he warned. "One of these men is still alive. Remember that. He'll probably try again."

THEN he ran through a small flower garden, leaped a picket fence and found himself in an unpaved alley. He heard more police whistles in the street.

Keeping to dark back areas, he headed for the levee. The pilothouses and stacks of steamboats formed a jagged outline against the sky. Most of the boats were dark, but some were loading or unloading beneath the wavering glow of torchlights. Out in the stream, a fast packet just in from New Orleans, all cream and white and as fancy as a wedding cake, was rounding to for a landing, and her calliope was playing a polka.

Avoiding the pools of light, Britt walked along the levee until he found the craft he had noticed when he had disembarked from the Aurora just after dark. This was the Dakota Queen, registered to the firm of Ormsby & Jarrett. She was a sizable boat, sturdy-looking but obviously in need of paint and polish.

She lay abeam of the levee, and lights burned in her cabins. Stevedores were working cargo on fore and aft stage planks. Evidently some passengers were already aboard, for the midnight departure for Fort Benton was now only an hour away.

In the structure on the hurricane deck reserved for officers' quarters, known in river parlance as the texas, a door opened. Lamplight streamed from the stateroom, and a young woman stepped out on deck. There was no mistaking that erect, straight carriage: it was Leila. The light glinted on her fine, golden hair. She went aft on some errand, then returned and entered the stateroom again.

Two fuel scows were moored close against the Dakota Queen. One, its cargo not half depleted, lay at an angle across the Queen's bow, with its blunt nose within reach of the levee. The second was moored directly against the steamboat on the outstream beam. This one seemed empty. The scows were deserted now, awaiting a towboat. Fueling was completed.

Britt knew the consequences if he should be sighted, but he could not resist. Waiting his chance, he boarded the inshore barge and crept back to the stern. Then, stepping to the combing, he leaped the six-foot gap to the outstream scow.

The Queen's decks towered directly above him now. The bull rails were up, and they offered easy climbing holds. He clambered up, waited until the passenger promenade was vacant, and then quickly slid over the rail and stood on the deck.

A line of staterooms opened off the promenade, and lamps burned in some of them. The black-painted number on one door—208—jogged his memory. He recalled that this was Sherry's stateroom.

He stepped to a narrow rear companionway, went up, and emerged on the dark hurricane deck. The pilothouse and stacks loomed black above the squatty texas.

THE door of Leila's stateroom still stood open, and Britt went to it. Leila stood before an open trunk, which she was unpacking. Three years had matured the fine-cut beauty of her face, and had filled and firmed her figure. The jade-green dress she wore emphasized the color of her hair and gave life to her pale cheeks.

She turned toward a mirror, holding up a dress for inspection. Britt whispered: "Leila!"

She turned expectantly, and then she saw who he was. "Britt Cahill!" she said. There was utter disbelief in her voice, and Britt wondered if he had not heard dismay and consternation also. "Britt! Surely it can't be you!"

Britt stepped into the cabin and closed the door. He took her in his arms, almost roughly, and kissed her with the hunger of a starved man. Her lips were cool, unresponsive, but the emotion in her violet eyes betrayed her.

When he released her after a time, she said lightly, "You need a shave, Britt."

"I've had several shaves lately," he said. "Close ones, Leila."

"Then, why did you risk coming to St. Louis?"

"Perhaps to see you."

She appraised him for a moment. "Possibly. You always were a reckless man, Britt. But there must be other reasons."

"I've found trace of Zack Richards, Leila!"

"Zack Richards? Why are you hunting him?"

"To force him to admit that he lied when he hung that murder charge on me," Britt said. "What else?"

"But—" Leila stopped speaking, a strange, neutral expression in her eyes. "You mean that Zack Richards really *didn't* see you running away from his place that night the fire started?"

Britt was silent for a time, and then he turned suddenly to leave. "You were right, Leila," he said heavily. "I shouldn't have come here. Three years is too long."

She barred his path. "Wait! You don't

COLLIER'S **"The Observatory called. That trip to the moon you signed up for in 1945 is leaving Friday"** DICK CAVALLI

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understand. Everyone said you were guilty!"

"And you believed them?"

"I didn't know what to believe. I thought you were dead, Britt! Three years and never a word from you. What was I to think in all that time?"

Her nearness was overpowering. "A man in hell doesn't write to angels," Britt said. "You're not to blame." He was thinking of what Sherry Dean had told him—that Leila and Mead Jarrett were planning to marry.

Leila clung to Britt's arm. "Do you really believe you could compel Zack Richards to clear you?" she asked tensely. "Where—where is he?"

Britt tersely told her the story, omitting any mention of Sherry Dean. When he finished, Leila was gazing at him curiously. "How much gold did you say?" she asked.

"Five or six pack loads. If I am guessing right, those horses were carrying at least a quarter of a million in dust."

"A quarter of a million dollars!" A sudden excitement was putting color into Leila's cheeks, and a pulse throbbed in her throat. "You—you would be rich!" she whispered.

"I only want enough to build another steamboat," Britt said and shrugged.

"You mean you would take only part of the gold?"

"That and Zack Richards' confession that he lied about what he saw that night," Britt said. "I never could understand what good it did him to pin that crime on me."

"You humiliated him," Leila said. "He hated you. What are you going to do next, Britt?"

"I'm going back to Ann Richards' shop. I intend to follow her wherever she goes. She may come here—she said she would try to get passage on the Dakota Queen tonight. She wants to go up there and find her father."

LEILA slid her arms around his neck, pressing her lips fiercely against his. "That gold should be yours," she whispered in a moment. "All of it, Britt, every ounce. Even that wouldn't pay for what Zack Richards has done to you. Think of what it would do for you—for us!" She drew her body tight against him. "I'll help you! You—you could be a millionaire in a few years."

"Then you don't believe I killed that watchman and robbed Zack Richards' safe?" Britt said.

"It was sinful to let you think I had a doubt in my mind," Leila said. "But I was angry with you, Britt. Angry because of all those silent years."

Britt kissed her again, fiercely, hungrily. Leila pushed him away at last. "You had better go," she sighed. "I—I can't trust you." She turned to the door, opened it and peered out. "All clear," she whispered, and pushed Britt out of the cabin.

"Or perhaps it was myself I couldn't trust, Britt," she said softly. Then she closed the door. . . .

The top deck was dark and deserted and brushed by a dank breeze off the river. From below came the steady clatter of activity. A crimson glow flickered over the water as fire doors were opened and closed in the boiler room.

A small steamboat was approaching the Dakota Queen at slow speed. Her safety valve popped, splitting the night with the screech of escaping steam. Then her whistle grunted and the slip valve closed, ending the uproar.

Britt saw that it was a towboat, evidently arriving to pick up the fuel barges. He had no time to lose if he was to get back to the levee the same way he had come.

He hurried to the rear companionway and then, hearing footsteps on the promenade below, was forced to wait there a minute or two in the lighted opening. When the footsteps faded away, he descended, slid quickly over the rail and lowered himself into the dark, empty barge. The towboat was still a hundred yards out in the river.

ABOVE him, on the hurricane deck, a man stepped to the rail, stood crouching, so that he was not outlined against the glow of torchlight on the levee. It was Mead Jarrett, the partner of Leila's father.

Jarrett's blond head was bare, and he wore a dark topcoat over his evening dress. He had just come aboard to take up his duties as first pilot on the craft. Before going to his own quarters to change clothes he had climbed to the dark pilothouse for a look around.

From that vantage point he had seen Britt's shadowy figure move aft on the top deck, and then had recognized him as he stood in the lighted companionway. Jarrett had immediately climbed down to the hurricane deck and watched Britt lower himself into the barge.

From the armpit holster under his coat Jarrett pulled a black-muzzled .45, the same gun with which he had killed the man at Pierre's earlier in the evening.

Now Mead Jarrett meant to kill again. Britt was only a vague shadow in the black maw of the barge bottom; but Jarrett saw that he meant to vault to the inshore barge; he held his fire, waiting for the moment when he would be more certain of his target.

Britt vaulted to the combing of the barge and poised to leap to the inshore craft. Jarrett had an easy shot now; he laid a dead bead between Britt's shoulders.

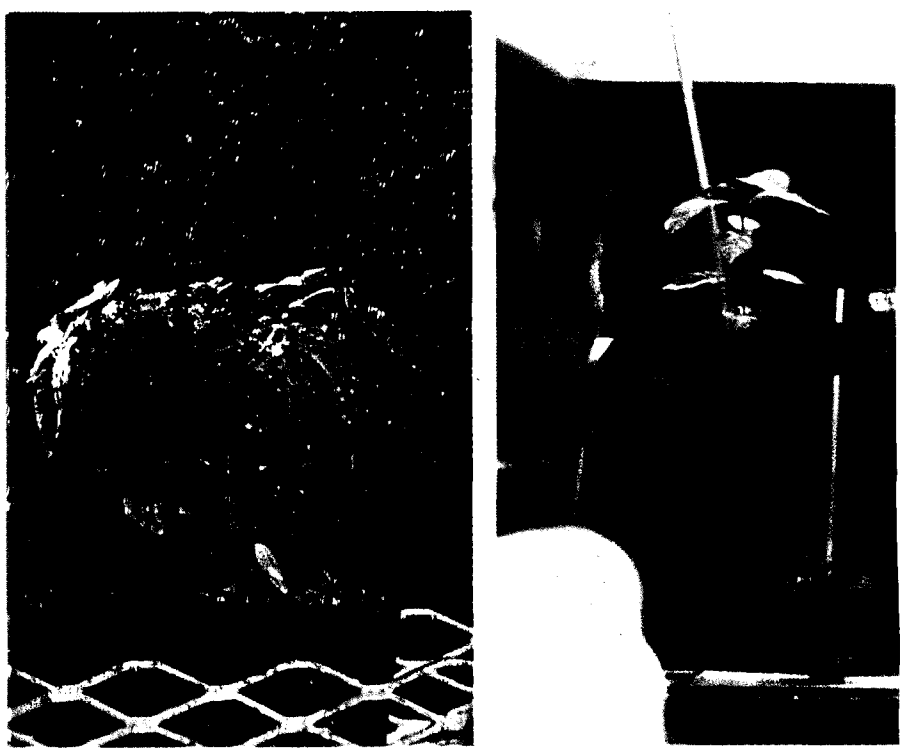
As he did so, the safety valve on the nearby towboat tripped again, and the escaping steam erupted with a violent scream. Jarrett fired, the report feeble amid the blast of steam. He swore and brought the sights of the gun down instantly for a second shot, because he felt that the unexpected noise had ruined his aim.

But Britt was falling. He had started to leap as Jarrett fired. He did not make it to the inshore barge. His body jerked in mid-air as the bullet struck him with the force of a sledge. He turned, twisting in agony. He tried feebly to grab at the lip of the barge, but failed.

Then he plunged between the two barges into the cold blackness of the Mississippi. —CLIFF FARRELL

(This is the first of three parts)

Miniature—but mature—green pea pod (left) and strawberry (right) were grown from severed blossoms and fed with artificial nutrients



Plants' growth habits are checked by special devices. In rain room (left) tomato plant is drenched in artificial downpour. Right, technician observes coffee tree growing in mist chamber

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Anyone can grow plants the usual way. But in a California greenhouse, vegetables are plunged into darkness, jolted out of their sleep, left in mid-air—and they flourish. The weird antics could solve the mystery of growth, paving the way for . . .

Dr. Frits Went, chief of experimental program, inspects test coffee seedling

Push-Button TOMATOES

IN a greenhouse on a quiet side street in Pasadena, California, scientists from all over the world are working agricultural miracles. With the aid of a push-button climate-making machine, they have increased greenhouse tomato production, duplicated in ordinary strawberries the sweetness of the finest Scandinavian berries, grown green peas without stem, leaf or root. Soon they hope to find a way to increase coffee production, and a method to make orchids bloom the year round.

The greenhouse in which the scientists make this magic—the Earhart Plant Research Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology—is like none other in the world. A cooling artificial rain patters every day on the glass roof to filter the sun's rays, and a giant electronic control panel enables the researchers to create any climate they desire in the various test rooms.

By what they call controlled growing, Dr. Frits Warmolt Went, Dutch-born scientist in charge of the laboratory, and his associates are compelling plants to develop in a way never occurring in nature. The researchers seek first to find the key to the plants' responses to temperature, light and moisture and then to use this knowledge to adjust the cultivation of plants to seemingly hostile conditions. Their ultimate objective is to step up food production to keep pace with the expanding population of the world.

Despite its serious purpose, the laboratory sometimes has almost a carnival air. Seedlings ride at a merry pace on miniature carrousels while being subjected to varicolored fluorescent light. Nearby are peep shows where curtain shutters expose vegetable plants to light and darkness in quick succession. In "surprise" rooms, time clocks flick on electric bulbs and jar plants out of their dark-time dozing. Hurricanes are sent howling through wind tunnels so that researchers can study the water loss and wind resistance of experimental plants.

Odd sights are commonplace. In one room are perfectly formed carrots growing without soil, the roots simply suspended in a "fog box" and nourished by nutrient solutions in the mist. In another fog box alongside, tomato plants fed in the same manner as the carrots are bearing fine crops. In still another room, Dr. Luigi de Capite of the University of Perugia, Italy, is growing, in special nutrient solutions, complete strawberries and green peas from severed flowers of the respective plants —without stem, leaf or root.

Among the significant and valuable findings that have come from such experiments is the discovery that sugar can be used on some crops as a partial substitute for light. Tomatoes placed in darkness at the laboratory will grow when a fine mist of sugar is sprayed on their leaves, while others alongside them, denied the sugar, will wither away. The plants absorb the sugar directly through their leaves. Thus, tomatoes could be grown by sugar-spraying in winter climates where hours of daylight are few.

Ordinary strawberries are transformed into the tastiest fruit by providing low temperatures for flavor and controlling the light for sweetness. Orchids are also beguiled by climatic blandishments toward blooming all year instead of merely in one fixed season.

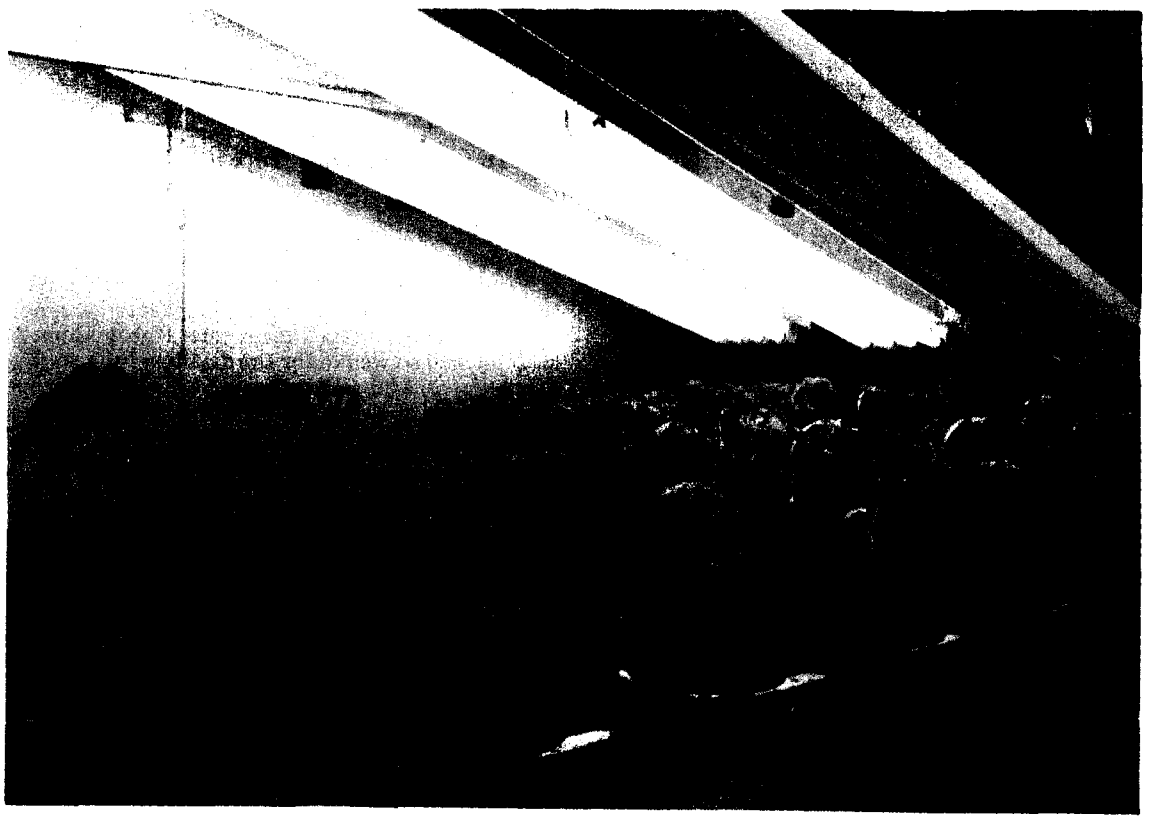
Recent coffee prices have stimulated a project on which Dr. Went was already embarked. Coffee is the fruit of a small, slow-growing tree which, even after it attains maturity, produces only a few berries each year. To produce the largest quantities of beans, the trees must have a daytime temperature of no more than 73 degrees and a nighttime temperature of no less than 62—a range of only 11 degrees. In commercial planting, the trees usually take four years to begin bearing.

Out of Dr. Went's experiments have come beautiful trees ready for bearing in two years. But this rapid growth occurred at temperatures too high for the flowers to open. In the laboratory, this obstacle was overcome by moving the trees into rooms where the nights were cool—an impossible procedure in nature. However, Dr. Went is experimenting to find ways to duplicate the laboratory results in the coffee fields, possibly through the use of plant hormones or by simply cooling the trees with a sprinkler mist.

Dr. Went is confident not only that this problem will be solved, but further research will result in great advances in plant culture in the years just ahead.

"We can look forward to an era when improved knowledge about weather responses of plants will make it possible to remove a number of climatic hazards which now beset us," he says. "Then agriculture will have progressed from an art to a technology. The importance of these developments loom so large in my mind that I am willing to predict the second half of the twentieth century will go down in history as the Agricultural Revolution."

—ED AINSWORTH AND JOHN W. HILTON



How tomatoes grow under lights of different colors is determined in Earhart Lab's Rainbow Room. To make sure the plants are evenly illuminated, they are slowly rotated on platforms

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

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SEÑOR MAYS—*Big Hit in*

Willie doesn't savvy the Spanish lingo, but he feels right at home in Puerto Rico's ball parks. And he's playing better than ever—even hitting home runs again

Willie, star of the Santurce team, bats in night game. Once a pull hitter, Mays hit successive homers to center, left, right

San Juan, P.R.

WHEN Willie Mays learned he could play winter baseball, he was like a kid who'd been told there were two Christmases. Ripping out base hits and roaming the outfield for Santurce in the Puerto Rican League, the New York Giant star is completely happy, even though so far he hasn't picked up much Spanish. Willie can hit and field in any language.

It isn't any happenstance that Mays is in Puerto Rico. The Giant authorities, confident that they have as their property the greatest ballplayer to come along since Babe Ruth, had pondered how to keep Willie happy between seasons. Winter baseball was the logical answer.

Mays is a baseball genius, but a kid in the ways of the world. The only time he is sure of himself is when he is on a ball field, be it the Polo Grounds or a Puerto Rican park. Playing here under Herman Franks, the Giant third-base coach and Santurce manager, Willie knows what he is doing and is happy doing it.

When Mays returned from the Army last season to lead both major leagues in batting, top the National League in slugging and be catapulted into stardom in the World Series, he became a national figure. But Willie, at twenty-three, doesn't know how to be a national figure. He knows only how to play ball.

Winter baseball in Puerto Rico is something Willie understands. There are familiar faces here, not only Franks but Mays's teammate, Ruben Gomez, who pitched so well in the third game of the Series; Hal Jeffcoat, who pitched for the Cubs, and numerous others—major-leaguers, minor-leaguers and fellows who were with Willie when he played for the Birmingham Black Barons. It is all down Willie's alley.

Puerto Rican fans, more excitable than their northern brethren, have made a tremendous fuss over Señor Mays. They've even learned to drop *"Ole! Mira!"*—Spanish equivalent of Willie's famed "Say-hey!"—and to chant "Say-hey!" whenever Mays comes to bat. They bark it out like a football cheer in the Yale Bowl.

Willie's basket catches, his rifle throws and his base hits send the fans into ecstasies in parks all around the five-club circuit. When he dashes around the bases or the field and his cap falls off, as it does every time he gets up steam, he is applauded as vigorously as a 52d Street stripper coming down the stretch.

Mays lives in an apartment across the street from the San Juan ball park, home field of both the Santurce and San Juan clubs. George Crowe, Toledo and Braves first baseman, lives there with his family, as does Bill Greason with his wife. Greason pitched for the Birmingham Black Barons when Willie played with them.

Willie and Greason had been having their meals out until the advent of Mrs. Greason. They usually breakfasted alongside the indoor pool of the nearby Normandie Hotel and had dinner at various restaurants around town. Mays sampled the native dishes, such as roast pig, *arroz con pollo* and spiced sea foods, but he always returned to the ballplayer's staples—ham and eggs and steak. He now packs in the home cooking of Mrs. Greason.

Willie's social life is restricted almost entirely to his teammates. Outside of club officials, he has no close contacts with any of the natives. His Spanish is negligible, but he gets around the language barrier by smiling and saying *"Si! Si!"*

For his free time, Willie found the perfect answer in the movies—once he discovered that the sound track was in English. Manager Franks has been trying to lure Mays onto the links, but so far the outfielder has confined his golf to driving ranges.

"He whacks the ball a mile," said Franks, "and

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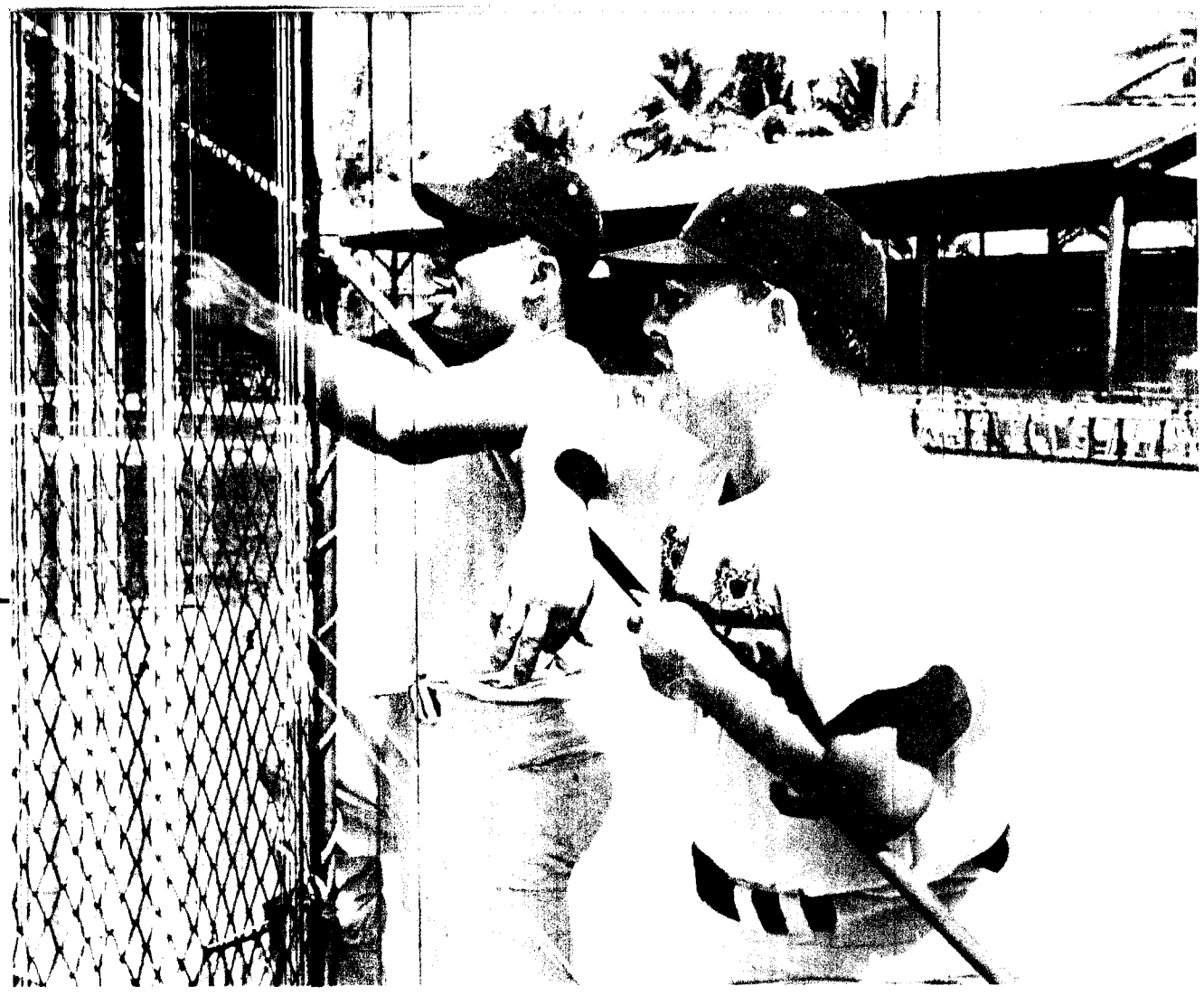
San Juan

By TOM MEANY



Year-round teammates, Mays and Herman Franks confer at the batting cage. Franks manages Santurce team during the winter, is third-base coach of New York Giants in summer season

when I asked him if he thought he could play well enough to come out on the course with me, he grinned and said, 'Shucks, Herman, you know that any game they play with a ball, I can play.' And I'll bet he could, too, because Willie is not only a great ballplayer but a natural athlete."

Frank Forbes, the Giant scout and a boxing judge with the New York State Athletic Commission, who flew to San Juan with Willie, reveals that Mays was a little unhappy during his first few days on the island. "He had a real nice apartment, three rooms," said Forbes, "but he just couldn't get over the fact that when he came home at night, there was nobody there to say 'Hello' to him."

Forbes explained that Mays grew up in Alabama as one of a large family of 10 half brothers and half sisters, and that in Harlem his landlady, Mrs. James Goosby, clucks over him like a mother hen. "Willie likes people," said Forbes. It might be added that people like Willie, too.

Although Mays doesn't know it, he was the subject of considerable wagering among the Puerto Rican fans. First of all, many bets were made that Willie wouldn't show up at all. Some fans just couldn't sell themselves the idea that Mays actually was going to play in their league. They'd had big-leaguers before, of course, but never a star of the magnitude of Mays.

Thus, when Mays's plane touched down at San Juan's Isla Grande airport at 6:45 A.M. of a drizzly, murky October day, there were nearly a thousand fans on hand. It was half a welcoming committee and half a settling of wagers. Even after Willie started playing and was batting .464, the islanders refused to believe he would stay. There were bets that he would return by November 1st, then by December 1st. Finally, they bet on when Willie would hit his next home run. (He hit his first on November 7th.)

Mays came to Puerto Rico primarily to play ball and secondly to escape the confusion which enveloped him in New York. When fame descended on Willie like a hailstorm last summer, he found himself being dragged from banquet table to television station like a guy running for office. There were fees, to be sure, but Mays would have passed them up gladly for the sake of some peace.

Mays hoped that the outside involvements would end with the World Series. Instead, they increased. He had all sorts of extracurricular offers, including a bizarre bid to take part in a floor show at a Las Vegas night club. The Giants, knowing they had something special in Mays, kept him wrapped in jeweler's wool, insulated from the fast-buck chasers by club officials and by members of Art Flynn Associates, his agents.

Strong right arm shows the source of Willie's power. Right: Santurce owner Pedrin Zorrilla

Boosting Wrong TV Sponsor's Product

It came as something of a shock to Willie to learn that he wasn't safe from confusion even in Puerto Rico. The night after his first game there, Mays went on a television show, conducted in Spanish by a bilingual announcer. The next day he found out the show was sponsored by a milk concern—and that he already was committed to a rival dairy-products firm in the States. Willie brooded over it for a couple of days and wouldn't pose for any pictures. In fact, he was even careful about saying "Hello" to strangers.

Knowing Mays from the Giants, you could see that he was restrained after the TV mix-up. Willie is the life of the party on all bus and plane rides with the Giants, but he was remarkably quiet, for him, on his first bus ride with the Santurce team from San Juan to Ponce, 75 miles away. He cuffed only two or three teammates about the head while they were dozing, leafed through a comic book called Silly the Bootblack, and then took up the pastime which, next to baseball, is his favorite—sleeping. Willie is the greatest sleeper in athletic history. On the flight from New York to San Juan, on the same evening that Hurricane Hazel was passing by, Mays fell asleep while the Clipper was taxiing to the runway at Idlewild and didn't wake up until it landed at San Juan.

Manager Franks had a different theory for Willie's comparative subduement. "It's his first trip with the club," explained Herman after the team returned to Santurce. "Most of these guys are minor-leaguers or fellows just about going into the majors. Willie is afraid they'll think he's acting the big shot. Wait till he gets to know 'em better—they'll wish he was strapped in his seat." Later trips proved Franks correct.

When Mays arrived, he was told that he could take a couple of days to get in shape before going into the regular line-up. A courtesy appearance would be sufficient until he got acclimated. After all, he hadn't had a bat in his hands for more than two weeks.

"You can just pinch-hit or pinch-run or something like that," suggested Franks.

"I came down here to play, Herm," replied Willie. And he played the entire nine innings of the three-hour ball game, making two hits after striking out the first two times against Arnold Portocarrero of the Athletics, who pitched for San Juan.

Before he took the field, Mays got a more intensive briefing than Lindbergh did when he soloed across the Atlantic.

"You haven't got as much room here as you have at the Polo Grounds," advised Forbes. "Remember that. Go right to the fence for balls—don't try to trail them out and catch them while running."

"On balls hit to right center, watch Bob Thurman, playing right," said coach Dick Seay. "He has a tendency to run over into center."

"I told Roberto Clemente in left and Thurman in right to give you plenty of room on any ball you shout for," said Franks.

Willie listened, nodded and then went out to

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

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One pitcher in Puerto Rico felt he'd found Willie's batting weakness

play center at Parque Sixto Escobar as if he had been born and brought up there. (San Juan's park is, incidentally, probably the only baseball field in the world named after a bantamweight champion.) Mays had only one comment to make afterward. "The ground is too rough to make gloved-hand pickups of ground balls," he said.

Asked if Giant manager Leo Durocher had given him any specific instructions for handling Mays in the winter league, Franks looked surprised.

"Instructions?" he repeated. "What could you tell Willie? He doesn't drink and he doesn't smoke and he loves to sleep, so you don't have to worry about him being in shape. Maybe he shouldn't go after that first pitch so often, but that's the way he is. Maybe his throwing might be more disciplined, but his one idea is to get the ball and fire it home as quickly as possible. If Willie lets a fellow get an extra base once in a while because of his throws, it's nothing to the extra bases he takes away from 'em."

"When you've got a boy like Willie, you don't burden him with instructions," interpolated Tom Sheehan, a Giant scout. "Would you try to teach Native Dancer how to run?"

On an off day in Puerto Rico, owner Zorrilla took Franks, Mays, Gomez, Buster Clarkson and others of the Santurce team to his beach house at Mar Chiquita, some 40 miles from town, for a pig roast. Willie attacked the pig as avidly as though it had been a fast one right down the middle, and then settled down to talk baseball with Clarkson. Baseball, incidentally, is one of the few subjects that Mays discusses. The others are sport clothes and automobiles.

Clarkson, who hit 42 home runs for Dallas in the Texas League last season, is a Negro infielder who was born about five years too early to take full advantage of Branch Rickey's emancipation policy. Before the erasure of the color line in organized baseball, Negroes had to take their play and their pay where they found it, which usually was south of the border. Buster was talking about playing in Cuba under Adolfo Luque, who once was one of the National League's craftiest right-handers.

"Smartest cooky I ever played for," said Buster appreciatively. "He had different signs for every player on the club and it seemed like he had a sign for every pitch. I don't see how he remembered them all. And, brother, you had to remember them or he'd fine you big if you missed one."

Why He Likes to Play for Durocher

"I couldn't play for a man like that, I declare," squeaked Willie in the high-pitched voice he lapses into when excited. "I just like to be let alone when I'm playing. That's why I like Leo. He never bothers me, just lets me go 'long my own way. Oh, mebbe if we're a run or two behind in the late innings, I look over to him to see should I hit or take, but mostly I'm free."

As a matter of fact, Durocher had Willie bunt only once during the 1954 season. It resulted in a runner being thrown out at third. The Giants lost the game, and Mays never was ordered to bunt again.

The only advice given Mays since he first joined the Giants came in the latter half of last season when it was suggested that he modify his stance. Willie had been batting from a full spread and semicrouch. Durocher got him to bring his feet somewhat closer together and to stand more erect. The results of the new stance were amazing.

Willie hit his 36th home run off Alpha Brazle of the Cards on July 28th in the 99th game the Giants played. Although he played in 55 more games, Mays hit only five more homers, one of them inside the park. If this sounds as though the pitchers solved Willie, don't kid yourself. He was batting .326 when he changed his stance, but he batted .379 from that point on, to wind up leading the majors with an impressive .345 average.

The dip in home-run production and the increase in Mays's average were the result of the altered stance. Willie's power had been against high inside pitches. Pitchers were keeping the ball away from his strength and pitching low and outside. With the new stance, Mays was ripping this ball into right and right center for base hits. Individual glory (homers) was sacrificed for the greater good of the team (base knocks).

Mays didn't stick to his new stance entirely. In the first two games of the World Series, he spread himself and tried for the fences, but Bob Lemon and Early Wynn were able to get the ball past him and he didn't make a hit. Durocher talked with Willie on the plane to Cleveland and Mays modified his stance in the two games there, batting .444 and raising his Series average to .286.

Puerto Rican fans, eager for Willie's first homer, were disappointed that it took him three weeks to achieve it. They didn't realize that Mays was concentrating on his new stance.

There is a story behind Mays's first homer. About the only chink in Willie's armor is his impatience. He hates to let the first pitch go by if it is anywhere within range. In the Series, Willie chased the first pitch eight times and made only one hit, twice missing it for strikes and going out on it five times.

Tom LaSorda, a southpaw who finished the mainland season with Brooklyn, capitalized in the Puerto Rican League on Mays's overeagerness. Pitching for Mayaguez-Aguadilla, Tom became the first in the league to "put the collar" on Willie,

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lays changed the hurler's mind—by hitting a homer

New York Giants keep a close eye on Mays in Puerto Rico. Here scout Frank Forbes shows fan letters to Willie (wearing same number as with Giants). Scout Tom Sheehan is at left

Mays, while hitting at .464 pace for Santurce, was signed by the Giants for 1955 at $25,000

blanking him after Mays had hit in five straight games.

Considering the success Mays had had against Brooklyn pitching during the season, LaSorda was justifiably elated over his feat. "I teased him with the first pitch," explained Tom, "making it good enough to hit at but not good enough to overpower. Maybe I've discovered his weakness."

Two weeks later, Mays hit his first Puerto Rican home run. The victim? Tom LaSorda.

Horace Stoneham, Giant president, combined business with pleasure on his recent trip here. He had the pleasure of seeing Willie hit his first homer —and saw him hit two more in the next two days. Then he got down to the business of signing Mays for 1955 and adding the contract autograph of pitcher Gomez as well.

Mays signed for $25,000—peanuts for a player of his ability but double the $12,500 with which he started the 1954 season. Willie got two pay boosts during the year, as Horace voluntarily tore up contracts to write new ones.

Stoneham was elated with Mays's local home runs. "Willie hit one to dead center, one to left center and one to right center," said Horace. "He wasn't pulling the ball to left, as he had been early in the National League season. On Mays, the new stance looks good. Maybe he'll be getting both home runs and base hits with it in the States next season."

Because Mays is such a natural ballplayer, there is a tendency to write him off as an unthinking ballplayer. A bus ride with the Santurce Cangrejeros (Crabs) would correct this impression. Among his fellow ballplayers, Willie sheds his reserve and talks baseball not only volubly but intelligently.

Riding back after a night game at Caguas, Sam Jones, who pitched for Indianapolis in the American Association last season and has been purchased by the Chicago Cubs, was talking about Charley Neal, the Caguas-Guayama second baseman. Neal had played with St. Paul against Jones and there were rumors that the Dodgers might trade Junior Gilliam for pitching strength and play Neal at second in his place.

"Neal's the best glove man I ever saw," declared Jones. "He could play in Brooklyn or anywhere."

Home Runs Come Easier in the Minors

"He'd find it a lot different up there," argued Mays. "I don't care how good he was in the association. I came up from the association, too, and I know I found it a lot different in the majors. We got a boy on the Giants named Bob Lennon who hit 64 homers for Nashville. Think he's gonna hit 64 for us? The big-league pitchers can put the ball right where they want it and right where you don't want it."

"Who's talking about hitting or pitching?" demanded Jones with some heat. "I say Neal can play second base in the majors on his fielding. That's all I said—fielding. I know hitting and pitching are different. I belted a hit to right the other night, but that doesn't mean that I'd do it against Sal Maglie."

The mere thought of big Sam, who hits strictly like a pitcher, batting against the Barber so convulsed Willie that for a time it looked as though the debate might go by default, until Jones returned to the attack.

"I've seen Neal pivot, I've seen him go into the hole after balls and I've seen him throw," stubbornly insisted Sam. "Tell me what's so different about fielding in the big leagues? And answer me sensibly now, Willie."

"They hit the ball harder and they run faster," said Willie solemnly. "You'll find out."

Mays is getting $1,000 a month and expenses with Santurce. That's the limit for a major-leaguer, and the clubs are limited to three major-leaguers each. A major-leaguer is considered anyone who played more than 45 days on the big apple.

It is obvious that Mays could have made more than his Puerto Rican salary hanging around New York and taking guest shots on TV, making personal appearances here and there. It was Henry Thompson, the Giant third baseman, who told the Giants Willie would be better off playing winter ball. "Barnstorming would be no good to Willie," Hank told president Horace Stoneham. "He can't play ball when the games don't mean anything. Hanging around town won't be good for him. He'll be better off playing with Franks in Puerto Rico."

Although Willie never has come out in public, like ex-Commissioner Happy Chandler, to declare that he loves baseball, the evidence is that he does. One night in Caguas, there was nobody to warm up the Santurce pitcher who was going to work batting practice. Willie grabbed a catcher's mitt and took the pitcher's preliminary throws, topping off the job by throwing a strike to second base to nail an imaginary base runner.

Branch Rickey, Jr., in charge of Pittsburgh's minor-league operations, was in the stands and was moved to enthusiastic admiration. "Look at that boy," exclaimed the Twig. "He just can't wait to get things started. I've always maintained you can learn more about a ballplayer by watching him two days in the winter leagues than you can by watching him for two weeks in the States."

"How come?" he was asked.

"Down here you can tell who likes to play," he explained. "You'll see some guys dogging it, sure, but that's the whole point. In the States, there's a manager putting pressure on the player all the time. Down here, the fellow who puts out is the fellow who likes to play—and the fellow who likes to play is the fellow who'll help your club."

That about sums up Willie. He likes to play. And he's pretty good at it, too—maybe the best there is today.

Baseball is No. 1 subject at pig roast given by club owner Zorrilla (turning spit). From left: Mays, Franks and pitcher Ruben Gomez

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By ANTHONY STEVEN

A charming and funny story about two young lovers, a very balmy emperor and a *most* unusual horse

CALIGULA was twenty-five when he became emperor. He was a tall, thin young man with blond hair and hard yellow eyes. Everyone in Rome knew he was mad, but if you valued your skin, you ~~didn't~~ go around talking about it. His spies and informers were everywhere.

He ruled for four years before he was assassinated, and during all that time I was probably the only person who turned his madness to account and lived to tell the tale.

It happened toward the end of the first year of his reign. He was only just getting into his stride.

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As I waited, holding Incitatus, I began to tremble violently. For there at the emperor's left, with a peacock-feather fan, was Camilla

He hadn't yet built the bridge of boats six thousand paces long across the Bay of Baiae, so that he could drive across it in a chariot and fulfill some prophecy or other. Nor had he publicly proclaimed his divinity and ordered a temple, which was to be bigger than that of Jupiter himself, built in his honor. The only straws in the wind were the signs of growing discontent in the city, where his extravagance had produced a public shortage of bread. And I can't pretend I was much affected by this personally.

I was a slave in the royal stables, as my father had been before me, and I was feeling more contented with my lot than I had ever felt before. I loved horses and, providing I did my job properly, I hadn't much to worry about.

But the chief reason for my contentment was Camilla. We had fallen in love. She was a slave like myself and had a nice job as maid to the Lady Drusilla, who was one of the emperor's three sisters. The other two were Lesbia and Agrippina. Drusilla was far and away the best of the lot, though that in itself wasn't much of a recommendation. I often used to feel uneasy for Camilla's sake. The tales that got around of what had happened to other pretty girls working in the palace made my hair stand on end.

But if I voiced my fears, Camilla only laughed at me. "Stop worrying, you old silly," she would say. "Her ladyship will see that I come to no harm."

This was true up to a point. The Lady Drusilla had taken a fancy to her. It was Camilla who bathed her, and who stood behind her couch at mealtime, waving a fan of peacock feathers to cool her and keep the flies away. Her ladyship even gave Camilla presents—scent bottles that still had a drop of scent in them, and scarves as good as new that she no longer wanted—that sort of thing. It was practically unheard of.

Camilla was of medium height, very slender and supple. She had a smooth, creamy skin and long, light brown hair that hung about her shoulders. She smiled readily, a very merry, charming smile that revealed perfect teeth. Her lips were soft and red, and her wide blue eyes were sometimes innocent and sometimes full of mischief. She was seventeen and as much in love with life as she was with me; and I don't suppose it ever occurred to her that fate might have been more generous to her.

I had known her since she was a child, because her father, Aemilius, had been a friend of my father's. Aemilius was a widower and a slave in the royal kitchens, where he was an undercook. I liked him, and after my father's death he was always very kind to me. He was a small, tubby man, with fine black mustaches, and gold rings in his ears. He laughed a great deal, and when he did so his eyes almost vanished in little folds of fat.

But despite Aemilius' natural good humor, he harbored a secret grievance. He had often told me he was an artist among chefs, but that the emperor's chief cook, Lucius Afer, was so jealous that Aemilius was never permitted to exercise his talents. It was a real grief to him. From time to time he would fall into a black mood and weep tears of frustration.

But, as I say, Aemilius took an almost fatherly interest in me. I was a fine upstanding young chap with an appetite to match, and while the food they doled out to us slaves in the stables was enough to

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keep us going, it was never enough to prevent my feeling hungry.

I got into the habit of sneaking around to the back of the kitchen. I kept out of sight of Lucius Afer, who would have had me whipped on the spot, or worse; but Aemilius always knew where I would be waiting, and when the chief cook's back was turned he would slip me some tasty morsel that had been returned from the emperor's table—pastry crammed with goose-liver *pâté* and truffles, or half a cold fowl glittering in aspic.

Sometimes, when the chariot races were on and I was too busy to get away, Aemilius would send Camilla around to the stables with a napkin full of delicious scraps. When she first started running this errand she was only fifteen, but even then she was full of a delicate promise, like a flower beginning to unfold. I was already nearly twenty, very full of myself, and I used to tease her the way a man will tease a pretty youngster. She took it all in good grace. But time went by, and suddenly I realized I wasn't teasing her any more. Instead, I used to think about her at night before I went to sleep.

ONE day she came with the usual bundle. I opened the napkin and there lay a splendid slice of boiled salmon, cucumber, newly baked bread, six nectarines and a small flagon of wine.

My mouth watered. For three days I'd made do with our normal ration of pulse pudding. "Camilla!" I cried. "It's a meal fit for a king."

"I'm hungry too," she said wistfully.

"There's an answer to that," I retorted, and, gathering up the napkin, I took her hand and led her to a building behind the stables where there was a hayloft. "Up you go," I said. She climbed the ladder, and I followed.

The loft was dimly lighted and sweet with the scent of hay. I pulled up the ladder, and without more ado we opened the napkin she had brought. After we had eaten, we shared the wine and then sank back on the hay.

She was very near to me. I felt the blood racing in my veins. "Camilla," I said breathlessly, "there's something I must tell you."

"What is it, Pallas?"

"Camilla, I love you."

"I love you too," she said quietly. "Isn't that lucky, Pallas?"

I took her in my arms. I could feel her trembling. She closed her eyes and put up her face so that I could kiss her lips. It was the sweetest moment of my life. Then she opened her eyes again. "I really do love you, Pallas," she said.

After that she used to bring me food from the kitchens as often as she dared. We always went to the hayloft and shared the food, and no one ever discovered our secret.

"I want to marry you and have six babies," she would say sometimes. And sometimes she would make fun of me: "I think you love that beastly horse more than you do me."

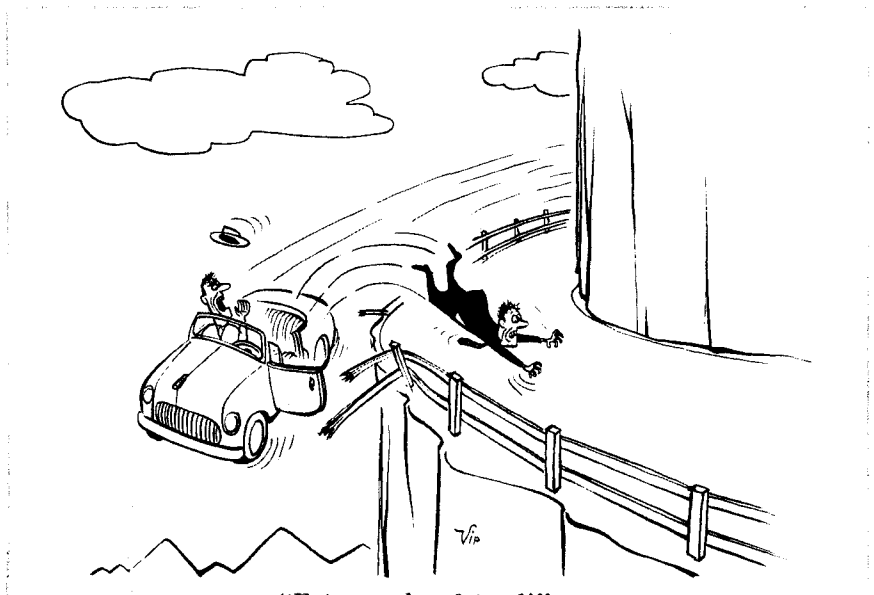
As a matter of fact, the horse in question—Porculus, which means "little pig"—was the one other interest in my life. He won his name not because of his looks, for he was one of the noblest animals I have ever seen, but because he took as much pleasure in his food as I did in mine. The mere thought of it excited him. I had only to thrust my hand inside my tunic, as though I was going to give him a handful of corn, and he would stamp and snort and toss his head up and down in an ecstasy of anticipation.

He was a great white stallion, superbly formed, and I had had the care of him since he was a foal. I had helped my father break him—a task that had demanded infinite patience and understanding, and cunning as much as courage.

That was the last occasion on which I worked with my father. A short while later he caught the fever, which killed him. I had inherited his flair for horse management, and I think the knowledge comforted him as he lay dying.

He had been a good father to me, devoted and considerate, and in his last moments his thoughts were for me. "You mustn't lose courage, Pallas," he had whispered. "A slave's life isn't so bad when you're doing a job you like. You're strong. You have a rare way with horses, boy. Stay with them."

He fell silent, leaning against me, exhausted. Then his lips moved again, his voice so faint I could scarcely hear him. "Take care of the Little Pig. Remember, Pallas—the man who can break a horse without breaking its heart deserves well of the gods." Those were the last words he ever uttered.



COLLIER'S "Fair-weather friend!" VIRGIL PARTCH

Porculus remained a creature of imperious spirit, ready with his teeth or hoofs for those he despised. With my father dead, I was the only groom in the stables who could manage him, and so Castor, the head groom, gave orders that I was to have sole charge of him.

With me, Porculus was absolutely docile. There were few things I couldn't do with him, and he would do almost anything for me.

SOON after I had fallen in love with Camilla, Porculus was entered in his first chariot races. He was three years old. I expected a great deal of him, and he didn't disappoint me. He won every time he went out.

This was all right to start with, but after a while I grew anxious. He was attracting too much attention to himself. I felt that if he earned the reputation of being unbeatable, someone would decide he was too precious to be entrusted to an ordinary slave.

I often talked to him when we were alone together in the stable. "I don't mind your winning," I would say, "but I wish you wouldn't do it all the time. It's inviting trouble. One fine day they'll come along and take you away from me. You won't like that. Nobody understands you like I do."

But Porculus would only send a great gust of air ruffling through his nostrils. He was laughing at me.

It wasn't long before Caligula became personally interested in the horse. He was delighted with Porculus' unending victories. The emperor wasn't a bad hand with the reins and whip, and on two or three occasions he drove Porculus to victory himself.

Camilla told me that for weeks past the main topic of conversation during mealtimes at the palace had been Porculus. Caligula was now in the habit of making unfavorable comparisons between his indolent relatives—who, he complained, lived out of his purse and never stirred themselves on his behalf—and this noble beast, who was ready to burst his heart in his emperor's service for a ration of corn.

One morning I was mucking out Porculus' stall when the head groom came up. "Hey, you!" Castor said.

"Yes, sir?"

He pointed to Porculus. "That isn't a horse any more," he said.

I stared at him. He wasn't drunk. "Very good, sir."

"Wait till I've finished. That gentleman is now a citizen of Rome on the emperor's orders. Understand?"

I said that I did.

"What's more," Castor continued, "you can take that name plate down from over the manger. His name isn't Porculus any longer—it's Incitatus."

Roughly, Incitatus means "swift-speeding." It's a dignified sort of name, and of course Porculus isn't. "Yes, sir," I said.

"That's all. Mind you show him proper respect in the future. Don't speak unless he speaks to you, and call him 'sir.' You're only a common slave, and don't you forget it, Pallas my lad."

Castor seldom smiled, and he wasn't smiling now. But there was an odd twist to his thin face, as though he was having difficulty in suppressing his true feelings.

He walked away, leaving me none too happy. If you're a slave, you like everything to stay the way it is. Any change is usually for the worse. And I was fairly sure there was going to be a change.

Camilla did her best to cheer me up the next time she came to the stables. She knew all about Porculus becoming Incitatus and being made a citizen of Rome. The Lady Drusilla had told her. Camilla had started to laugh, but her mistress had become very angry, slapped her face and scolded her for the first time.

"It's nothing to laugh about, you little wretch," the Lady Drusilla stormed, and so Camilla started to cry instead and fell on her knees and begged her ladyship's pardon very humbly, after which she was forgiven.

But Camilla's story didn't make me any easier in my mind.

NOTHING much happened during the next few weeks. Incitatus won all his races with monotonous regularity. Whenever anyone else was around I was very careful to speak to him only after he had appeared to speak to me. Merely by tickling his belly I could make him squeal with rage, and that was a good enough cue. "Certainly, sir," I would say. "Immediately, sir."

Our relationship created a profound impression throughout the whole stables. Ministering to the needs of an important Roman citizen gave me a prestige shared by none of the other grooms. But when I was on my own with Incitatus, I treated him in the old way, and he didn't seem to mind.

He was in perfect condition—hard as nails and his coat like satin. I groomed him for three hours every day, and he was a credit to me. When feeding time arrived he devoured the lot and then scoured the manger in case there was a stray oat he had missed. But his appetite was no fiercer than my own.

If Camilla's duties kept her late, I went to the kitchen in the ordinary way. To make the arrangements easier for both of us, Aemilius had found a place where he could leave my extra rations in comparative safety. This was the trestle table in the butchers' shop. The shop was used only in the mornings.

I came in one afternoon feeling even hungrier than usual. There on the trestle table was a hunk of bread and a bowl of game stewed in a dark rich gravy. My mouth was watering uncontrollably. I put out my hand to seize the bowl, and as I did so a great bronze spoon cracked down on my knuckles with such force that I thought my fingers were broken. I let out a yell.

"So I've caught you at last," said an unpleasant voice. I spun around, nursing my hand. Lucius Afer, the emperor's chief cook, was standing there with a malicious grin on his ugly face. He was a tall, lean man with mean eyes and sensual, flabby lips. His nose jutted out like a beak. His neck was long and scrawny, and when he talked his Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

I was scared half to death.

"I've been waiting for this," Lucius Afer said with relish, "a dirty slaveboy stinking of the stables dares to steal the emperor's food. I can't wait to see the guard commander's face when I tell him."

"Spare me!" I cried, for I knew that could mean only one thing, and I couldn't bear the thought of dying without seeing Camilla again.

Lucius Afer laughed. It was a nasty sound. "Spare you, indeed! I'd sooner spare a pig brought for slaughter," he said. "I don't know what they'll do to you before they finish you off, but I can hazard a guess. The bastinado first. Then the fiddlestring torture. You'll be glad when they crucify you."

He dipped the bronze spoon into the bowl of game and held it mockingly toward me. "Hungry, slave?"

"Not any more," I said. It was quite true. I felt sick.

"One doesn't need to be hungry for a delicacy like this," Lucius Afer said. "Food for an emperor, prepared by the greatest cook in the Roman Empire. And you *dared* to think of defiling it in

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your belly!" He put the spoon to his lips and sucked in a great mouthful. A streak of brown gravy trickled down his chin. He rolled the food around on his tongue in the most disgusting manner, keeping his mouth open. Then he swallowed it, smacking his chops with immense appreciation.

The memory of what followed will be with me to my dying day. Before my eyes his cold, grinning features contorted in a terrible grimace. His eyes nearly fell from their sockets. He dropped the spoon, and his hands flew to his throat as though seeking to tear out his Adam's apple. Then he pitched to the ground, his whole body shaking with spasms, and a horrible sound of retching issuing from his throat. He died in a few seconds. A final convulsion arched his back to breaking point, and it was all over. He lay still.

FOR the first time in my life I nearly fainted. "Aemilius!" I yelled, "Aemilius! Quickly!"

He came running. His smile vanished when he saw Lucius Afer.

"I didn't do it," I said. "I swear!"

I told him what had happened as best I could. When I had finished, he gave a low whistle.

"By almighty Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "You've had a narrow escape, Pallas. I've only just heard. One of the palace guests died during luncheon. They say he was a rich man who had named the emperor in his will just to curry favor. The court doctor said it was the cardiac passion."

Aemilius picked up the bowl, sniffing the contents carefully. "H'm—it's very faint. You wouldn't notice it unless you knew, especially if you'd had a few glasses of Falernian."

"You—you mean poison?"

"What else? Normally, when a guest dies, we destroy all the food that comes back to the kitchen—just as a precaution. Never mind what the doctor says. But somebody must have slipped up today. We weren't warned."

I leaned against the trestle table, feeling exhausted. "What about him?" I said, looking down at Lucius Afer's grotesquely sprawled body. "There's bound to be an inquiry. I won't stand a chance."

"Nonsense," Aemilius said. "Nobody knows you were here but me. It's an obvious accident. In any case, they'll hush the whole affair up." He kicked Lucius Afer in the ribs. "You've nothing to get upset about. Dead dogs don't bite."

He paused abruptly, and in that same instant he was like a man transformed. His face was shining. "Pallas—dear boy!" he cried. "Do you realize what this means to me? You've given me the chance I've been waiting fifteen years for!"

My mind was still working rather slowly.

"But of course you see, Pallas," he went on, "with that second-rate pot cleaner out of the way, who's going to prepare dinner tonight if I don't? There's not another of the undercooks who would have the courage, let alone the skill!"

He embraced me, tears running down his cheeks. Shaky as I was, I managed to summon a smile. "Why, Aemilius, that's splendid," I said.

Aemilius was quite overcome with emotion. "I don't know how I shall ever be able to repay you," he said huskily. "Of course, you *could* marry Camilla—but then I don't suppose you want to."

I could hardly believe my ears. Then I saw his eyes were twinkling. The tremendous happiness that surged through me wiped away those last dreadful minutes as though they had never been.

"You mean it, Aemilius?" I gasped. "You really mean it?"

"It's the very least I can do."

This time I embraced him. He pushed me gently away. "You mustn't stay here, Pallas. Go back to the stables. I'll send Camilla over in half an hour with some food for you."

My expression must have changed, for he burst out laughing. "I'll try it on the dog first," he assured me.

Camilla came, just as Aemilius had promised. He had told her everything. She was radiant, tremulously beautiful, and when we reached the hayloft, she threw her arms around my neck and hugged me as though she would never let me go. . . .

I was so happy I couldn't get to sleep that night. The first cocks were crowing when I finally dropped off. The next thing I remember, Castor was standing over me, tickling my nose with his whip and asking sarcastically if I'd had permission from Citizen Incitatus to take the morning off.

How the hours dragged! I couldn't wait to see Camilla again. But at last my duties were done, and there she was, waiting in the usual place for me. But as I approached her, something strange happened. She turned and ran.

"Camilla!" I cried. But she didn't answer me. She ran very fast, and I didn't catch her till she had reached the hayloft. I climbed the ladder and saw her lying face down in the hay, weeping as though her heart would break.

I pulled up the ladder and went over to her. I stroked her hair, not speaking at first, but with a dull fear growing in my heart. At last I said: "Camilla, what is it?"

She sat up and looked at me then, her face so pale and sad I scarcely recognized her. "Oh, Pallas," she said piteously, "I can never see you again."

I was utterly bewildered. "My darling, what are you saying? Your father promised—"

She shook her head. "It's no use. It's not his fault. We'll both be put to death if anyone catches us together."

"Put to death!"

She nodded. "It's all the fault of that horrid Lucius Afer dying like that," she said. "Father was so happy because his chance had come at last—" She broke off, unable to go on.

I thought I understood. "You mean—he didn't make a success of the emperor's dinner?"

Camilla wrung her hands. "How I wish that he hadn't! That's the whole trouble, Pallas. The emperor swore he had never eaten so well. He sent for my father and made him a freedman on the spot. So now I'm not a slave any more."

THIS time I did understand. For a slave and a freedwoman caught having any kind of intimate relationship there is only one punishment: both must die. I bowed my head. "You should never have risked your life coming here," I said.

"I would die for you, Pallas. But dying doesn't solve anything."

I comforted her as best I could. We were both quite certain it was the end of everything for us. There was about as much chance of my becoming a freedman as there was of Aemilius' becoming emperor.

"I'll never marry anyone else," Camilla whispered, "as long as I live."

After she had gone, I was sorry I hadn't eaten the poison instead of Lucius Afer. The prospect of life without Camilla was well-nigh unendurable.

The following week I suffered another blow. I was grooming Incitatus, when I heard the head groom coming. I pulled myself together. "Yes, sir," I said loudly to the horse. "I'll comb your tail in a moment, sir."

"'Sir'?" cried Castor in a terrible voice. "What do you mean, 'sir'? Do you know who you're talking to?"

"I was talking to Citizen Incitatus," I said.

"I'll have you whipped for insolence," said the head groom. "'Citizen,' forsooth! The emperor has most graciously raised him to the rank of consul."

I gaped like a fool.

"If you dare to speak to him," Castor went on, "say 'Your Honor.' Not that it matters. The noble consul will no longer be requiring your services."

He gazed at me with his beady brown

COLLIER'S **"I realize it looks rather alarming, but it's just the wife painting a couple of chairs"** GARDNER REA

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eyes. I barely grasped his meaning. "They—they're not taking him away from me?" I faltered.

"You're dismissed. That's all. The emperor has given the consul a mansion near the palace, suitable to his new status. The domestic staff is already installed. As for you, consuls don't use grooms as their personal servants. They employ valets."

They took Incitatus away that day, and I was returned to ordinary stable duties. The other grooms, who had grown jealous of my position, made life pretty uncomfortable for me. I was too miserable to care much, and in any case this state of affairs didn't last long.

NEXT morning I was summoned to Castor's office. He pointed to some clothes hanging from a peg on the wall —a complete livery of one of the palace footmen. "Put those on," he said.

I was past asking questions; I did as I was told. When I had changed, he eyed me critically and nodded his head as though satisfied. The ghost of a smile hovered around his sardonic mouth.

"That's better," he said. "Now listen carefully, Pallas. You're to move into the consul's house. There's merry hell to pay there. He's broken the wine butler's leg and bitten one of the chambermaids. Not that I care a damn—all I'm concerned about is His Honor. If he strains one of his tendons, we all stand to lose our heads."

For Castor to speak to a slave in this man-to-man fashion was a compliment outside my experience. It gave quite a lift to my morale. I collected my few worldly goods together and set off for the consul's house.

It was a mansion in the finest tradition of Roman architecture. There was central heating. The floors were laid out in exquisite mosaics.

At first there seemed to be nobody about. Then I discovered those who were left of the domestic staff cowering in the kitchen, nursing minor injuries. They welcomed me like a savior. They were a decent, friendly crowd of men and women; they just didn't know about horses.

Incitatus had retired to his bedroom in a huff. And what a bedroom it was! The walls had been decorated with horse scenes by one of Rome's leading artists. The manger was of ivory and the drinking bucket of solid gold. On the floor was a thick, beautifully plaited straw mat for the consul to sleep on.

He greeted me like an old friend, whickering gently with pleasure. I ran my hands over his legs and was relieved to find nothing wrong.

It didn't take me long to get everything organized so far as Incitatus was concerned, and I was soon comfortably settled in my new surroundings. I had the best sleeping quarters I had ever known, and I never went hungry.

Every day the most lavish meals were prepared for Incitatus and spread out on silver dishes by his mat. Needless to say, he turned up his nose at the lot—even the green salads, because of the dressing. He was interested only in corn and the bran mashes I mixed for him. After a respectable lapse of time, the slaves-in-waiting would clear away the silver dishes, and Incitatus would be left to his own devices. Then the staff retired to the kitchen, where we would tuck in to suckling pig and sides of venison to our hearts' content.

The change did me good; I felt calmer inside. But the outlook remained bleak. There had been no message from Camilla since the day we parted. There appeared small prospect of our meeting again. . . .

Then Incitatus won a particularly important chariot race. A messenger arrived from the palace and said the emperor commanded the presence of the consul at dinner.

I spent hours getting him ready. I groomed him till his coat shone like spun silk. His blanket was red velvet, and his headstall blue. But when the time came for him to leave, a problem arose. Nobody had been detailed to escort him.

"Let him go see the emperor by hisself," said the third footman vindictively. "Vicious brute—makes a pair of 'em," he added under his breath.

But Incitatus plainly couldn't be trusted to find his own way to the palace. I asked one of the maids to brush off my livery, and when she had done so I led him there myself.

The guards saluted as we entered the palace yard. On the steps of the marble portico leading into the palace, a major-domo was waiting to receive us. He bowed low to Incitatus. "This way, Your Honor," he said.

We followed him through a vast pillared hall, where the only furnishing was a golden statue of Caligula, and down a broad corridor into the banqueting room.

The banqueting room was spacious and well lighted, the walls hung with rare tapestries. The emperor and his relatives were reclining on couches set in a wide semicircle, with low tables before them. They all got up as we entered. At a sign from the major-domo, I led Incitatus straight up to Caligula.

What a welcome he got! Caligula threw his arms around the horse's neck in the most extravagant fashion, kissing him first on one cheek and then on the other. I'll say this for the emperor: he had a way with horses, just as I had, and Incitatus sensed this. He behaved beautifully.

"Greetings, darling Incitatus," said Caligula tenderly. He caressed the horse's glossy neck and turned to his relatives. "Look at him," he commanded sternly. "Behold the marriage of physical perfection and superior intellect. Incitatus has more intelligence than the lot of you put together. Let one of you deny it!"

No one dreamed of denying it.

Shortly afterward the banquet began. On the emperor's right hand there was no couch, only a straw mat, and here I stood with Incitatus. I was trembling violently, and it was not from awe at the occasion. On the emperor's left hand reclined the Lady Drusilla, who was his favorite sister, and behind her, holding the peacock-feather fan, was Camilla, wearing a dress of some gossamerlike material that was, to all intents and purposes, transparent.

Although she was now a freedwoman, she had wisely carried on her old employment in order to retain her ladyship's good will. When I first entered, she had given me one glad, terrified glance. Then she had lowered her eyes and gone on waving the fan.

Incitatus was offered every course as it came. There was soup and fish, game and meat. He wouldn't touch any of it. But every other course was a bowl of barley or mash. It was served to everyone present, including the emperor. While the court pretended to eat, out of courtesy to their guest, Incitatus tucked in.

The wine went around, and every time the cups were filled, a toast was drunk to the new consul.

The whole occasion passed off very well, and, subsequently, whenever Incitatus won a race he was invited to dine at the palace.

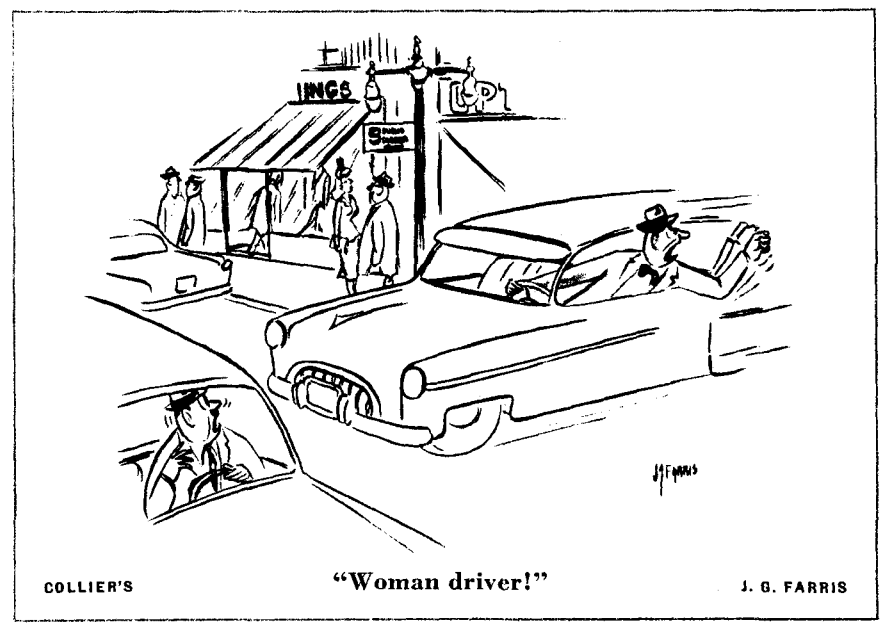
At first I was overjoyed because I was seeing Camilla again. But after a while it became an agony. Standing there for hours at a stretch, so near that I could almost touch her, was almost more than I could bear. At the same time, the thought of *not* seeing her any more was even worse. Incitatus had never lost a race. But supposing he should lose now? Incitatus would fall into disfavor and the invitations would cease.

MY CALMNESS was gone. I began losing sleep. Death itself, I decided, would be preferable to this present state of miserable uncertainty. I resorted to a desperate expedient. The next time Incitatus was invited to the palace, I carried a note in my pocket for Camilla.

Early in the meal I made a deliberately clumsy attempt to pass it to her. Caligula spotted me at once. He shot out a long, thin arm, snatching the note from my hand. A profound silence fell while he opened it.

"Most esteemed freedwoman Camilla," the emperor began in a simpering tone designed to make what I had written sound just as silly as possible, *"greetings."*

He paused long enough for the gale of mirth that rewarded these simple words to subside. But as he read on, the simpering tone vanished, and with it, in instant obedience, the smiles on



COLLIER'S "Woman driver!" J. G. FARRIS

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the faces of his relatives vanished also.

"The noble Consul Incitatus informs me that he intends asking the emperor to make me a freedman in recognition of my devoted services. In these auspicious circumstances, I devoutly hope that it will soon be possible for us to resume our interesting discussions. Your faithful slave, Pallas."

You could have heard a pin drop.

NOW my plan, though born of desperation, was not so foolhardy as it appeared. I didn't doubt that Caligula would welcome my note as further proof of the extraordinary qualities he claimed for Incitatus. I reckoned there was a very good chance he would take what I had written at its face value and act on it immediately. I felt certain it would never occur to him that one of his own slaves was practicing a deceit upon him. On the other hand, if through some unforeseen contingency something went wrong, I was confident that I had framed the note in such a way that Camilla would escape punishment.

In the prevailing silence, the emperor lowered the note and stared at me as though he were seeing me for the first time. Even now I believe the ruse would have succeeded if disaster had not come from the one quarter in which I had never anticipated it.

Camilla threw down her fan and ran forward, prostrating herself before Caligula. "Spare him!" she cried. "Spare him, great Caesar! He means no harm. He is a good man. I love him."

My blood turned to ice in my veins. Poor Camilla, in the innocence of her love for me, had ruined everything. Not only was my stratagem laid bare, but—and this was infinitely worse—Caligula had been made to look a perfect fool. His face went quite blank. Only the faint flush that mounted in his cheeks betrayed his deadly anger.

"A slave's trick," he said casually, turning to the Lady Drusilla. "Did you know about this, Sister?"

The Lady Drusilla looked very uncomfortable. "Of course I didn't," she retorted angrily. "The girl's a good maid, and I shall be sorry to lose her. But if she goes in for that sort of business, she deserves what she gets."

But Caligula wasn't listening to her. He was thoughtfully watching Camilla, still stretched at his feet, her long hair thrown up so that it revealed the white nape of her neck.

You could feel the tension in the room. When Caligula was in a mood of this kind, nobody was safe. He was perfectly capable of executing everyone who had witnessed his humiliation.

But it became evident he was not thinking in such general terms. "Such a soft, pretty neck," he mused. "It seems almost a pity to sever it. Mind you, there's a great deal to be said aesthetically for a sharp blade expertly used, but to my way of thinking the very speed of the operation mitigates the effect." He surveyed the assembled company. "What do you say?"

"Why ask us?" grumbled Lesbia. "You'll do it your way in the end."

Caligula pouted. "Very spiteful of you, Lesbia. In affairs of this kind, at least, I would have said you were a most discriminating judge."

"Crucify them and have done with it," Agrippina said brusquely.

Caligula considered this. "Very well," he said at length. "Not very subtle, perhaps, but just to show Lesbia how mistaken she is, I accept the suggestion. They can be crucified outside my bedroom window. It'll give them an opportunity to resume those interesting discussions. I shall listen most attentively." He signaled the guard commander. "Take them away."

Two burly soldiers seized Camilla, and the guard commander himself came for me. He was a big man with a red, brutal face and a fringe of black beard. In view of the fact that I was still holding Incitatus, it was stupid of him not to act more circumspectly. Without waiting for one of the footmen to take the halter from me, he sought to grasp me, and in that split second Incitatus moved with lightning speed. His wicked teeth plunged into the great beefy arm, and, tossing back his head, he whirled the man off his feet and then let him go.

With a howl of pain, the guard commander went rolling over, his breastplate clattering on the tiles.

That broke the tension. The shout of laughter that went up must have echoed through the palace. Caligula nearly fell off his couch. But when the guard commander scrambled to his feet and drew his sword, the emperor suddenly stopped laughing. "Hold!" he cried. The guard commander returned his sword to its scabbard, hardly able to contain his rage.

"You're under arrest," the emperor said, and as he motioned to the two soldiers holding Camilla, there was an unholy joy in his eyes. "Leave her alone. Take that man away."

The guard commander was marched out by his own men. Everybody waited on tenterhooks. Incitatus, by his intervention, had miraculously transformed the situation.

CALIGULA settled himself more comfortably against his cushions and gazed around at his relatives. "I suppose you were all taken in by that idiot of a girl," he said complacently. "She didn't fool me for a moment—I simply wanted to demonstrate the consul's capacity for ordering a difficult situation to his liking. He managed very well." He turned to Incitatus and said, "Come here, old friend."

I led the stallion forward and halted him facing the emperor.

Caligula's eyes rested on me in a brief, searching stare. Then he spoke to Incitatus. "Well, consul, is it really your wish that I give this impudent fellow his freedom?"

Whether the question was purely rhetorical, or whether he expected an answer, I could not say, but I had the wit to slip my free hand into the waistband of my tunic. Incitatus, whose belly was rumbling with hunger, whinnied and threw his head up and down with unmistakable enthusiasm.

There is really very little else to tell.

Caligula granted me my freedom on the spot and appointed me steward of Incitatus' household. He also married me to Camilla that same evening. He dressed himself in the priest's robes he was entitled to wear and conducted the ceremony in great style. Aemilius gave his daughter away. Incitatus acted as my witness with a fine decorum.

Caligula made a long oration, mostly in praise of himself—of his gifts as a ruler, and of other divinely inspired qualities that were beyond the comprehension of ordinary men.

But as I stood there, clasping Camilla's soft hand in mine, it was the words of an ordinary man that I recalled, the words of my father as he lay dying: "Remember, Pallas—the man who can break a horse without breaking its heart deserves well of the gods."

—ANTHONY STEVEN

"Some people think I follow the sun,"
says Mrs. Sturdivant Fisk Giocondo,
"and some think that the sun follows me"

"Yes, it's my villa at Bar Harbor in July, the South Carolina Plantation for the quail, then Cat Cay, Hobe Sound, Pebble Beach, and Banff. We scarcely ever kill the fires in the private car."

Like all really great social leaders, Mrs. Giocondo has been married four times—once for love, once for money, once for social position, and once for novelty.

"And each time there was a suitable SPRINGMAID sheet for my trousseau," she says, "except for Giocondo! Basement bargains are too good for him."

When Mrs. Giocondo starts dropping names, they are blockbusters, for she danced so often with the Prince that three Duchesses pressured the Foreign Office to void her visa. At Capri she was snubbed by Il Duce's doll. She was banned when she took a bulldog to Berchtesgaden and a velocipede to Venice. When the Pretender stepped on her bobby pin, the Infanta Torquemada accused her of trying to spike a rumor. She sold New York Central short the day after she left Palm Beach, and Beria is reported to have been strangled with one of her SPRINGMAID sheets. She gave a life-sized calendar to the Khedive, who promptly steamed away on the royal yacht. In South America she got a black eye for saying "No!" to a son of a President.

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The parachutes he'd rigged to pull the plane billowed out, and it took all of Williams' strength just to hold onto the wing

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Walking Out

id they had crashed in the arctic. If Williams let Blakely die, nobody would know

By WALT GROVE

The Second of Two Parts

The Story: When COL. RAY BLAKELY arrived in Utah to take over as commanding officer of our squadron, the outfit went GI with a vengeance. Blakely had never had a thought in his life that didn't come out of the rules and regulations, but if he thought the rest of us were hopeless, he must have changed his mind when LT. WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS, JR., was assigned to our squadron. Williams was an Army brat and he had a D.F.C., so he should have been the colonel's ideal officer; but instead Williams hated regimentation and military protocol—he was even ashamed of having got a D.F.C. The colonel and Williams might not have clashed and I might even have palmed my wife's older sister off on Blakely if LOUELLA SOMMERS hadn't had to make a forced landing at our base. Louella was gorgeous and rich and kind of special, to Williams—and to the colonel. They were both making time with her when suddenly we were ordered to West Germany. But Williams' plane started heating up before we got to Iowa, and while we were waiting for repairs, who should turn up but Louella. It looked kind of suspicious, but all that happened was that, instead of the kid, the colonel latched onto Louella. This made Williams fighting mad—he told Blakely off, told him what he thought of career officers and the whole military system. The kid was pretty hot about it, but we pulled out before that could go any further. And then, as we were flying from Bluie West-1 in Greenland to Iceland, something went wrong with the colonel's plane. He dropped out of formation, heading back toward BW-1, and since his communications system wasn't working, Williams followed him.

I HAVE to tell you now what happened to Lieutenant William L. Williams, Jr., and Colonel Ray Blakely when they were forced down on the Greenland icecap. If I know what happened to them, then someone must've told me—and that someone was either the colonel or the kid. If I know the story, then at least one of them got out alive, if not both of them. I'm not going to say anything more, but you can guess if you want to.

When Williams broke out of formation and turned back, the colonel's plane was four or five miles ahead of him. The colonel had the nose pointed at Greenland and he was pouring on the coal. Williams closed in until they were flying wing tip to wing tip. The colonel saw him and shook his head and jerked his thumb over his shoulder back in the direction of Keflavik. Williams shook his head no and pointed ahead toward Greenland. The colonel motioned again for Williams to rejoin the squadron, but the kid wouldn't leave him.

"Flatfoot Two, this is Fox Four-two-six," Williams called to the rescue plane. "Are you tracking me?"

There was no reply from Flatfoot Two.

"This is Fox Four-two-six, calling Bluie West-One," Williams said, but there was no answer to that either.

It had been fifteen minutes since they had broken formation. They were at 42,000 feet on top of the dirty stuff, and Williams could not see if Greenland or the Atlantic Ocean was below. They flew for another ten minutes, and then the colonel looked across at Williams and pointed down. Williams nodded. The colonel started down and Williams followed him.

"Flatfoot Two, this is Fox Four-two-six. We are going in. I believe we are over Greenland now."

At 2,000 feet Williams saw the icecap. It was a twilight world. The wind was driving the loose snow and ice particles high into the air in eddies and whirls. From the air the icecap looked flat.

The colonel's F-86 was at 1,000 feet with its flaps down and both its wheels up. Williams went into a wide turn just as the colonel dumped both his wing tanks.

"Fox Four-two-oh, get your wheels down," Williams said. "Your gear is not down and locked; get it down."

The colonel's F-86 went in with its wheels up. It touched the ice and bounded, settled and bounded again, then came back down and shot across the ice, turning slowly sideways until it went up on a wing and turned completely over.

"Flatfoot Two, this is Fox Four-two-six," Williams called. "Fox Four-two-oh made a wheels-up landing on the ice twenty-eight minutes after breaking away."

Williams went around in a wide circle, but he did not see any signs of life. He had fuel for about fifteen minutes' more flying time. Visibility was failing rapidly. He went down to 1,000 feet, and still he could not see if the colonel was alive.

Williams turned into the wind, dumped his flaps and lowered and locked the landing gear. He went down in a gentle glide. The wheels touched, the plane bounded and then the wheels touched and rolled. He kept his hand on the throttle. He did not touch the brakes; he just let it roll.

Williams had touched down about two miles east of the wreckage of the colonel's plane. He let the F-86 roll almost to a stop, and then he taxied the rest of the way. The icecap was not as smooth as it had looked from the air. Williams taxied up beside the colonel's F-86 and stopped. The colonel was hanging upside down in his harness in the cockpit. He wasn't moving.

The kid had to make certain that the colonel was dead. He did not want to cut the switch; he was not sure he could start his engine again. The cold might affect the battery, which was probably weak anyway. But he did not want to leave the plane sitting on the ice with the engine turning over. He had nothing to put under the wheels and the wind was blowing hard enough to shake the plane. If it got hold of the tail surfaces it might turn the F-86 around, push it across the ice and damage it. Locking the brakes would not do any good because the tires would skid across the ice.

The F-86 was headed into the wind. Williams cut the engine, rolled back the canopy and got out. The wind stung his face; it was a shock how cold it was. He slipped and fell. He was wearing a watertight rubber immersion suit that had feet in it and fitted snugly at the wrists. When he fell on the ice he cut, or tore, one knee of the suit. By the time he had crawled to the colonel's plane his face was beginning to grow numb, his fingers felt stiff.

THE canopy on the colonel's plane had jammed forward. Through it the kid saw that the colonel's old flak helmet had been half torn off and his head badly cut. The colonel's eyelids were half open, and he did not seem to be breathing. He's probably dead, Williams thought.

He had a hard time getting the canopy back. Then he put his hand on the colonel's face and it felt warm. A pulse in the colonel's throat was beating steadily. Wouldn't you know, the slob's still alive, Williams thought. He unfastened the colonel's harness and the colonel fell headfirst out of the cockpit and lay on the ice and moaned. Williams stretched him out and found, through the rubber immersion suit the colonel was wearing, that the colonel's left arm was broken.

The colonel shuddered, and then gagged and made a drowning noise. His eyes opened wide.

"How you feeling?" Williams yelled at him above the wind.

The colonel tried to speak. "I ordered—" was as far as he got. His eyes rolled to the top of his head and he fell back. The colonel's lower jaw had been broken and when he tried to speak he fainted from the pain.

Williams slipped his left arm out of the sleeve of his rubber immersion suit. Then he reached inside the suit with his right hand and tore the left sleeve off his shirt at the shoulder. He took the shirt sleeve and tore it into strips and bound the strips tightly around the colonel's head and under his jaw. The colonel regained consciousness gradually. His face was white and his lips trembled as if he were sick.

"You stupid fool!" Williams yelled above the wind. "Didn't you know enough to land with your wheels down? If you'd landed with your wheels down we wouldn't be in this miserable hopeless damn' situation."

The colonel started to speak, but he could not move his jaw. He put his hands to his face and felt the bandage. And then he looked around as if he were searching for something.

"Washing out an aircraft that cost the American

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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government about four hundred thousand dollars!" Williams yelled. "I hope they make you pay for it. I hope they bust you and give you about twenty years in Leavenworth and make you pay for it. You're one of the worst commanding officers I've ever seen. You didn't even get yourself checked out on how to land on the ice. What were you doing in Briefing? Sleeping? What a miserable pilot you are. You're a damn' disgrace to the American flag."

The colonel took a chart and a pencil from the pocket on the right leg of his immersion suit. On the chart he printed: *You will address me with the proper respect.*

"Aw, you're getting all the respect you deserve! Do you know how far we are from BW-One?"

The colonel shook his head no.

"That's great," Williams said. "That's just dandy. All right, sit there for a minute until I figure out what we're going to do. Don't get up and try to walk around, you'll only fall and fracture something else. Remember, you're getting old and brittle."

Williams tried to walk around the plane. It was hard because of the wind. He thought that it must be blowing with a velocity of at least forty miles an hour. The cold had bitten into him. He tried to warm himself by walking and swinging his arms and clenching and unclenching his fists. When he began breathing hard he stopped and leaned against the F-86.

HE KNEW that they were in southern Greenland, probably almost in the middle of the island—maybe in the western half of it, because the icecap seemed to slope very gradually toward the west. The Greenland icecap slopes toward both coasts from its highest point in the center of the island. Williams thought they could be anywhere from a hundred to three hundred miles from the west coast. He knew that the west coast was more inhabited than the east coast. He walked back to the colonel, who had wrapped himself in his parachute, and was lying on the ice.

"We've got to walk out!" the kid yelled. "Nobody knows where we are. We're going to have to save ourselves. Nobody's going to do it for us."

The colonel shook his head no. He printed on the back of the chart: *Briefed to stay with the plane in case forced down. Can be spotted from air. Give you direct order to remain here.*

"We'll freeze to death; we'll starve!" Williams yelled. "I don't want to die here. You probably do; you've got a destruction compulsion, that's the trouble with all you slobs."

The colonel wrote: *I have faith.*

"You give me a real genuine pain," Williams said in the colonel's ear. He was hoarse from shouting. "You've got faith. Listen, you've got to use your head. If you'd used your head when you landed you wouldn't be hurt now. And if you don't begin to use it for something else besides a club to beat your instrument panel with, then you're going to die right here."

The colonel shook his head no. He printed on the chart: *I order you to erect a suitable shelter.*

"You like modern? How about a nice ranch-type?" Williams yelled.

The colonel tapped the chart with the pencil to indicate the sentence he had printed, and then wrapped himself in the parachute and closed his eyes.

"Never disobey an order!" Williams yelled at him, not only because the wind was howling, but because he felt like yelling too. "Stick with the plane like they told you. Well, I'm getting out of here. I don't want to die. I don't have any death wishes and hate myself the way you do. I want to live."

The pale light was leaving the sky. The kid knew what he was going to do, but he had to hurry. He crouched under the colonel's overturned plane and got the survival kit, which had been attached to the parachute, and the colonel's .45. He got the one-man rubber life raft and inflated it. Then he took his own parachute pack from his plane and inflated his rubber life raft. He cut the shroud lines from his parachute and lashed both life rafts to the wing of his F-86, next to the fuselage.

Williams knelt beside the colonel and punched him with the .45. "Get up; get on your feet. I'm going to save your miserable, worthless life for you."

The colonel shook his head no and wrapped himself in the parachute again. Williams felt through the folds of nylon for the colonel's head. What he was going to do excited him and made him feel a little sick. He found the colonel's head and held it with his left hand while he hit it hard with the barrel of the .45. The colonel grunted, and then relaxed. Oh, golly, what if I killed him, Williams thought. He dragged the colonel to the wing of his F-86, where he had lashed the life rafts. He had a hard time putting him on the wing. Finally he got him on the life rafts and lashed him there.

It was dark then. Williams settled himself in the cockpit. He kept the canopy rolled back. Now, he thought. He switched on, and then threw the starter switch. The battery was weak, but it turned the starter motor over; and then the burners ignited and the compressor wheel began to turn over.

Williams knew that he did not have enough fuel to taxi far, and that there would be the danger of his wheels sinking into a hidden snow-covered crevasse. But every mile they could taxi toward the west coast meant one mile less that they would have to walk, when they would be weak from hunger and exhausted by the cold. Williams advanced the throttle; the F-86 moved forward sluggishly.

Williams could not taxi slowly. That would exhaust the fuel in a few minutes. Although he could see nothing he continued to advance the throttle. He could not see beyond the nose of the F-86, and the controls responded too slowly for him to maneuver the plane around anything that might suddenly rush at him out of the night. Twice he almost went over on a wing, and once he felt the wheels lift—for a moment the F-86 was airborne with the colonel lashed to the wing. Williams settled the F-86 back down.

THEY taxied for fifteen minutes. By the time the fuel was exhausted and the F-86 rolled to a stop Williams was bushed. He had been straining to see into the darkness. When the plane stopped, his hands were shaking.

Williams got out on the wing and bent over the colonel. He was unconscious and breathing raggedly. That's all I need on my hands now, a case of pneumonia, the kid thought. He knew that he had to build a shelter for the rest of the night, to protect the colonel from the wind. He would have to tie the plane down too. The wind could grow stronger and push it around and damage it, and it wouldn't have to blow much harder to do that.

Williams took the knife from his survival kit. It was an ordinary hunting knife. He climbed down from the wing, and behind each wheel he dug a small trench as deep as the wheels were high. When he finished he was panting and his body was wet with sweat under the rubber immersion suit. Williams shoved against the leading edge of the wing, trying to move the F-86. He could not. He shoved hard against the landing gear. The plane did not move. His feet slipped; he fell. I can't move it, he thought, I'd better not try; I'll hurt myself.

He could feel the cold creeping into his body again, and he stood up. He decided that he would build the shelter directly behind the plane. Then if the wind did move it, the plane would roll into the shelter and that would wake him. But even then he wouldn't be able to stop the plane. He could just grab it and hang on.

Williams began to scrape the loose snow together with his feet, making a low wall directly behind the F-86. When he finished the wall it was about two and a half feet high and not quite six feet long. It was a lot thicker at the base than at the top.

Williams got on his hands and knees and began to chop blocks from the ice. It was tedious, bitterly cold work. He cut the blocks from the ice directly in front of the wall of snow. When he had finished, the shelter was half above and half below the level of the ice. Williams walked slowly around the plane and took one of the parachutes off the colonel. He spread the parachute over the walls of the shelter and anchored it on each side with blocks of ice.

He ducked back under the wing and unlashed the colonel and slid him slowly off the wing. It was too dark for him to see the colonel's face, but Blakely was conscious now. Williams unlashed the life rafts and carried them to the shelter and put them inside, so they would not have to lie on the ice. Williams had to help the colonel walk from the plane to the shelter.

They lay side by side, breathing hard. "Got anything to eat?" Williams asked. It was easier to talk out of the wind.

The colonel grunted, "Huh-uh." The ride on the wing undoubtedly had jolted him badly in spite of the inflated life rafts; it would have been rough on his broken forearm.

WILLIAMS ducked out of the shelter, got the survival kits, and crawled back inside. He found matches and something else. He struck a match. The something else was chocolate.

"Here," he said. "It's chocolate."

The colonel made a protesting noise.

"Go on, take it," Williams said. "I'm allergic to chocolate. I eat it and break out in a rash." He laughed suddenly, but not as if he thought anything was funny. "I'll bet this is the first time in your life you haven't been able to bellow attention whenever you wanted. I don't believe you'll get out alive. I think you'll probably die from a coronary due to repressed rage."

The colonel made an angry noise.

"In the full report that I'm going to make out for the proper authorities when I get back to civilization, I'm going to tell them how when we were both starving to death you ate all the chocolate," Williams said. He was still feeling around in the survival kits. "Cigarettes. Two lousy cigarettes. You want to smoke? Oh, you don't want to? I don't know whether to smoke mine or to eat it. I'm going to do something with it though. Damn it, I'm going to smoke it, even if I do get the habit."

The colonel had fallen asleep. He was breathing deeply. Now and then he moaned in his sleep.

Williams' hands and face were badly frostbitten. He rubbed them; it was painful when the blood began to flow. His feet felt numb, but he would have to take off the rubber immersion suit to rub them and he was too exhausted. He pulled part of the parachute off the colonel and wrapped himself in it. "Good night, slob," he said. . . .

The next day when Williams awakened there was enough light coming

TIZZY

COLLIER'S

"Everything you tell Sylvia goes in one ear and comes out in the school paper's gossip column"

KATE OSANN

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into the shelter for him to see the colonel's face. It was yellowish where it had not been frostbitten white, and he was sleeping with his mouth open. The colonel looked drawn into himself, smaller. He looked sick.

"Come on. Wake up," the kid said.

The colonel slowly opened his eyes.

"Still alive?" Williams asked.

They stared at each other.

"You've got to get on your feet and walk. We've got nothing to eat. I'm telling you, every day it's going to be just that much worse."

Slowly the colonel shook his head no.

"Hurts, huh?" the kid said.

HE STARED at the colonel a moment longer, and then he turned and picked up the survival kits. They had knives in them, fishline and hooks, mirrors for signaling, seamarker dye, some morphine and wound tablets and some bandages.

Williams broke off small pieces of chocolate and pushed them between the colonel's lips. With his jaw broken the colonel could not chew, but the chocolate would dissolve slowly in his mouth.

"No sense in your lying there in pain as long as we've got some morphine," Williams said. He took the Syrettes from the kit. "Think you better take it in the arm. Lie still; I'll try to get your arm out. I'll try not to hurt you."

Williams gave the colonel two of the Syrettes and then sat back on his heels and waited. In a moment the colonel's eyes closed. Carefully the kid took the colonel's broken arm out of the rubber immersion suit. Then he cut the sleeve of the colonel's shirt from the cuff to the shoulder. Although the colonel's forearm was swollen and dark with ruptured blood vessels Williams found the fracture. It was a bad one.

He had nothing to use as a splint, and as best he could he bound the colonel's arm inside the rubber immersion suit and sat back again.

He can be sick today, the kid thought, but tomorrow he's got to rise from his bed and walk.

Williams crawled out of the shelter. During the night the wind had moved the F-86. One of its wheels had rolled into the trench he had dug, and that had stopped it.

The kid began tramping slowly around the shelter, trying to keep himself warm. The wind was violent. As he walked he tried to guess how far he had taxied the night before. He thought that it could have been twenty-five miles, but not more than thirty, and probably no less than about fifteen. That meant they might be as close as seventy-five miles from the coast, or as far away as two hundred and seventy-five. It's got to be about seventy-five, Williams thought. We could walk that in seven days. Seven days isn't long enough to starve to death.

They would walk directly west—that would be the shortest way to the coast. Then they could turn south. Williams knew that there were no animals on the icecap, but as they got closer to the coast there would be fiords cutting inland—around the fiords would be game of some kind. He had both his and the colonel's .45s and there were full clips in them. He had the fishline and hooks, too. If they could reach a fiord or the coast he would be able to catch a fish. There might be driftwood, too, and he could build a fire. Williams shivered and thought about a fire. . . .

Sometime during the night the storm blew itself out. When Williams awakened he realized that the wind was not blowing as it had been. He helped the colonel into a sitting position. The colonel's breath had crystallized in the stubble of his beard; his left eye was swollen shut. There was dried blood on his forehead from the cut in his scalp.

"We're walking out of here today," the kid said. "I've got it all planned."

The colonel shook his head no.

"I'm going, and you can't stay by yourself. You'll die. You're coming with me whether you want to or not."

Williams got the survival kits, the .45s and the knives. He bundled everything in the parachutes and tied them to his back. He got the colonel outside and made him stand. There was a fresh wind rising from the east. Williams noticed that instantly. "What does it mean when the wind comes out of the east like that?" he asked.

The colonel shook his head.

Williams stood thinking. "Now I remember. That's a foehn wind. It'll blow for maybe twenty-four hours like that. The velocity will increase, too. Sometimes they blow ninety miles an hour. I know what we're going to do now. We're going to get out of here, all right, but we aren't going to walk."

The colonel did not raise his head.

COLLIER'S **"Yes, sir, it's a real treat after the false alarms we've been having lately . . ."** TOM HUDSON

"Listen, are you in much pain?"

The colonel nodded.

"Well, I got it all figured out," Williams said. "I'll tell you what we're going to do. I realize you're so stupid you don't know what a foehn wind is so I'll try to explain. A mass of warm air is being poured down all over Greenland. It's like somebody was pouring a pitcher full of water on a table. The warm air is pushing down from the center of Greenland toward the coasts. The closer we get to the coast the faster it'll blow. You following me?"

The colonel nodded slowly.

"That wind is going to get us out," the kid said. "It'll blow us to the coast if we're lucky. I'll take both our chutes and fasten them to the landing gear. When the wind fills them it ought to move the plane. The ice is slick and there's a slope. You better sit in the cockpit. You can try to guide with the rudder but I don't think it'll do any good. You keep the flaps down and the elevators depressed. That'll give the wind a surface to push against. You keep the canopy rolled back and I'll crouch on the wing and hold onto the edge of the cockpit."

Williams took the parachutes and knelt between the walls of the shelter, out of the wind. Some of the shroud lines had been cut off one chute. He tied them again as tight as he could. He tried to fold the chutes as they had been folded in the parachute packs. There was not room enough in the shelter. He could get the parachutes only part way into the packs.

Williams cut the fabric of the life rafts into long narrow strips. He braided the strips and tied them together until he had a crude rope about twelve feet long. He tied one end of that around the nosewheel strut.

Williams began to lengthen the trench in which one of the wheels rested, so the wheel could roll out of it.

Williams got the colonel into the cockpit. "Better fasten it," he said, and he fastened the harness to hold the colonel in the cockpit and keep him from being thrown forward if they came to a sudden stop.

"The wind is going to blow us pretty much the way it wants to," Williams said. "When I give you the signal, dump the flaps and push the stick all the way forward."

Williams slipped off the wing and took the two parachute packs with the shroud lines trailing out of them and laid the packs on the ice ten or twelve feet in front of the plane. He braided the ends of the shroud lines together, tied one set of lines to the right landing-gear strut, the other to the left. He picked up the end of the rope he had made from the life-raft fabric and tied that around his body under his armpits. He picked up the chute packs and carefully took the canopies out of them, holding one under each arm.

"Dump the flaps!" he yelled.

The flaps came down, and then the elevators. The wind was strong enough to shake the F-86, but not to move it. Williams turned his back to the plane and walked as far ahead of it as the makeshift rope around his chest would permit. He tried to dig his heels into the ice as he threw all of his weight against the rope. At the same time he let the chute canopies fill with air. In spite of all his caution they popped open hard. For a second nothing happened. The wind filled the canopies, pushed against the plane and shook it. They'll tear, the kid thought. His feet slipped as he strained against the rope.

Slowly the F-86 moved sideways a few feet, almost stopped, and Williams tried to run with the rope around his chest, slipped and fell. He jumped up and began pulling again. The F-86 moved faster, then slowed. It was barely moving, going no more than three or four miles an hour.

The parachutes were billowing out in front of the plane. Williams could not see what was beyond the plane and he realized that the colonel, sitting in the cockpit, probably couldn't either. Williams kept trying to run and pull against the rope until his head ached and his throat burned all the way down to his stomach. He was trembling, he could barely see, and he had lost all sense of time. Once the wheels rolled into a snowdrift and the F-86 almost stopped. Williams began to get frantic in his efforts to keep the plane rolling, lunging and pulling against the rope. His legs felt like stumps. Tears had frozen on his cheeks.

The plane moved faster, perhaps six or seven miles an hour. He was trotting in front of it, no longer pulling on the rope. He tried to turn and run backward and he slipped and fell. The plane passed over him, taking up the slack in the rope around his chest, and began pulling him across the ice. He rolled over, got to his hands and knees, and fell again. Then he crawled up the rope hand over hand to the nosewheel. He grabbed it and held tight with both hands. They had been cut on the ice. He pulled himself to his feet, sliding on the ice, and managed to turn and catch the leading edge of the right wing as it came at him.

Slowly he pulled himself up, threw a leg up and lunged onto the wing. He was too awkward; he moved too quickly, and he slipped across the wing surface and fell off the trailing edge to the ice again and began to bounce around. He caught the rope in both hands and began pulling himself back onto the wing. When his feet were off the ice, he lay on the wing with his legs sticking over the edge, holding tight to the rope.

THE velocity of the wind increased constantly, but its direction did not change. The F-86 moved unevenly, the parachutes bobbling back and forth in front of it. First one wheel and then the other would drag as they hit small snowdrifts. The F-86 would turn slowly sideways, sliding across the ice, and then gradually straighten out. Their speed kept increasing.

The wind blew them westward for several hours. The jolting was more than the colonel could bear and he passed out. It took all of Williams' strength just to hold on. By then his legs were numb up to his hips; he knew he was freezing. The wind reached gale force and one of the parachutes began to tear. It ripped from the center outward, and the F-86 swung sharply to the left. Its nosewheel sank in a fissure in the ice, and then its right wheel, and finally it stopped hard. The force jerked Williams off the wing; he hit the ice and it knocked him out. . . .

When he came to, the light was fading from the sky. The wind was blowing stronger than it had been. The second parachute had torn and both of them were streaming in front of the plane, whipped to pieces by the wind.

The kid pushed himself to his feet and began to tramp methodically back and forth to get warm. A large snowdrift had built up on the lee side of the fissure in the ice. Williams took off his helmet, tied a square of nylon around his head to keep his ears from freezing, and began to dig into the snowdrift with his helmet. He dug a four-by-six-foot square, piling up the snow on both sides. He spread one parachute canopy over the top for a roof and put the other on the floor of the shelter.

It was dark by then and the wind

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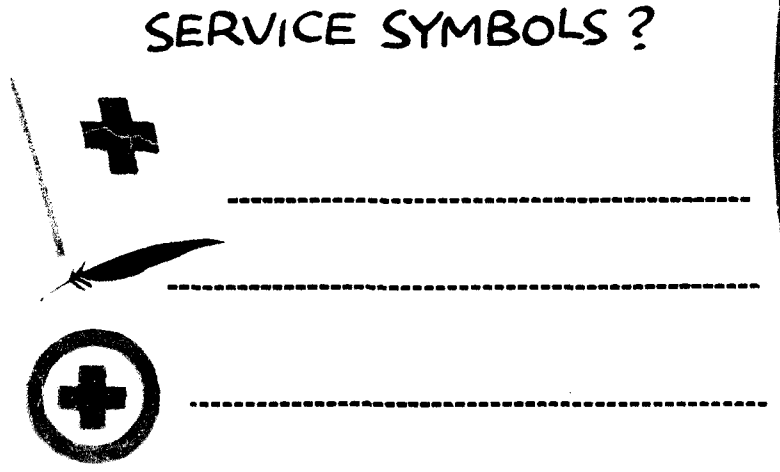
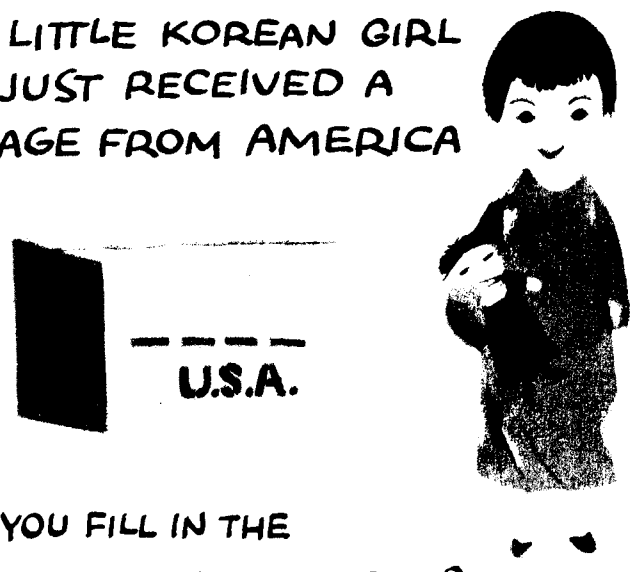
3. CAN YOU NAME THESE FAMOUS PUBLIC SERVICE SYMBOLS ?



4.

7. THIS LITTLE KOREAN GIRL HAS JUST RECEIVED A PACKAGE FROM AMERICA



CAN YOU FILL IN THE LETTERS ON THE BOX ?

8. THIS AMERICAN CITIZEN IS:

- ☐ Watching Horses
- ☐ Bird Watching
- ☐ Watching Girls
- ☐ In Ground Observer Corps
- ☐ Watching moon

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1.

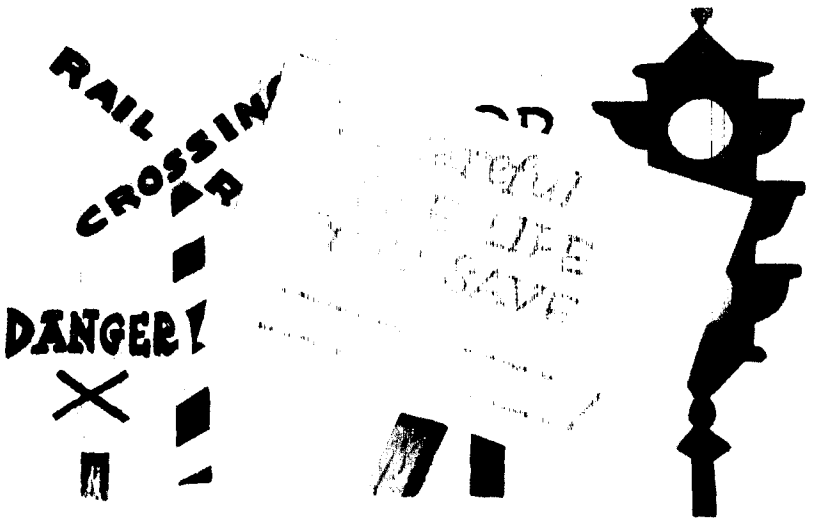
MANY OF OUR SCHOOLS NEED...

more_____

larger_____

higher_____

2.



CAN YOU COMPLETE THE SLOGAN ?

5.

YOU INVEST THREE AND IN TEN YEARS YOU GET BACK FOUR

RIDDLE: WHAT IS IT_____

6.

SPARKY TELLS US:

Don't smoke in_____

Don't overload_____

Don't use flammable_____

Don't let children play with_____

Don't let_____ collect in attic and cellar

Don't give fire a place to start

9.

THESE PUBLIC SERVICE PROGRAMS ARE SPONSORED AND PAID FOR BY:

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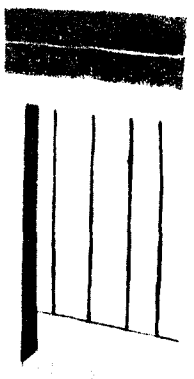
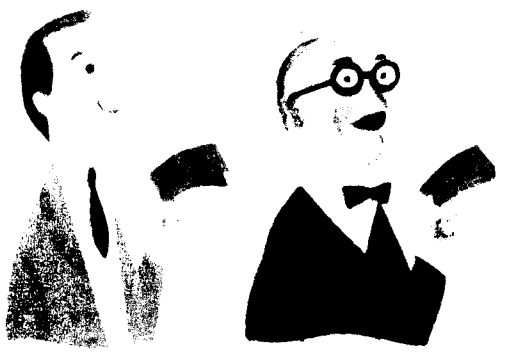
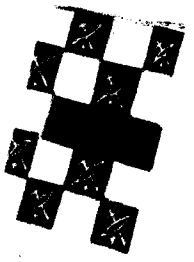
- ☐ Private Citizens
- ☐ Tax Payers
- ☐ American Business
- ☐ Church Groups
- ☐ Charity Groups





ANSWERS: turn upside down

1. Many of our schools need more teachers, larger school facilities, higher pay for teachers. **2.** The life you save may be your own. **3.** The symbols are Red Cross, Community Chest, and National Safety Council. **4.** To prevent forest fires, Smokey asks us to supervise fires, break matches, drench fires, and grind out cigarettes. **5.** U.S. Savings Bonds. **6.** Don't smoke in bed. Don't overload your wiring system. Don't use flammable cleaning fluids. Don't let children play with matches. Don't let junk collect in attic and cellar. **7.** CARE. **8.** American citizen is in Ground Observer Corps. **9.** The entire volunteer program of the Advertising Council is contributed and financed by advertising agencies, all branches of Media and American Business.



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was so strong that he could lean against it as he fought his way back to the F-86. He climbed up onto the wing and stuck his head in the cockpit.

"Hey!" he yelled. "You still alive?"

There was no answer. Williams tried to feel the colonel's face. His hands were so frostbitten he could not tell if the colonel's face was frozen. The colonel was still breathing.

The kid knew that if he left the colonel in the cockpit the man would be dead by morning. He did not think he could lift two hundred pounds of limp dead weight from the cockpit, and he began to pinch the colonel's cheeks and yell at him. The colonel moaned and grunted. Williams could not see if his eyes were open. It was too dark.

"I'm going to help you out!" Williams yelled. He tugged at the colonel, got him to his feet. But the colonel suddenly went limp, toppled from the cockpit and slid off the wing and hit the ice. Williams thought that he had killed him that time for sure.

He felt around on his hands and knees in the dark and found the colonel. He slid him across the ice and into the shelter. Very carefully he wrapped him in the torn parachute.

The kid sat back and listened to the wind. It would blow itself out by the next morning, he hoped. The ice had cut through the feet of the rubber immersion suit, leaving them in shreds. The suit itself was torn and cut from his being pulled across the ice. He was too exhausted to care; there was nothing he could do anyway. He wrapped himself in the small piece of parachute that was left and lay down.

BY THE next morning they had gone without food for thirty-six hours. The wind had shifted. It was blowing from the west again and felt colder. Williams did not think they could be more than fifty miles from the coast, and he believed they could walk ten miles a day. That meant five days until he would be able to fish through the ice.

The colonel felt very hot when Williams touched him. That worried the kid. "Hey," he said. "Wake up."

The colonel's eyelids fluttered, and then his eyes opened and he looked up. He was too far gone to be interested; he closed his eyes again.

Williams knew that the colonel was going to die unless he got something to eat. They had to get to the coast. And the colonel would not be able to walk.

Williams crawled outside and walked to the F-86. He got up onto the wing and reached into the cockpit and pulled the canopy release. He lifted the canopy off its track and set it upside down on the ice. It was like a turtle's shell, but deeper. He cut some of the shroud lines loose from one of the parachutes and made a harness of them. There was no way he could fasten the harness to the canopy except to freeze it there. He chipped pieces of ice and held them in his mouth until they melted, and then he spat on the nylon cords and pressed them against the canopy until they had frozen fast. That took a long time. He pulled the canopy like a sled across the ice to the shelter. He slid the colonel out of the shelter, tilted the makeshift sled and rolled him into it. The colonel's legs hung over the sides.

Williams stood for a moment, looking at the F-86. He hated to leave it. He did not think that it had been damaged; it might be possible to fly it out again. The wheels were jammed into a fissure in the ice. It would not blow away. He hesitated for a moment, and then he cut a square of nylon from a parachute and lashed the square over the open cockpit to protect it.

He swung his pack onto his back again, slipped his arms into the harness and leaned into it and began walking. The nylon shroud lines cut into his shoulders. Ahead of him and all around him was the icecap. Williams tried to walk for twenty minutes, and then took a ten-minute break. He had pulled the sleeves of the rubber immersion suit down over his hands. That was all right except when he slipped and fell. Then he could not catch himself, and several times he took bad falls.

When the sun was at its highest point he stopped. Because the rubber suit was not porous, he had sweated heavily and the sweat had soaked his trousers and the heavy undershirt he was wearing. If he did not keep moving, the perspiration from his body would freeze on the inside of his clothing. He wanted to rest longer than ten minutes, but he could not. He slipped back into the harness again and began walking, head down, feet slipping every few steps, dragging the colonel behind him. . . .

For five days Williams walked west. Most of the time the colonel did not know where he was. The last forty-eight hours he was not conscious at all. He looked very bad, and Williams had grown weak. He had begun to hear noises when there were none, and the slightest exertion made him tremble. When he fell, it took him a long time to get up. His rubber immersion suit had been cut so badly on the ice it was hanging in shreds. His flight boots had been cut through and his feet bled as he walked. There were white patches of frostbite on his face that would not thaw out. The inside of his clothing was coated with ice. Williams had tried to wring the water from his inner clothing but he had not been able. It had frozen next to his skin. When he moved, it thawed again, and he walked in wet boots and damp, soggy trousers during the day, and slept with ice next to his skin at night.

At the end of the fifth day, when they still had not reached the coast, Williams sat down on the ice and cried. It was dark and he had to build a shelter and he did not think he had the strength to do it. Somehow he hollowed out a small depression and pushed the colonel into it and fell in himself.

The sun shining in his eyes awakened him the next day. He was bitter cold. Trembling, he managed to crawl from under the nylon. There were spots in front of his eyes, a constant noise in his ears. He bundled the nylon together, stuck his arms through the harness, and began tugging at the sled.

Williams walked for a mile. The slope became so steep that he let the sled slide in front of him; he had to hold the rope to keep it from getting away. He walked another mile fairly rapidly, slipping and falling and then getting up again. Ahead he saw great jagged pieces of rock rising out of the ice. It was the beginning of a fiord.

IT TOOK him almost the whole day to get the colonel down the glacier. The shadows were long when Williams reached the bottom of the fiord. He left the colonel and hobbled slowly along the rocky shore, collecting a few small pieces of driftwood. At last he went out on the ice that covered the water and hacked a hole in it, and kneeling there he lowered the fishline into the water and began to jerk it up and down. It became dark, but Williams kept jerking the line until he had caught two fish. The bigger was eight inches long.

He had to find his way back in the dark. When he had begun to think he had walked too far, he stumbled over the colonel.

He spread one of the parachutes over the rocks to form a tent. Then he knelt in front of it and carefully placed his little pieces of driftwood among some stones. He took the colonel's old flak helmet and tore the liner out of it. He put a little snow in the helmet, and then he struck a match.

He had shaved one of the sticks into tinder. That caught first and then the smaller pieces began to burn and finally he had a fire. He cut up the fish, heads and all, and put them into the helmet; and he put that over the fire.

Williams pulled the colonel around so that his head was near the fire. When the older man became conscious, he lay staring into the flames.

Williams let the fish cook until they were falling apart and the water was a kind of broth. He fed the colonel first, holding up his head and letting him drink the broth from the helmet. The colonel drank it all. Then Williams ate the pieces of fish. He ate everything, even the bones. He licked his fingers and glanced at the colonel and saw that the older man was asleep.

"You slob," Williams said hoarsely. "You didn't even say thanks." . . .

The next morning Williams fished for several hours and caught a half-dozen fish. On the way back he collected a few small pieces of driftwood, barely enough to make a fire.

The colonel was conscious, but weak. When Williams spoke to him the older man closed his eyes. Williams cooked the fish.

"I don't know how far we are from the coast," the kid said. "Some of these fiords cut inland a hundred miles. This looks like a pretty big one. It looks like there might be a village at the mouth of it because there would probably be a good harbor there. We'll camp here until you're able to walk. I'll fish and hunt and feed you. If you don't begin to feel better, we'll go out on the ice and I'll pull you like I did before."

Late that afternoon Williams walked down the fiord to hunt for more wood and to fish again. He was walking with his head down when he suddenly heard a splash. He looked out on the ice and saw a hole, and he realized that a seal had been sleeping there and that he had frightened it back into the water. When he got back he told the colonel about it.

"I didn't even have a forty-five with me," he said. "I couldn't have shot it. But in the morning, I'll get that seal."

The next morning Williams went back. He did not want to frighten the seal again and he approached the hole on his hands and knees. The .45 was inside his immersion suit, tucked into the waistband of his trousers. That morning he had warmed it before the fire and stripped it and put it together again. It had been lightly coated with oil and in the extreme cold the action had become stiff. The .45 would not fire unless the metal was warm enough to keep the oil from getting stiff.

Williams found the seal's hole, lay down on the ice and propped some slabs of ice in front of his face. There was a crack so that he could stick the .45 through and fire it, and he was close enough to try a head shot. He did not trust himself to hit the seal in the heart; he was not sure where the seal's heart was. He knew that seals were nearsighted and that as long as he lay in hiding he wouldn't be seen.

Williams lay there a long time before he saw the seal stick just its nose out of the water. It stayed like that for a few minutes and then went under. Williams waited. After a while the seal stuck its head out. It still stayed in the water looking around in all directions. Then it climbed out and lay beside the hole, turning its head this way and that.

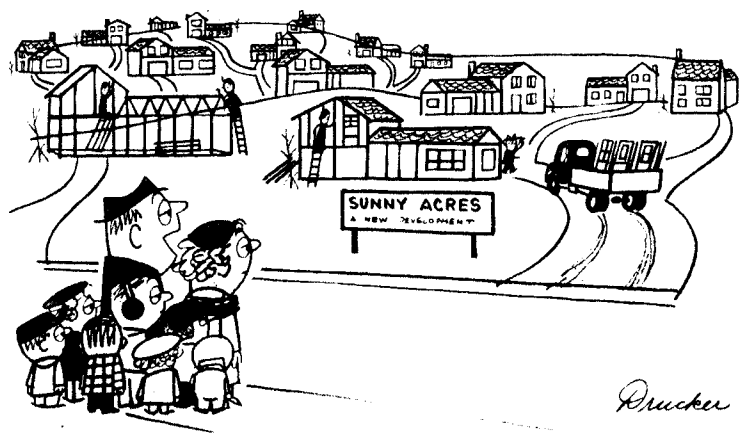
Williams waited until he thought the seal was asleep. He slipped the .45 out and held it in both his hands at arms' length with his arms resting on the ice. He squinted down the barrel at the seal's head and squeezed the trigger.

The echo crashed back and forth. The .45 slug hit the seal in the head—Williams heard it hit—and spun the seal over and the seal slid back into the water. Before Williams could get there it sank beneath the surface. There was enough blood on the ice for him to tell that he had killed it, that he hadn't missed. He waited a long time, but the carcass never did float to the surface.

FOR the next two days they ate fish. The colonel was not getting any better. Williams spent a lot of time waiting for another seal to come out of that same hole. None did. Then they went one whole day with nothing to eat because Williams failed to catch a fish.

The morning after that Williams went farther down the fiord than ever before. About midmorning he was on his knees fishing when he saw the caribou. He happened to glance up and he saw them walking slowly toward him. They were eating the moss that grew on the rocks and were moving very slowly. They were more than a hundred yards away.

Williams slid on his belly across the ice, hid behind some rocks and peered out. There was an old male, three cows and a young bull. They were still almost a hundred yards from him. Wil-



COLLIER'S "I wonder what's behind this building boom" BORIS DRUCKER

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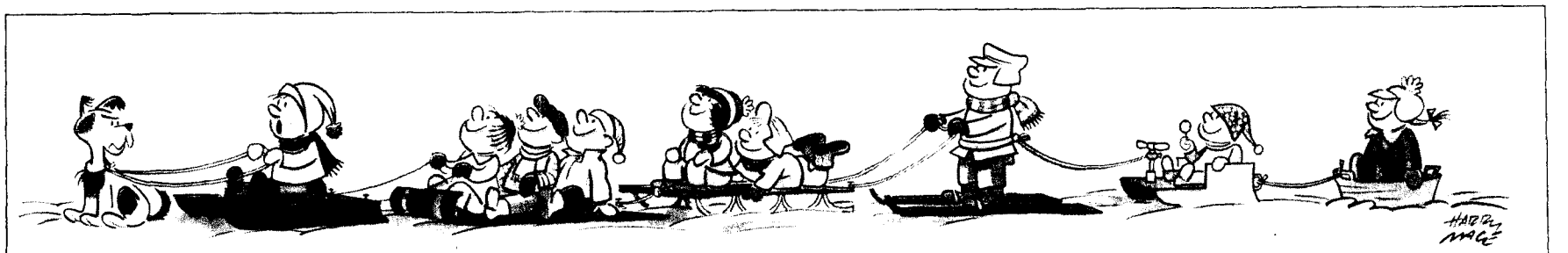

COLLIER'S "Giddy-up . . ." HARRY MACE

liams' clothes were dirty, the color of the rocks he was behind. They could not see him, and if the wind did not shift they could not scent him.

Williams took the .45 from inside his clothes and clicked off the safety. The caribou moved slowly. They were following the moss. When they had eaten one patch they would move to another.

WILLIAMS knew that he was going to have to let them get close. He did not think he could kill one beyond twenty-five yards with the .45. He wished that he knew what the best shot was. It meant so much to him that his hands started to shake. He tried to calm himself by lying face down and not watching the caribou as they browsed slowly toward him.

He lay with his face pressed into the rocks until he felt that the caribou were close enough to step on him. Then he looked up. The old bull was just moving into range. Behind him came the cows, then the young bull.

Williams tried to sight in on one of the cows but his hands were still shaking. He put his face on his forearm and took several deep breaths. He counted to one hundred slowly. Then he lifted his head. The old bull was barely twenty yards away. Williams put the sight on a cow, aiming for the head, and squeezed the trigger.

The sound of the shot filled the fiord. The .45 jumped up. Without taking proper aim he fired again. The cow had gone down on the first shot; she was floundering in the gravel. The rest of the herd had bolted. Williams' second shot had been a miss. The caribou were gone except for the wounded cow.

Williams ran to it. The cow was still struggling but she could not rise. Williams saw that he had missed the head, that the bullet had lodged in her neck and fractured the bone. He wanted to finish her off, but he did not want to waste another shot. He pulled her head back and cut her throat. That night Williams had steak, and he ate it raw.

They stayed at the head of the fiord two more days. The colonel felt well enough to sit up, but he could not walk. Williams decided he would have to pull the colonel down the ice-covered fiord on the sled. The caribou would keep them alive for two or three weeks.

The journey down the fiord was uneventful. The colonel could not talk and he did not try to communicate with Williams. The kid thought that the colonel had lost his pencil and so was unable to print anything on the back of the chart. The farther down the fiord they traveled the wider it became. The fiord grew so wide finally that they could not see the other side of it, and on the morning of the seventh day they came in sight of a village.

Williams yelled at the colonel and pointed and yelled. He almost ran, pulling the sled behind him. Some men had come down from the village and were fishing on the ice. They were Greenlanders and they watched with polite curiosity until Williams got close enough for them to see that he was not a Greenlander himself and that the sled was not a sled at all. Then they went to meet him.

They were grinning, and Williams grinned back. He reached into his pocket, but he didn't have anything to give them. Then he found the one cigarette he had left, and he held it out.

"I'm a damn' stupid American airman," he said.

"Okay, joe," one of the Greenlanders said. "You take it easy now."

Williams laughed and bent down to pound the colonel on the back. Then he saw that the colonel was printing something on the back of the chart. The colonel had not lost his pencil after all. What he was printing began: *You may consider yourself under arrest and in my custody until such time as—*

"Thanks," Williams said bitterly. "I'm really glad to hear it, slob. Just so long as you don't try to give me another one of your stinking medals."

MARCH OF DIMES
FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS
JANUARY 3-31

THE rest of the squadron got across the Atlantic all right and reached West Germany, and we settled down to making routine patrol flights. I heard through the grapevine that Colonel Blakely and Williams had been found and that they were still alive. But I did not know that the kid had practically carried Colonel Blakely in his arms halfway across Greenland.

The last of December, I had to report to Air Force headquarters at Wiesbaden on squadron business. That was when I saw Colonel Blakely again, although it was no longer colonel, it was General Blakely. He had flown over from Washington for only a few days on something very hush-hush. He wouldn't talk about it, whatever it was.

General Blakely did not look any the worse for his experience. He was as stiff and straight as ever, his eyes the same pale gray. He told me the story in the snack bar as we sat drinking coffee. I don't think he left out anything.

"Although young Williams' attempt to maneuver us from a seemingly impossible situation by walking across the Greenland icecap was successful, it could as easily have not been," the general said. "Further, he had disobeyed not only my orders but he had violated standard procedure where an aircraft is forced down. The Air Force has found by studying a great number of such cases that hope for survival lies in a pilot's sticking close to the wreckage. Very well, Williams did manage to save the life of his commanding officer. In other circumstances it would have been commendable. But the importance of the entire incident was not that our lives were saved, but that he had disobeyed orders. My hands were tied. As his immediate superior I had to court-martial him."

That was a point that I did not want to discuss with the general. I said, "Then you weren't injured seriously?"

"My arm, of course, is not what it once was," General Blakely said. "But I am taking special exercises to alleviate that condition. Young Williams lost the small toe on his left foot due to freezing. I believe his face was somewhat scarred from frostbite too."

"Did they take you to a general hospital, sir?"

"Yes, indeed. Someone came up from Bluie West-One and flew us down. We continued direct to Mitchel Field. There was quite a bit about the exploit in the newspapers. Someone in public relations gave out a fairly accurate account accompanied by photographs of the general area. The story attracted considerable attention."

The general seemed to hesitate.

"It did, sir?" I said.

"Perhaps you remember the young lady, the one from Texas? Miss Louella Sommers. She was one of the first to arrive at the hospital. I believe she had been salmon fishing off the coast of Nova Scotia when the news reached her. She flew directly to New York in her private plane. It was unfortunate that young Williams was under arrest and confined to a room in the hospital and she was not allowed to see him. So she came to my room."

"Oh," I said.

"She was in tears. We had a long and somewhat hysterical conversation," the general said. "Oh, I say hysterical conversation. The hysteria was all on her side. I found that I was able to remain calm despite what she said to me. It was a shock, I must say. She felt that I was being unfair to young Williams. She could not understand about his disobeying me, that he had to be punished. She insisted that punishment was a savage ritual on the same level with magic or superstition. I tried to explain about moral fiber, how the soul must be cauterized at times. Her retort was that I was jealous of young Williams because he was younger and more virile and had a much better chance of marrying her than I did. She —Captain, do you know what she said finally?"

"No, sir."

"She called me a slob," the general said. He shook his head. "I cannot tell you how distasteful that word is to me. I must inquire as to its derivation."

"Well, sir," I said, "what finally *did* happen?"

"Oh, I arranged it so that she was allowed to visit him," the general said. "That was the real purpose of her visit to my bedside. Although she sent me flowers and some dried figs and one of those terrible books about sex and the unconscious mind, she was really not too concerned about my welfare. She visited me only so that I would arrange for her to visit young Williams."

"And what did she say to him?"

"How do I know? I wasn't in the damn' room," the general said shortly, losing his temper. "I thought I had every hope of marrying her. The truth was that all she wanted from me was something she referred to as fun. She kept saying oh, I like you—let's have fun. Then she would kiss me, and we would have fun. And I thought that meant our relationship was serious."

"Because you had fun, sir?"

"Exactly."

"That's a natural mistake, sir."

"At any rate they are married now," the general said. "I received an announcement of their wedding. And just before I left the States, I got a nice Christmas gift from them. There's a corkscrew on one end and a hammer and screw driver on the other."

"Then you're friends?"

"Well, I did have the charges against him dropped," the general said. "I was tricked into it. She told me she was marrying him the next day and asked what I was going to give her for a wedding present. Of course I said anything that she wanted. She wanted the charges dropped, that's what she wanted."

"Underhanded," I said.

"I had more or less threatened him with them. Given him a good scare," the general said. "Sometimes you don't have to punish an individual, Captain. The threat of future punishment is much more effective in instilling fear and respect than the punishment itself. You might remember that."

"Where is Williams stationed now, sir? I'd like to drop him a line."

"At Muroc, assigned to the testing section. Flies rocket planes and so on. He never cared much for combat for some reason, you know. I guess he has found his place in the world. Well, there is something I'll say for young Williams: he's a cool man in a crisis, even if he does get excited."

WE HAD another cup of coffee. "Is your family with you?" General Blakely asked.

"Coming over next month, sir."

"Lucky man," he said. He sighed. "I had dinner with a baroness last night. She played in the Olympic games once. You know these Nordic types. I'd never seen a woman with such broad shoulders. She ate like a horse and then wanted to jitterbug. Somehow we didn't hit it off. My neck was still stiff when I awakened this morning."

I sat there staring at him, and then I put down my coffee cup carefully. "Sir, there's something I just remembered. Could I ask a personal favor of you? I wonder if the next time you're in New York, would you mind stopping by the New York Historical Society and inquiring for my wife's sister? She'll be in the library, I think. You see, we're both rather concerned about her because she lives alone and she's unmarried and . . ." —WALT GROVE

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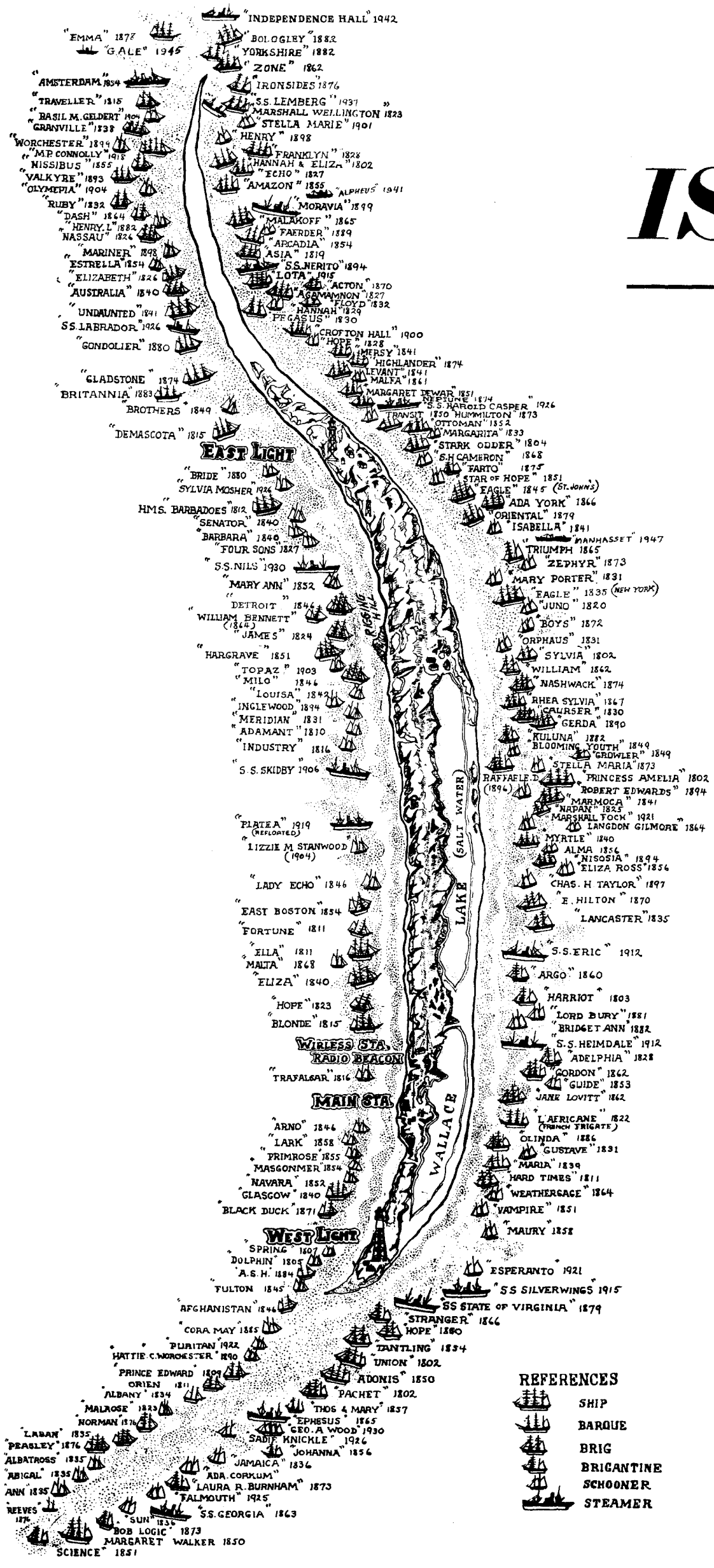


ISLAND OF

Over 500 vessels have foundered on Sab

By EDWARD ROWE SNOW

BLINDING raindrops pelted and splattered against our cockpit windshield, slithered in neat little rows along its surface, and flipped off into space. Through the steel-gray atmosphere of the storm we could see 700 feet below us the breaking crests of gigantic waves. The mighty Atlantic was putting on a spectacular show.

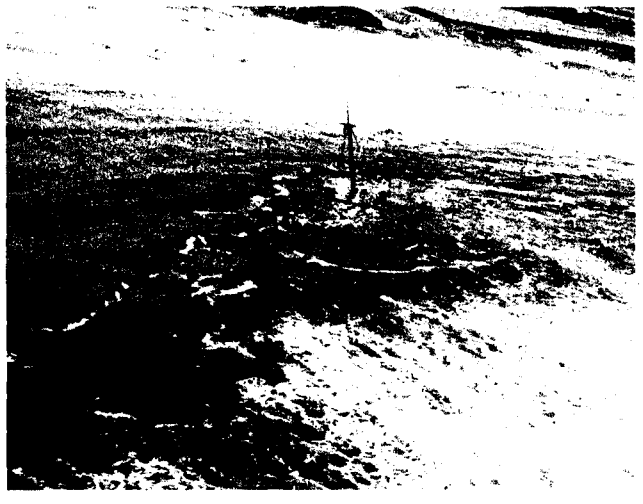
With any sort of luck an airplane can fly through or around a rain-laden gale without mishap. But our task was far more difficult.

We wanted to find Sable Island, a narrow stretch of sand bar 150 miles off the coast of Nova Scotia known as the graveyard of the North Atlantic. Unless we bored through the fog, mist and rain almost directly above the island we might miss it entirely.

We were getting more discouraged by the minute. Ray Hylan, pilot of our two-engined Grumman Widgeon amphibian, photographer Jerry Fund and I had left the Marshfield, Massachusetts, airport the day before full of hope and confidence. We had been promised good weather, but now we were being buffeted by a substantial storm. Try as we would, we couldn't catch even a glimpse of our destination. We were just floundering around far out to sea from the Shearwater Airbase at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, where we had refueled earlier in the day.

With ice threatening and conditions getting worse momentarily, we decided time and again to give up the search and return to the mainland. But the gale was apparently testing us. As soon as we turned shoreward, the rain would moderate; when we turned seaward again, the storm resumed its full fury.

Sable Island has been the mariner's Waterloo ever since man first sailed the ocean lanes. No fewer than 10,000 lives and 505 craft of all kinds have been lost on its terrifying reefs, bars, beaches and sand spits. The island lies one quarter of the way between New York and Cape Finisterre,



Two masts of victim of Sable Island's sands were visible as author's amphibian banked for a landing

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LOST SHIPS

Building at west end of island has been abandoned to encroaching sea and sand. Dunes reach second story

nd. Yet for 26 people it's a healthy, happy home

Pounding North Atlantic is breaking up this freighter off Sable Island. More than 10,000 people have died in shipwrecks around its coast

Spain. Mariners say that its sands are like a chameleon, quickly taking on the varying colors of the surrounding ocean. A ship may come to grief on this camouflaged sand spit before the captain realizes that he's in trouble.

It is hard to comprehend the awesome isolation of this thin strand of sand. On its shores pirates, beachcombers, murderers and convicts have taken their stand against the elements. Even today it stands as a menacing sentinel of sand—at once a threat to and a guardian of ships and planes. Owned by Canada, Sable has two lighthouses, a lifesaving station, a radio station, a radiosonde station and a weather station. Officers manning the stations take their families to the island, but no one else is allowed to live there. We wanted to find out what life was like on this ominous, forlorn island.

For us in the plane, flying in that tempest of the sky far above the ocean, our danger was not in being caught in Sable's sands but in missing them altogether. However, just as we were about to abandon our efforts, there was a sudden, unaccountable lull in the gale. A partial clearing developed and soon we flew entirely out of the storm under an overcast of 1,500 feet.

Almost at once we could see a ridge of breaking, crested waves, shattering as they struck barely submerged sand bars. More important, off to the left were sand dunes and beaches. Finally we saw the reassuring buildings and red-and-white lighthouses of Sable Island itself.

Flying at 500 feet over the eastern end of the island, we looked down for a moment on the wreck of the ill-fated Gale, a New England trawler lost in 1945, and then headed west. As we flew over the southern beach, the roar of our engines scattered several hundred seals and sent them scrambling into the water. A minute later we passed directly over a herd of wild horses. Then we flew almost at masthead level above the wreck of the Greek freighter Alpheus, lost in 1941, and the two masts and submerged hull of the Manhasset, a more recent victim of Sable Island's sands.

We buzzed Wallace Lake, a salt lake seven miles long near the western end of the island. Then, banking sharply at a point just over the wreck of a Liberator bomber, pilot Hylan came in cater-cornered from the southwest to make a perfect landing on the lake.

As we taxied toward the eastern end of the lake, two wagons came forward to meet us—one a buckboard affair and the other a long flat platform cart on which rode a dory. Pushing our wheels down, we hit the sand flats in knee-deep water and, with a thundering roar, brought the plane high and dry on the shore less than 50 feet from the startled islanders. They all rushed toward us, and we spilled out of the plane to acknowledge their greetings.

The first to shake hands was Superintendent Clifford Russell Faulkner. Closely following were Ralph Newell, officer in charge of the radiosonde division, and the island's foreman, Willard Langille. Others crowding about the plane included all the rest of the 20 men on the island except those on duty, as well as all three women residents—Mrs. Katy Tzagarakis, housekeeper for the superintend-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY FUND

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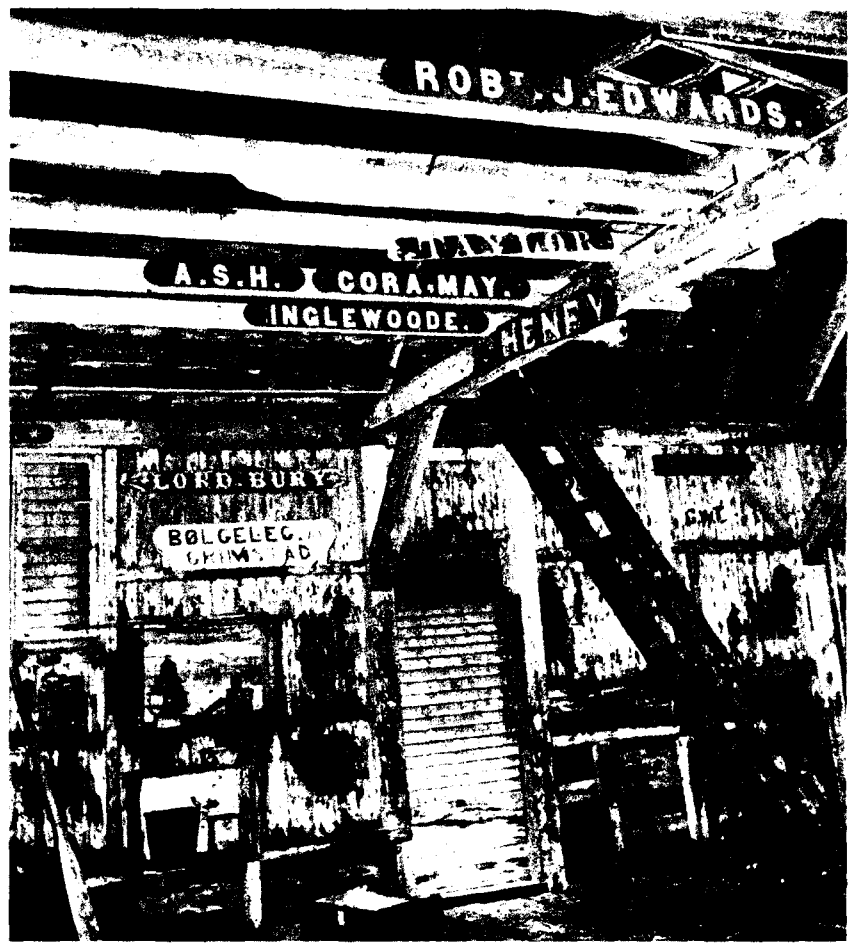

Quarter boards from wrecked vessels are nailed in barn of old lifesaving station. Some have been there for over 100 years

ent; Mrs. Eileen Maxner, wife of Radio Officer Stuart Maxner, and Mrs. Muriel Newell, wife of the radiosonde officer. All three of the island's children, Stephen Maxner, five, Carolyn Maxner, three, and two-year-old Deryl Newell, also were there.

All who could jammed aboard the two wagons for the trip to one of the island's three settlements. There are no roads on Sable Island, merely paths through the sand dunes just wide enough for the teams of partly tamed wild horses. It was up hill and down dale for more than two miles to the radiosonde station.

After freshening up at the Newell home, we were taken on an inspection tour of the station. There balloons are sent aloft bearing instruments which automatically send back reports on pressure, humidity and temperature.

Island Life Has Compensations

We called next at the superintendent's home, where Mrs. Tzagarakis, the housekeeper, had prepared a meal for us. Over coffee, she told us of her life on Sable Island.

"I like it here," she said. "First of all it's very healthy, and then everyone is so nice to me. The Department of Education sends out films every so often, and we all have nice get-togethers on Sunday nights. In the summer we can swim, and there's always plenty of horseback riding. As you can easily guess, hiking is popular as well. . . . Are you sure you can't drink any more coffee?"

We thanked her, but said we wished to visit as much more of the island as we could in the few hours we would be there. Leaving the house, we climbed back aboard the buckboard to ride to the western end of the island, where the coast is slowly washing away. Eleven buildings are still standing there, among them the former residence of the superintendent, but all have been abandoned.

Because of the erosion, the West Light has been moved eastward five times since 1873—the last time in 1947. Although many Canadians believe the island eventually will be washed away altogether, Sable is now actually two miles longer than it was in 1884. The latest survey shows it to be 24 miles long. (It never has been more than a mile wide at any point.) The explanation seems to be that sand piling up at the eastern end of the island more than compensates for the erosion in the west. As a result of this process, charts dating back to 1766 show Sable is traveling eastward at the average rate of one eighth of a mile a year, having moved 22½ miles farther out to sea from Halifax in 181 years.

People who attempt to visit Sable Island by sea must expect that they may be away from home for months. During the last century Customs Officer James Miller obtained 14 days' leave to inspect goods salvaged on the island. In attempting to land, three of his party were lost, leaving only one other man with Miller on the schooner. Then the wind drove the vessel hundreds of miles to the south. Eventually, running before the wind, the schooner reached Antigua in the Leeward Islands. Returning to Nova Scotia by packet four months after he had left on 14 days' leave, Miller discovered that he had been given up as lost at sea.

Even today the great breakers all around the island (there is no harbor) make it dangerous to go ashore from the sea. The present supply craft occasionally has been forced to wait off the island for as long as 17 days, unable to land her goods because of high seas. Returning from this outpost of the Atlantic also is perilous. On October 18, 1870, the then island supply craft, Ocean Traveller, left for the mainland with Sable Island families on leave and was never heard from again.

On rare occasions men on the island have nearly starved. One year there was no boat from August 6th until a few days before Christmas, and the suffering was intense. Even as late as 1926 residents were down to bread, crackers and molasses.

Perhaps the grimmest Sable Island starvation story of all came to light 80 years ago, when rusty guns, bayonets, broken glass, fragments of pottery and a tattered British ensign were found. They apparently were relics of a sixteenth-century shipwreck, before the island was populated. Several coins of the Elizabethan age were uncovered, together with fragments of animal and human bones. Evidently cannibalism broke out before the last survivor died.

Sometimes shipwrecked crews, instead of showing gratitude for being rescued, have mutinied. In the mid-nineteenth century, a wrecked captain raised his gun to shoot the then superintendent, a man named McKenna, but was quickly disarmed by other government men. On another occasion 16 shipwrecked men attacked the islanders, but in a terrible fist fight they were subdued by government officers.

Winds and sand obliterate everything on Sable Island in time. A full-rigged American clipper ship is encased in one gigantic 90-foot sand dune; the wind built up the dune until even the rigging and the main truck were covered. In spite of shelter fences and other obstructions, the sand sweeps in over buildings, wrecks, graveyards and everything else man-made. Recent shipwrecks vanish into the sand overnight, while others buried for hundreds of years are suddenly swept clean of their century-old covering.

Only eight craft out of the more than 500 lost around the island have ever been freed from Sable's sands. The most unusual case was that of the ship Myrtle. Wrecked and abandoned on January 11, 1840, she freed herself in another storm two months later and drifted across to Fayal in the Azores, arriving the following July. The vessel was repaired and put back in service.

Frank Tanner, cook for the island workers, has a wealth of information about the Sable Island wrecks. "I've been out here several times," he told me. "In 1941, I was lighthouse keeper for the East Light, and I was there when a Hudson bomber with the five American fliers hit the radio tower that June." (Lost in a bad gale, the pilot and four other fliers were killed instantly. The crash, which came at a time when Lockheed Hudsons were being ferried to Europe, was probably caused by the pilot riding the Sable Island radio beam too long.)

"I'll also never forget the wreck of the Independence Hall," Tanner went on. "She was a big ship from Philadelphia, and nine men perished. She hit in early afternoon and two hours later had broker up. Only three bodies ever came ashore, and I picked them up eighteen miles from where the wreck took place.

"It's always interesting to hike along the beach, for you never know what you'll find. Sometimes the only way we know a ship has gone down is when we find an oar or a life preserver. At one time the station was crowded with such souvenirs.

"Dying men have been sighted drifting in open boats by Sable Island. I wasn't here then, but I heard tell that once three Frenchmen came ashore in a dory. Lost while fishing, they'd gone eleven days without food or water. Their tongues stuck out of their mouths and were black, but they recovered.

"Then there was Fred Wilson, from the American schooner Commonwealth, at sea for six days alone in a small dory. Making Sable Island in a northwest gale, he was unable to land, and the surf boat was sent out. He was just like the Frenchmen, with his blackened tongue hanging from his mouth, but he also lived.

"One man landed from a wreck no one ever saw, got as far as the Old Sailors' Home, opened his mouth to speak, and dropped dead. The man and the wreck were never identified."

Many Curios Found on Beach

Many of the men working on Sable have found unusual and valuable articles on the beach. A resident of the bunkhouse, where 16 men live, has a collection of walrus tusks, quarter boards from ships, life preservers and coins.

"There must be two million dollars in buried and sunken treasure around here," Tanner told me. "Every ship or craft of any sort always carried its strongbox, and some of the vessels were well-heeled for trading purposes. All that money is aboard wrecks around the island and it's waiting for lucky finders."

Among the lucky finders, I was told, was one P. S. Dodd. The exact amount of his discovery, made in 1884, was not known, but it was sufficient—even after he gave the Canadian government half—for him to return to the mainland

Islanders flocked to beach to g

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Author Snow and island superintendent Faulkner inspect an old cannon, relic from ancient wreck. It will be sent to a museum

and start a real-estate business in Halifax. Another islander, whose name no one could recall, once found a bundle of 200 five-pound Bank of England notes worth about $5,000. He also retired from the service and went to the mainland with his wealth.

When we returned to the radiosonde station, I sought out another of the three women on the island. Mrs. Muriel Newell told me she had come to Sable on August 17, 1953, and her first glimpse of her future home was at 6:00 A.M. from a porthole of the supply ship Cornwallis. Because the water is shallow all round the island, a supply surf boat took her and her eleven-month-old son Deryl the remaining mile ashore through the breakers. She was reunited with her husband at the water's edge.

"After the supply ship had departed, I started my duties as cook for my husband and the three other young men who make up the personnel of the radiosonde station," she said. "This keeps me rather busy, but we do have a sort of holiday when the supply boats arrive, about four times a year. At other times we women on the island manage to arrange our work so that we can walk on the beach, where once I shot a seal. We also get together for an afternoon of horseback riding and other recreation whenever we can.

"All of our personal shopping has to be done by mail approximately three months in advance. As there are no doctors or nurses here, we also have to act as our own medical advisers in case of accidents."

Sable's third woman resident, Mrs. Eileen Maxner, told me that her two children miss the company of other playmates. "Television helps them realize they will enjoy other children when they return to the mainland," she said. "They talk quite frequently to their friends and relatives via short-wave radio.

"The food situation has improved quite a bit since my last trip out here seven years ago. Frozen meats were unheard of here at that time. Now we have meat all the year round, which adds to our menu variety."

Fishing is frowned upon because of the treacherous surf which breaks on the three great barrier reefs surrounding the island. But if there is a shipwreck, the lifesaving crew quickly launches a surf boat and rows out through the breakers.

There have been many thrilling rescues at Sable Island. When we visited the old lifesaving station barn, we were deeply impressed by the many shipwreck mementos housed there. Nailed in every conceivable spot—on the wall, on the giant wooden girders and on the smaller timbers as well—were countless quarter boards and side boards from ill-fated vessels.

The Weather Is a Turncoat

Everyone suggested we extend our visit indefinitely, but we didn't dare. If we had stayed a day or so extra, a quick change in the weather might have marooned us there an additional two months. And, as former superintendent D. S. Johnson told me once, in the winter the weather is a turncoat—big winds come from the northeast and northwest, and they really are bad.

During the wintry gales and blizzards the island's wild horses get into a lee behind a dune and form a circle, with the young and weak ponies in the middle and the stallions and older horses on the outside. There are many theories as to how the wild ponies and horses reached Sable Island, but the most probable explanation is that they are the descendants of a cargo of animals sent to the island in 1760 by Thomas Hancock, uncle of the famous Revolutionary patriot, John Hancock, for the benefit of shipwrecked mariners. Vegetables, flowers and beach grass flourish on Sable and the horses get a varied diet.

Finally came the hour of departure. With just enough gas to travel 200 air miles, and Halifax 150 miles away, we had to be sure of reasonably good weather on the way back to the mainland. At 2:00 P.M. the prospects seemed favorable, and we all went down to the lake.

But we were not to get away from the treacherous sands of Sable Island without a fight. As Ray gunned the engines, our plane rolled off the beach into ankle-deep water—and stuck fast in the soft sand. The islanders brought out horses and hitched them to the plane, but they couldn't pull us far enough for the aircraft to float free.

Finally, we prevailed upon the islanders to lift the wings alternately to permit the retractable landing wheels to fold into the body of the plane. It took ten minutes to accomplish this feat, and every Sable Islander who helped got soaking wet. But it enabled the plane to get free of the sand and float on its hull. Roaring eastward toward the end of the lake, we took off safely and headed for Halifax.

Just after sunset, pilot Ray Hylan, this time with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smiled across at me as I sat in the copilot's seat.

"How about it, Ed, do you want to go back to Sable Island again?"

"Yes," came my answer, and it even surprised me. "You see, I've never been to Sable Island in the summertime, and I'd like to try it." ▲▲▲

tors as author's amphibian landed on lake and rolled ashore on wheels

67

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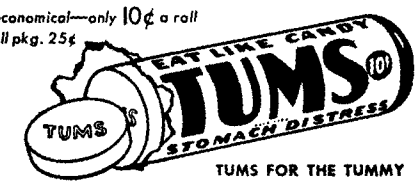

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The facts of life JOHN FISCHETTI

Lexicon for 1955

A blizzard of toplofty words and phrases—coexistence . . . atomic stalemate . . . modus vivendi . . . dynamism . . . bipartisanship—greets the American citizen trying to cope with the major policy problems of 1955. Herewith a brief discussion of their significance in terms of current international-political usage.

•

Coexistence—a word which Webster was using long before the current crop of world statesmen got hold of it—is a condition resulting from the lack of any interplanetary refuge from troublesome neighbors. The big policy question before Americans, their President and their Congress is not whether there is to be coexistence—with which we're stuck—but what kind of coexistence we can work out that will best serve our interests.

Whatever this program may be, it must reckon with two principal dangers—equivalent dangers in the sense that each threatens an absolute end of life as we have known it.

One is the peril of Soviet aggression—a peril whose stealthy portentousness is somehow underlined in the phrase *peaceful coexistence,* as twisted and put to use by the Russians.

The Russian meaning is clearly spelled out by Russian deeds. By fomenting insurrection, by encouraging hit-and-run warfare, by blasting American planes on lawful missions, by striving with every diplomatic deceit to undermine the free world's strength while augmenting its own, Russia has made clear that "peaceful coexistence," in the Russian mind, translates into "business as usual."

The clear determination of Russia to go on pressing for world domination under any circumstances offers—as Senator Knowland suggests—no cause for any snug hope that security can be found in an *atomic stalemate.*

But the perils in such a standoff—and they are real enough—must obviously be weighed along with the unimaginable horror that would be turned loose if atomic war were somehow triggered. The swift death offered by the weapons of obliteration might well be preferable to the living death of Soviet enslavement, but the challenge to Americans in 1955 is to see that the bleak choice doesn't have to be made. It is sensible, therefore, to remember that the Russians are likely to start throwing the hell-bombs at whatever moment they become convinced that we, ourselves, are dead set on throwing them. And enough reckless talk by enough reckless Americans could convince them.

Here, then, are the twin perils—Soviet aggression and atomic obliteration—in whose sobering light America must develop a pattern of coexistence with Russia. These are the twin perils President Eisenhower clearly had in mind when he advanced the outline of a *modus vivendi,* which is simply a way of living, an adjustment to realities.

With each new crisis bringing the need for the exercise of swift, independent judgment, no exact recipe for such a policy could reasonably be expected. But certainly the main ingredients must be the firmness to deal with the one threat, and the prudence to deal with the other.

The disciplined restraint with which the President has reacted to the wanton destruction of American aircraft and to other recent reckless Communist actions should be assessed in the light of the compelling reasons for prudence. On the other hand, the firmness already shown in the advancement of the North Atlantic Union and Pacific alliance programs must, to be effective, be supported by the courage to turn back any fresh move to expand the Communist domain, whether that move should be by force of arms or by political sabotage of lawful governments. If Communism is to be prevented from engulfing the earth there is no alternative to this kind of firmness, and no escape from the attendant risks.

But all of this, the disciplined restraint and the resolute firmness, adds up merely to a holding action—a negative policy which at best will buy a measure of time.

How the free world uses that time in positive, constructive ways may well prove decisive in the entire struggle. And a major role in this phase of the struggle will be played, inevitably, by America.

This is the spiritual side of the struggle—the effort to persuade the world's wavering millions of the meaning and the worth of freedom, and of the sincerity of our own desire to help them win and enjoy it.

We have been losing this struggle in many areas. What we must do to start winning is suggested in the concept described recently by Roger Kyes, former Deputy Secretary of Defense, as *dynamism.* This is the American system by which the physical and spiritual creativeness of man is energized by freedom. The good that has come of this system is all about us; the evil that thrives in its absence can be viewed through the iron curtain.

But we have failed in important ways to apply this doctrine of dynamism to the problems of today. We have grown careless, at home, with the doctrines of mutual respect and regard for individual dignity upon which it is based. In so doing we have given the world a confusing and disheartening picture of our own free system. And we have compounded this confusion and despair by appearing to begrudge respect for the dignity of those abroad who want and deserve to stand with us as equals.

These are not matters which can be left wholly to government. "The only way we can win people from the Pied Pipers," Mr. Kyes points out, "is to start playing a better tune." In our land that tune must be piped by 163,000,000 people.

There are, however, certain key Americans whose efforts will have an extraordinary impact in the coming year. These are the members of Congress, and their impact for good or bad will depend in considerable part upon how they meet the challenge of *bipartisanship.*

In the delicate and danger-laden task of achieving a *modus vivendi* for 1955 the President needs all the sound help and advice he can get from wise men of both parties. And a Democratic-controlled Congress, for the proper discharge of its own duties, must be kept soundly informed by the President.

But the impulse that inevitably overtakes the leaders of Congress in such circumstances, to heckle and hamstring the President for political profit, should be tempered this time with the realization that all of us, President, Congress and constituents, are in the same boat, riding the same dangerous seas, and bound for the same place, wherever the destination. Every responsible citizen, in and out of office, must row—but there can be but one helmsman at a time.

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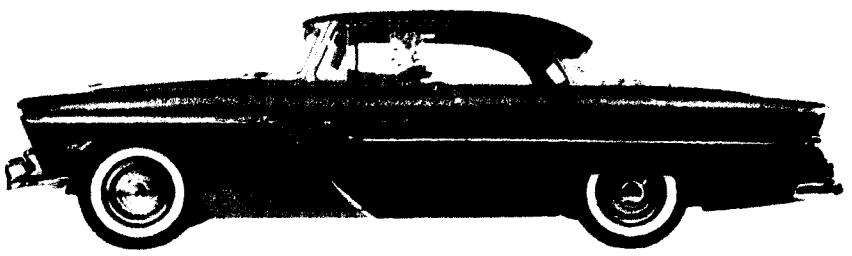

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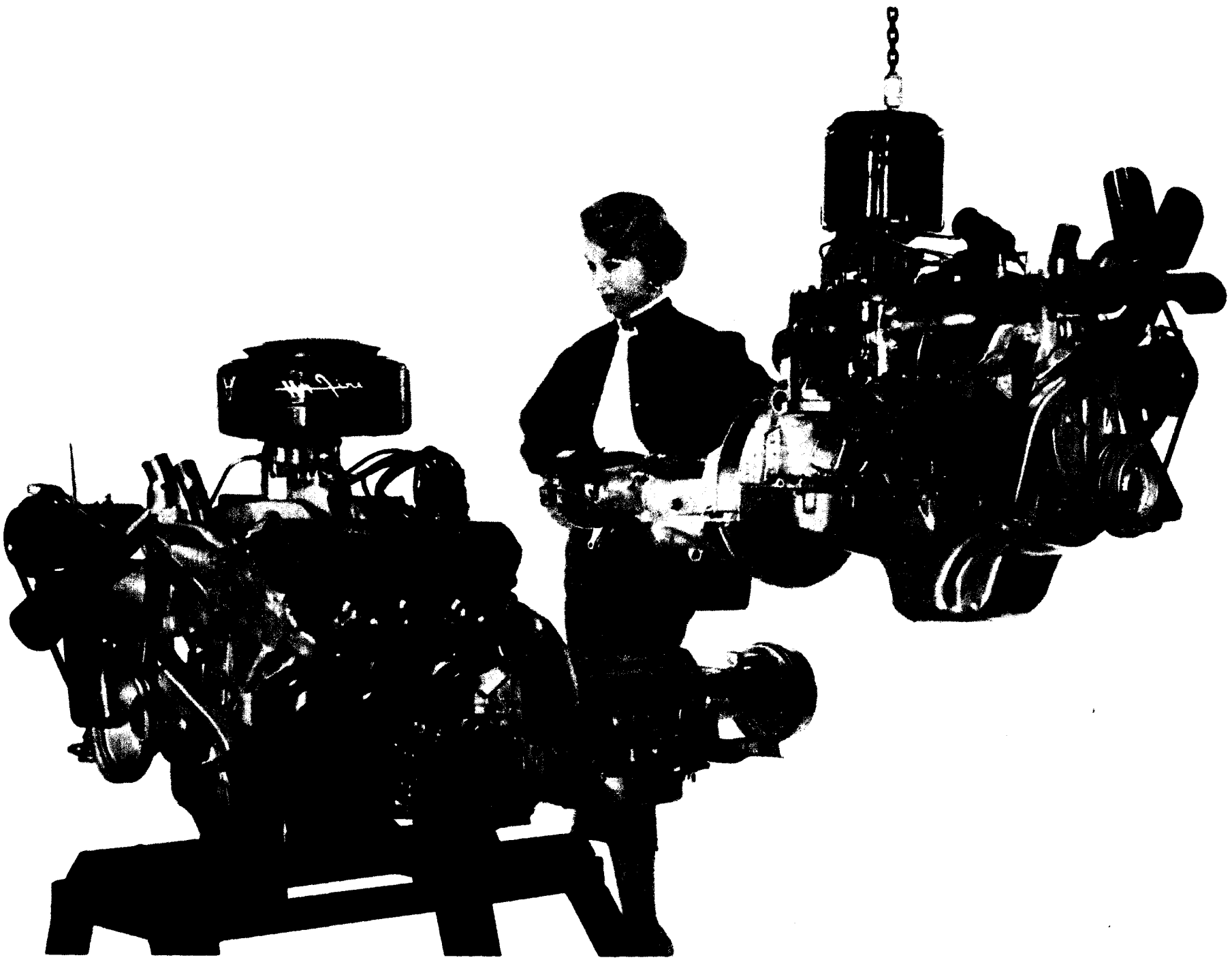

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